

UNDER THE JAPANESE MASK



Miles W. Vaughn

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THE JAPANESE
MASK

by
MILES W. VAUGHN



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**TO INEZ
WHO SHARED MANY OF THE ADVENTURES
RELATED IN THIS BOOK**

CHAPTER I

PRAIRIE INTERNATIONALISTS

FOR my father life was an extremely simple business. He took it as it came, applied to it the fixed rules of his existence—if it could be said that he had any—and reaped his profits or his losses with a smile. My mother never could understand him. She believed in long-range thinking, and would have been an ardent advocate of the five-year plan if she had lived in Soviet Russia.

My father, unconsciously, reduced every situation to its elementals. If the weather was good the obviously sensible thing was to go fishing, or hunting if the fish had ceased to bite, and the fact he might have a contract going on which made his presence essential never deterred him. On week-ends, as soon as I was old enough to declare my independence of Sunday school, we always fished or hunted, and sometimes I even managed to evade a week-day in school.

It was hard on my mother. She came of a family of Kentuckians who had known bitter days after the Civil War, and she felt the major end of existence should be an effort to regain the former glories of the ancestral fortune. She worried when my father went in for the purchase of fast-trotting horses rather than an extra farm, and she could see no sense whatever in his passion for experimenting with bees, an orchard of Japanese plum-trees, or a new bed of super-gigantic strawberries which had been developed in Chile.

My father was an incurable optimist. He had come out to the plains states from New York as a youth, and with all the enthusiasm of a volatile Welsh-Canadian ancestry, had plunged into every adventure that offered. He made the run

into 'The Strip' when that part of the old Oklahoma territory was opened to settlers, and came out of it with a parcel of prairie soil near where Oklahoma City now stands; he took a contract to ferry the mails across the Missouri river near Nebraska City, Neb., where I was born; built railway tracks and tunnels for the Great Northern in Montana, and finally settled in south-eastern Kansas because it was a new country where there was plenty of elbow-room and an assurance of years of good hunting and fishing.

My mother hated the sight of game, and always sighed, in a spirit of long-suffering resignation, when we came in with strings of rabbits and squirrels, an opossum with his tail curled round a carrying pole, a young raccoon which we proposed to rear as a pet, or bags full of wild ducks and quails. She would have much preferred me to stay at home and sit quietly at her knee while she read to me from the work of Bulwer Lytton. She did not complain, however, not even when the bees—which were father's current hobby—swarmed over the rose-bushes in the front yard and turned her garden into a mass of crawling, stinging insects.

I sensed this difference between my parents early and thought it a misfortune, for it seemed that our expeditions would have been more fun if Mother had always been with us; but, as time passed, I grew to see that the very differences which had bothered me contributed in large measure to the stimulating happiness of our household. Things were never dull around my father, and the perfect foil for his exuberance was the quiet calm of my mother, who loved to have my elder sister and me sitting at her knee, as she read hour after hour the novels of Dickens or Thackeray, or poems by Tennyson or Longfellow.

My mother shared the passion for culture which caused Kansans to build high-schools and colleges almost as soon as they had broken the sod and planted their first crops. It was she who insisted that all of us should go through the University, and that we should take classical courses rather than the so-called 'practical education' which flooded the nation in the years just before the World War with more engineers

than there were engines; more agronomists than there were people to eat their expertly raised wheat; more doctors than there were patients, and more pharmacists than there were prescriptions. 'There are more important things in the world than structural steel and sixty-bushel wheat,' my mother insisted earnestly; and so I waded through the classics and grew to love them.

My father agreed, although he never could be bothered with much culture for himself. Whatever of poetry there was in his existence expressed itself in the appreciation of a well-balanced rifle, the sing of a reel as he fought to land the big channel catfish from the pool below the tunnel mill-dam, the pride of a 'good, workmanlike job' in the completion of a building, or the arch in the neck of his best trotting mare when he hitched her to our rubber-tyred phaeton. Culture was a little too complicated for my father. He insisted on living in a world populated only by Americans and 'general foreigners', on political structures in which there were only Democrats and the 'damned Republicans', on good, honest English which enabled a man to say what he thought in words of not more than two syllables, and on straight-draw poker where a man could use his common sense and not be fiddling around with a lot of wild or buried cards.

Father was an unpractical realist; which was not at all a bad thing to be in that day and age on the plains of Kansas. It was not an easy country in which to live. In summer the temperature often ran to more than one hundred degrees, and in winter it fell far below zero. Prosperity depended on the crops even for those of us who were not farmers, and the crops had more enemies than China. There were grasshoppers and chinch bugs; droughts and floods; speculators and foreign imports; the beef trust and the flour trust; and periodic scourges of disease which decimated herds and left farmers, who had worked for years, with nothing but the carcasses of dead animals to show for their labour.

The summer heat waves, at times, were such that they impressed even my boyish mind. I remember a day when my father and I went fishing for black bass in Timber Creek.

It was late July, and the corn when we walked through the rich bottom lands at dawn was far higher than my father's head. The big ears on the lush stalks were tasselling and the grain was in that short period between the soft milkiness of babyhood and the firm, rich sturdiness of maturity. My father remarked on the stand. 'That means money for all of us this fall.' That evening, after a poor day's fishing because of the blistering heat, we walked back through the field. The great green leaves which had formed almost a jungle foliage at dawn had shrivelled to brown wisps which I could powder between my fingers. The ears were parched and drooping, and inside the burned husks the grains were shrinking to tiny yellow warts. It had been 113° in the shade that day, and two days later the field was ruined and its owner was chopping disconsolately with a corn knife, rescuing what he could for winter forage. We all suffered the next winter; food was high; men were without work; it was bitterly cold; and there was no W.P.A.

Years later, when I had returned after living the greater part of fifteen years abroad, I heard people talking of the blistering heat waves of the great plains, the droughts, and the bitter blizzards of winter as if they were manifestations of the general insanity which beset the world after the Great War. Those of us who spent the closing years of the last century in the plains states knew better. Suffering always had been the lot of those who lived on the prairies. The mortgage foreclosures were just as bad in the years around 1900, as I recall them, as are those of to-day, but one heard less about them, for men had not then learned to think so much in terms of national values, and an all-inquisitive Press had not yet realized that the story of Jim Glacken, who had an upland farm on Black Creek, might be a graphic and gripping human document.

Glacken was one of the farmers we knew who lost his land that year the corn shrivelled. He had been fighting a losing battle for a long time, and when the money-lenders started pressing him he came to my father, to whom he owed a small note, and said that he was going to 'pack my family in a

covered wagon ' some night and move west. He planned to move at night, because his horses and wagon were mortgaged along with everything else he had, and he wanted to get them as far away as possible, to escape if he could, before the money-lenders put the A.H.T.A. on his trail. The A.H.T.A. was the Anti-Horse-Thief Association and it was a power then in the west. My father fixed it somehow so that Jim could leave by day with a clear title to his horses. He cancelled his own note, I suppose, and gave his interest to somebody else. Father was always doing things like that.

The weather was one of the things that made me decide while I was still a small boy that as soon as I was able to make my way I would leave Kansas. It was simply too damned hot and too damned cold, and either too dry or too wet. Timber Creek flowed along the north side of our town, Winfield, to join the Walnut river near Baden's Mill, and in the hot summer it would be reduced to a series of muddy pools. But in spring, when the torrential rains flooded the prairies, inundating much of the town and penetrating even to our high-school, I longed for a place where things happened with a little more moderation. Kansas, from Carrie Nation and 'Sockless Jerry' Simpson to its floods and droughts, had more novelty than I wanted. I was determined to start moving as soon as I got through my schooling.

I first became interested in the Orient from our Sunday school. We attended the Methodist Church, which was sending missionaries all over the world, and were regaled Sunday after Sunday with tales of the heathen Chinese and the necessity for putting pennies in the collection being taken to save their souls. Our little Sunday-school magazine was filled with stories of China and Japan which whetted my appetite for further reading. I had a fixed conception of the Orient by the time I was twelve, and practically all of it was wrong. I would have done better if I had talked to the occasional Chinese pedlars who came through the town hawking odds and ends of merchandise, but that never occurred to me, for a real Chinese, as distinguished from those in my books, was merely an object at which to throw

stones. Every time we could find one we tried to chase him out of town. At the sight of a Chinese we would start screaming, 'Ching Chong, Chinaman!' and throwing stones with all the skill we had acquired on our baseball field.

Eddie Everitt was the leader of my gang in the stonings, and justified his actions with the same arguments which are used by those who persecute the Chinese all over the world. He just didn't like them. I had never given the matter a thought, and I joined in the attacks merely because it was the thing to do. My father often took me to task for it, but I usually managed to evade punishment by blaming Eddie, a ruse in which I was usually supported by my mother.

'It's that awful Eddie Everitt,' she explained to my father. 'The whole family is just poor white trash.'

The Everitts moved into our neighbourhood from Arkansas in 1902. 'We come from Tennessee but we stopped a while in Arkansas on the way,' Eddie told us when he entered the sixth grade in the North End School.

The boy had many of the qualities of leadership. He was older and stronger than any of the rest of us; he could swim like a fish; he could shoot straight, and he could throw stones twice as far as any boy in the neighbourhood. He was an ill-shapen lad, with enormous arms that let his hands fall well below his knees; bowed legs, which he said he got from riding a horse 'startin' on when I was just four years old,' and wide shoulders which he continually hitched to and fro with the restlessness of a temperamental baboon.

Chinese pedlars often came through the town, going from house to house with bits of cloth, pans, combs and brushes, and occasionally strange herbal medicines which were supposed to be infallible for malaria.

We had never bothered about them until Eddie came, but after he explained how Chinese pedlars stole babies, ate rats and mice, and generally put a curse on every neighbourhood they visited, we felt justified in making war on them. Eddie usually led the attack, for he was immune from punishment at home, while the rest of us were sure of an awful lacing if we got caught.

'My old man don't like Chinyemen no better than I do,' Eddie said. 'They ain't never been no Chinyman in Tennessee, and they ain't never gonna be none. Why, down in Tennessee they get down the old squirrel rifle and they shoot Chinyemen just like rats.'

I asked Old Man Everitt about this one day. 'Well, I don't like no Chinyman and that's a fact,' he said. 'Chinyemen ain't people. They're worsen niggers. Why, Chinyemen—*eat*—Rats.' Mr Everitt spaced his words to make them effective.

I thought that it might be a good idea to import a whole regiment of Chinamen. We certainly needed to get rid of the rats in Winfield. It didn't seem a good idea to mention that to Old Man Everitt, however, for it was obvious that his opinion of Orientals was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Several months passed before another Oriental fell our way. We were coming from a ball game at the fair grounds, and Eddie Everitt had stopped at the cigar-store to get the latest Frank Merriwell thriller. 'I'm a gonna take this home and see me another ball game right behind the kitchen stove after supper,' he said.

That was another thing we envied about Eddie. His parents would let him read Frank Merriwell, Nick Carter, and Buffalo Bill thrillers right in the house. The rest of us had to beg the gaudy-backed paper novelettes from him and read them secretly behind the barn.

When we left the cigar-store we cut through the alley at the back of Jim Skinner's livery stable. We were looking at the Frank Merriwell book as we walked along. Frank had just invented his famous double curve—a miraculous ball which swooped in and then out with the facility of a swallow—and it was making Yale's the greatest ball team of all time. Suddenly Eddie stopped and began to scream: 'Ching, Chong, Chinyman. Grab rocks, gang, it's a Chinyman as shore as shootin'!'

I looked up and saw a wizened little man in a cook's white cap and apron coming down the alley. He had a brown face

and slant eyes. We all began to shout 'Ching, Chong, Chinaman,' but the little man paid no attention and kept walking towards us.

I suppose that should have been a warning, but it wasn't, and at Eddie's suggestion we all joined hands, like playing 'crack the whip', and swarmed around the yellow man, screaming. Eddie jerked two of the boys against him and nearly knocked him over, and, as the Oriental turned, reached out with one of his long arms and pulled the little man's nose.

Then things happened. I landed violently on my head in the soft earth at the side of the alley. Boys were flying through the air in all directions. One of John Skinner's hired hands, who was standing behind the livery stable, caught me by the arm as I ran past. 'What the hell you kids been doing?'

I told him.

'Hell, that guy ain't no Chinaman,' the man said. 'He's a Mexican. That's Brady Dial's new Spanish cook. He makes the *chili con carne* and tortillas.'

I subsequently learned that the Mexican's name was Saburo Suzuki and that he was born in Hiroshima Prefecture, Japan.

I got acquainted with Suzuki, with the high chili counter of Brady Dial's restaurant between us.

'Excuse me,' he said. 'I just show you boys a little Judo. Chinese and Japanese people very different. Japanese people don't eat rats and Japanese people don't run away.'

Suzuki had been in Mexico and had learned cooking there. Brady Dial always insisted he was a Mexican.

'He's just kiddin' you about bein' a Jap,' Brady said. But I knew better, for I had got Suzuki to tell me tales by the hour about marching with the soldiers of the great Emperor Mutsuhito in the first of the Chinese-Japanese wars.

We had a strange idea about all aliens in Kansas in 1902. We called Winfield the 'Little Athens of the Plains', and we were proud of the fact we had two colleges and that we sent missionaries into foreign fields every year. But our

intellectual conception of the alien was one thing and our treatment of the stranger in our midst another.

Chinese, I firmly believed, were people who lived straight through the earth, and consequently must stand on their heads. I often wondered how they kept from falling into space. The Chinese ate rats, mice, fleas and lice. They were unbelievably dirty, and all of them were 'heathen'. We dutifully put pennies every Sunday in the little manila envelopes, which were kept in racks on the backs of every pew in church, for foreign missions.

All of us believed that it was a divine duty to Christianize the heathen—even if we did stone him when he walked down our highways.

Occasionally there would be Missionary Sundays, and servants of the Lord who had 'heard the call' and gone to foreign fields would stand in the pulpit and tell tall tales of their adventures.

I do not recall that we ever had any returned missionaries from Japan, but we had many from China. Some of them had gone through the Boxer siege around Peking in 1900, and their stories of the bestiality of the Chinese mobs, who burned and looted through all that hot summer on the North China plain, made my hair stand on end.

It was an age of American imperialism, and even the missionaries were infected. We had fought through the Spanish-American war; we had annexed Hawaii and we had purchased the Philippines in a quixotic gesture to Spain after taking the islands by force. Men were still chanting 'Civilize 'em with a Krag', and believing it too, and I was exceedingly proud that two of my mother's brothers had served in the far-off Asiatic archipelago and got safely home, despite dysentery and Aguinaldo's bullets, to teach me the manual of arms.

We were all imperialists, imbued with the idea that we must civilize and Christianize the backward peoples of the world, but we had only the haziest conception of our own imperial destiny.

William Jennings Bryan was our political hero. He it was

who always fought a huge, greedy figure called 'the interests', he it was who would make us all rich when he got over his sixteen-to-one ratio of silver to gold, and he it was who brought farmers from hundreds of miles around, when he came to Island Park for the Chautauqua to deliver again that famous oration about the Crown of Thorns and the Cross of Gold.

The missionaries invariably assured us that all men were brothers; that seizure of territory was wrong; and that through Christianity the complete brotherhood of man was sure to be achieved.

Bryan told us, in effect, much the same thing. He was all for overcoming Wall Street and the Money Changers. The missionaries were all for overcoming the Devil and the Heathen. And we agreed with them in our conception of an ideal world which some day would flow out from the free Kansas plains where we lived to far away places like China and India.

But, strangely enough, this conception of an ideal world was a conception only. In the more practical phases of day-to-day living we unconsciously followed Theodore Roosevelt.

My father was a staunch Bryan man, and I never wore a Roosevelt button. But I followed the Rooseveltian schemes for the aggrandizement of the United States with far more avidity than I ever did the abstruse monetary plans of the Bryanites or the vague religious idealism of the missionaries.

The reason, I suppose, was because Roosevelt was always so eminently practical. When he set out to build the Panama Canal we all thought it was a perfect expression of American ability. Here was something that you could get a ship into. Anybody could understand that the 'Big Ditch' was going to bring California nearer to the Eastern seaboard and that it would enable us to get the Fleet from ocean to ocean in a hurry. The complaints of Colombia that we were stealing territory from her fell on deaf ears. Even Bryan didn't complain about it very much, when he came to the Chautauqua to make another speech that year.

There was a great deal of the Puritan tradition left in

Kansas then, as there still is, but it was a tradition of abstract ideals rather than a rule-of-thumb scheme for living. We were taught to believe literally in the New Testament as an ideal for life; and we did, as an ideal; but in the practical scheme of things we were all for the fellow who travelled widely and did things.

We might bemoan international and other immorality in church on Sundays, but the other six days of the week we were rooting for the Japanese—for the Russo-Japanese war was just coming on, and in Japan we had an opportunity not only to cheer a 'go-getter' but also to sympathize with the under dog. Roosevelt set the pace, and we in Kansas, again, despite our loyalty to Bryan, followed him.

Our two newspapers in Winfield, the *Free Press* and the *Courier*, were filled with war dispatches, and the news was mostly pro-Japanese. We heard nothing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which had just been made by the wily Prince Ito and his associates in the hierarchy built up by Emperor Mutsuhito, and the word 'propaganda' had not even crept into our language. What we knew about the war was what we read in the newspapers. We did not know that most of the news came through London, and that London made it read with emphasis on the lines the British wanted emphasized.

And the British, of course, wanting the Russian advance in Asia stopped and determined to be loyal to their alliance with Nippon—without doing any real fighting or spending much real money—saw to it that the Japanese were painted in shining colours. People in Winfield talked about little else.

One of our neighbours was 'Doc' Lindley, a retired farmer, who always sat on a straw pile beside his barn to await the delivery of the newspapers. His brother 'Bud' was usually with him, and they would take turns reading the war dispatches and analysing them.

I was an invariable listener. I could read the papers myself, but it was much easier and more fun to hear the dispatches read aloud and then to hear the two old farmers discuss the news. They were agreed that Japan would win, and I was

sure of it after my experience with Suzuki and his Judo. I could picture one sturdy little Japanese marching right through the Russian army, seizing big, bearded Russians by their coat lapels and spinning them through the air to alight on their heads.

The Lindley brothers covered the whole war for me, and I still feel they did an able job of interpreting the news.

When winter came on we left the straw pile and moved into Mrs Lindley's kitchen. Doc had a big map, which he had clipped from the *Chicago Tribune*, and it helped us to understand the siege of Port Arthur and the Battle of Mukden.

I fought every foot of the way up Hill 203 with General Nogi, and I shed bitter tears when I heard that his sons had been killed in action. When I was not with Nogi I was with Admiral Togo, going through the sea battles which led up to the great action in Tsushima Straits and the destruction of the Russian Grand Fleet. The news was a succession of Japanese victories, and I acquired an admiration of the Japanese which was to be intensified years later when I lived among them.

We all knew, of course, that war was wrong—that it was wrong for Japan to plan to annex Korea; and we rather guessed that if the Japanese got one large chunk of Northern Asia they were likely to want a lot more. But whatever moral qualms we had were stifled by our admiration for the 'fighting Japs', the good little men who were kicking the Russian Bear consistently in the pants and making him like it.

One day—it was after the full reports of the Battle of Mukden had been printed in the *Kansas City Star*—Doc Lindley said:

'You know, Bud, I never really used to believe that stuff about all people being brothers under their skins, but danged if I wouldn't like to claim some of these little Japs for a brother.'

'They sure are fightin' fools,' Bud agreed, slapping the leg of his overalls for emphasis. 'Yes, sir, they sure are fightin' fools.'

Roosevelt really began to get popular around Winfield when he managed to steal the Russo-Japanese peace conference. We had taken it for granted the negotiations would be in Europe, and we were afraid the French would get a lead and swing the advantage to the Russians. When the newspapers reported that the conference would be in the United States and that President Roosevelt was arranging everything, we cheered. It meant that the Japs were sure to get a square deal.

But when the conference got under way at Portsmouth the news was not encouraging. Count Witte, who headed the Russian delegation, knew better how to handle American reporters than Marquis Komura did for the Japs, and the newspapers were printing daily dispatches about new and eminently reasonable Russian proposals which the Japanese were rejecting.

Doc Lindley was excited. 'Seems to me,' he said, 'that Roosevelt ought to take them fellers by the scruffs of their necks and make them agree to something. Next thing we know they'll be fightin' this war all over again.'

Mr Roosevelt had the same idea, and he did take charge of events a few days later, forcing Japan to waive her claims for indemnity and to accept half the island of Saghalien instead of the whole she had been demanding.

We rather lost interest in Japan when the war was over. Russia had a mild sort of revolution and that gave us something to talk about, but best of all was the Panama Canal. The United States was winning something bigger than a war, and we discovered that there was just as much romance in steam shovels as in ironclads and howitzers.

I had got interested in Japan, however, and I was determined some day to go there. For one thing I wanted to find out how people who lived in paper houses and spent their time making paper fans could turn out such good soldiers. I found out. Twenty-five years later those boys from the paper houses literally walked my legs off on the plains of Manchuria.

The wave of martial spirit which had swept the United

States at the turn of the century had passed out into the sea of time as I entered high-school.

People were beginning to sense the coming of the European war. There was no more talk of American expeditions overseas, and we had little interest, even, in the territories we had acquired. We never talked of the Philippines, or Porto Rico, or Hawaii. Our interest, rather, was in the homely things outside our doors, in the doings of such liberals as Bob La Follette, and in Germany.

German propaganda—although we had never heard the word—was spreading all through the country. Our school cut down the required years of Latin to two, and substituted two years of German for Greek. The newspapers were full of stories about German inventions and scientific discoveries. Germans were going everywhere and doing everything. We were beginning to believe that, after the United States, Germany might be the greatest country in the world.

By the beginning of my junior year in high-school my ideas of the world were definite. They were:

The United States was the greatest country on earth.

The people of the Middle West were the best of the Americans.

All foreigners were untrustworthy and most of them were dirty and ill-mannered. The Germans were the best of the lot, but most of them were fat and slow, and their music—I judged that from the Germans bands which used to come through the town—was awful.

All Mexicans were bandits. Mexico was in a state of perpetual revolution, and eventually the Mexicans would kill each other off. Then we could move in and take the country and be kind to the poor Indians whom the conquistadors had enslaved.

Of all the great nations Britain was the worst. The British used other nations for cat's-paws. They induced rival countries to fight each other, and when the contestants were exhausted the British took the spoils. No nation could defeat the British except the United States. We had done it in the revolution and in 1812, and we could do it again.

France and Italy were inhabited largely by dissolute counts and princes, whose business it was to marry American heiresses and take our money to Europe, where they squandered it on actresses.

Most foreigners were more to be pitied than blamed, and it was good that we could bring many of them into our country to do the hard work and earn a decent living.

German was the most useful language to know because the Germans had the best universities and one might want to finish one's education there.

The Japanese were a sturdy and amusing little people who spoke funny English and grew tea. They had defeated the Russians by rather a fluke in the war of 1904-05. They lived in paper houses, spent most of their time making fans, and were one of the nations we ought to Christianize when we got round to it.

Chinese were heathen who ate rats. Most of them turned into laundrymen when they came to the United States. A few Chinese in any American town were useful, but too many of them would not be tolerated.

Russians were big, stupid, hairy men ruled by a strange despot called a Tsar, who kept most of his people in slavery.

Latin America was a collection of backward countries filled with semi-savage people who were constantly engaged in civil wars which they called revolutions. Richard Harding Davis was the greatest living authority on Latin America.

There had been only two genuine revolutions in the history of the world: the French Revolution, about which I read many books, and our own War of Independence, in which we had defeated the British and the Tories, and established the United States as the only really worth-while country on earth.

Our education was sketchy and filled with propaganda. We learned nothing of the imperialism of Andrew Jackson and his followers, such as Sam Houston, who brought Texas into the Union by the good old British method of fomenting a revolution and forcing annexation—a method we were to use again when Mr Roosevelt had trouble getting permission

to build the Panama Canal—and the British generally were represented as ‘Bloody Redcoats’.

Indeed, when I began to travel the world after graduating from the University of Kansas, I found out that my hardest task was unlearning the history I had been taught in school.

I studied German assiduously in high-school and managed to graduate with extra credits for translating *Frau Sorge*. It was at this time that I decided to be a newspaperman. I had read widely; I liked history and politics; I had an aptitude for languages; and I could write rapidly if not well.

The *Free Press* was a United Press newspaper. The *Courier* was run by the Associated Press. I liked the *Free Press* the better because its dispatches were signed by United Press writers who popped about the world in most amazing fashion and always seemed to be having unbelievable adventures.

William G. Shepherd, who later was to be known as the ‘greatest reporter in the world’, was one of the U.P. stars. He had been with our marines when they landed in Vera Cruz and had given the *Free Press* an astounding scoop. I read his dispatches every day, and when I heard that he was coming to Winfield I was determined to meet him. He had relatives in the town and was stopping on his way to New York.

I imagine Shepherd was a little bored with my importunities, but if so he did not show it.

‘Any smart young fellow can get along in the newspaper business if he has nerve,’ he said, adding that I probably could get a job with the United Press if I could manage to get a few years’ experience on some newspaper.

The next year I went away to the University of Kansas at Lawrence and applied to W. C. Simons, owner of the *Journal-World*, for a part-time job while I was in school. Simons took me on, and with the work I was doing in the Department of Journalism at the University, it was good training. I covered the University for the *Journal-World*, contributing to the University *Daily Kansan* in my spare

time, and in summer worked full time for the town newspaper.

I was city editor, sports editor, reporter, columnist, copy-reader and make-up man. The pay, as I recall it, was fifteen dollars a week. The hours were from seven in the morning to six in the evening, with time out for lunch if one could find it.

During the winter I was on space rates at three dollars a column. It wasn't a bad job. The paper usually ran twelve or more pages, and wanted lots of University news. To make money I had to make my stories long, and I soon learned the trick of 'padding' by paraphrasing speeches in indirect quotes and then picking up the text in direct quotes. I did much the same thing with 'personals'. If anybody came to the University I interviewed him and then padded out the story by telling the history of his life, if I could get it.

It was the padding, I think, that caused me to be fired. Simons had hired a new city editor for the winter and the fellow swore he got grey hairs trying to eliminate repetition in my copy.

I rather welcomed getting the sack. I had enough money to finish school, and had a job, as soon as I was graduated, on Senator Joseph Bristow's *Salina* (Kansas) *Journal*.

In Salina I was a reporter and re-write man, and I liked that better. I worked day and night but I learned a lot. And I figured I soon would be ready to apply for a job with the United Press. An incident during the winter convinced me.

The World War was on, and we depended for much of page one on our wire service--the Associated Press. The service was what is called a 'telephone pony'. A reader in the Associated Press regional offices in Kansas City called twice a day, for thirty minutes, and read the more important dispatches. They were taken down in our office by a fast typist, who used a sort of modified Philipps code to make speed, and then were turned over to me for re-writing.

I imagine the A.P. at times was amazed to see what we made of their dispatches. If our typist missed anything I filled in from what I knew of the general background. If

the dispatches lacked colour I supplied it. If the opening paragraphs were wooden I re-wrote them.

I particularly enjoyed re-jiggering the war dispatches. We had big maps in the office, and I frequently shifted the lines of battle to suit myself and changed the casualty lists to figures that seemed to me more in line with reason. Unconsciously I weeded out a lot of Allied propaganda. When stories sounded false I simply changed them until they conveyed what I believed to be a fair impression.

The atrocity stories, in particular, always aroused my ire. I knew hundreds of Germans, and it seemed to me simply inconceivable that their countrymen were bayoneting babies and boiling their own dead to get fats. I always carefully attributed these stories to the British or French, and permitted the Germans to deny them in the same sentence.

By late 1916 I believed that I was ready to work for the United Press, so I applied to the Chicago office and was accepted immediately. The pay was twenty dollars a week and the hours even longer than I had to put in in Salina.

'Now,' I wrote my mother, 'I'm on my way to become a real newspaperman.'

It was a good omen that a Japanese happened to be on the train that was carrying me to Chicago. I talked to him all the way into Kansas City. The fact that he was a cotton buyer for an Osaka mill and interested in very little else bothered me not at all. At least he was from that far country down under the world to which I wanted to go.

CHAPTER II

BLACK MEN AND BROWN

THE big room was literally roaring with the staccato voices of telegraph instruments and typewriters and the jangling of telephone bells.

A short, stocky man with a red face and beefy arms sat in the centre of a great horseshoe table seizing pieces of copy which were thrown at him by the telegraph operators. He read them hurriedly, made frenzied marks with his stylus, and tossed them across to other men who sat in front of the telegraphers.

I stood quietly in front of the door waiting for somebody to look at me. Nobody did.

Some reporters were scowling at their typewriters. Others dashed in and out of telephone booths carrying sheaves of copy. Still others brushed past me and went out of the door. Finally a Western Union messenger boy came in.

'Telegram,' he bawled.

An incredibly dirty youth came out of the inner office. His hands looked as if they had been dipped in lampblack and his face was liberally smeared. He signed for the telegram and then looked at me.

'Whatcha want, mister?' he said truculently.

I told him I wanted to see the manager.

'That's him,' the boy said, pointing at the man at the horseshoe table.

'Would you mind telling him that Vaughn is here ready to go to work?' I asked.

The office boy looked doubtful.

'Better tell him yourself,' he decided, and popped back into the inner office where he was putting heavy sheets of thick carbon paper between sheets of yellow flimsy.

I walked over to the man at the table. Just as I was about to speak to him an operator said something, and the man jumped up, overturning his chair. He ran behind the telegrapher and began to read the words sputtering off the wire. 'Flash,' he bawled, and suddenly the room was quiet.

Doors to the telephone booths popped open and several boys sprang miraculously from nowhere, taking stations behind the man at the horseshoe table, who was jerking copy from the typewriter of a telegraph operator a line at a time and passing it to a youth who tore off a sheet for each of the boys.

The boys passed the copy along to other telegraph operators and into the telephone readers in the booths. I backed over into the corner to get out of the way. The man who had been in the slot looked at me and grinned. After a few minutes he came back to his chair in the centre of the horseshoe.

I told him who I was.

'Yes, I remember,' he said. 'I'm Conkle. Go over there and sit down. I'll be through here pretty soon.'

I watched Conkle work. He would seize a piece of copy, write frantically on it a moment, and then burst into a string of soul-searing oaths. Nothing seemed to meet his approval.

I had about decided I'd been forgotten again when a younger man came in and said to Conkle: 'Okay, Boss, I'll take it now.'

Conkle turned on him and growled: 'Where the hell you been? Taking a vacation or something?'

The younger man grinned and moved into the vacant chair.

Conkle beckoned to me and I followed him into his office. He sat down on a swivel chair, leaned back, bit off the end of a cigar savagely, and barked:

'Sit down!'

I sat, holding my hat nervously between my knees. Conkle just looked at me, chewing the cigar.

'So you want to work for the United Press, do you?' he barked again.

I said I did.

'Well, I hope to God you know more than most of these brainless wonders I'm getting from the universities,' he growled. 'Can you spell?'

I told him that I could, and reminded him that I'd done three years of newspaper work already.

'Yeah, I know that,' he said. And then added, as if unwilling to stop on a civil note: 'Trouble with you small town fellers is that you're all too damned slow.'

He called a clerk and told him to enter my name on the pay roll.

'Hours will be from 6 A.M. until you get through,' he said. 'And be damned sure you're in here by five minutes to six every morning.'

At the end of every day for the next three months I was certain that I'd never make a Press Association man. I could not think in the noise and confusion. I was reading telephoned dispatches to strings of small newspapers in Illinois one minute and talking to a correspondent in Sheboygan, Michigan, the next. Everybody wanted everything done at once.

All copy was prepared on 'books' of yellow flimsies gummed at the top, with sheets of two-faced, heavy carbon paper between. The books were hard to get into a typewriter and hard to write on until one became accustomed to them.

When the day's regular work was finished—the United Press ran no regular night wires at that time—Conkle would frequently call me to his office to take dictation. We might keep at it until eight or nine at night. I knew no shorthand, but could take letters directly on a typewriter.

When we were finished Conkle would say:

'Well, come on over to Marx' beer tunnel and I'll buy you a nickel beer. You worked pretty long hours to-day.'

One evening he called me into his office at a little after five and I expected the usual news that I'd have to do letters after six. However, he said:

'How soon can you pack your suitcase?'

I told him I could get to my room on the North Side and back in about an hour.

'Okay,' he said. 'Go and get your bag. You're going to St Louis to be our bureau manager. The train leaves at 9.30 P.M. Better eat before you come back in. I'll have your ticket here for you.'

I was too dumbfounded to reply. I didn't know whether I wanted to go to St Louis or not, but it seemed to make no difference.

Conkle gave me half an hour's lecture before I got on the train. 'Just write what happens,' he said. 'Keep it short. If the first reports you get are that ten are dead make your story read five. Always cut first reports of casualties in two. Better to bring your figures up rather than have to scale them down. If anything comes up you don't know how to handle, message me on the wire.'

St Louis at the time was a small bureau. United Press served two afternoon newspapers, the *Star* and the *Times*—later they were merged—and a string of 'pony' clients in southern Illinois, southern Missouri, and part of Arkansas.

My job was to collect any news that seemed worth while for the main wire system; condense the general news report for the small newspaper members; try to get new newspapers to buy the service, and do some rudimentary bookkeeping on office expense.

The man who preceded me had been transferred to Des Moines. When I arrived he handed me the key to the office, seized a suitcase, and ran for the railway station.

Compared to Chicago the work in St Louis was easy. I soon got acquainted with the personnel of our member newspapers, talked to the correspondents in smaller towns in my territory by telephone, and lined up the major news sources of the city.

Several fellows I had known in the University were in St Louis, and one of them asked me to live with him.

Our wires opened at 7 A.M. and ran until 6 P.M. After three in the afternoon, however, little news was carried except bulletins and sports, and I had little to do. I had a boy for an assistant, and there were two able telegraph operators who knew the routine of the shop.

So I spent my late afternoons exploring St Louis. One evening I crossed the river to East St Louis and was introduced to a bar owner near the centre of the town. It proved a lucky acquaintance. The barman was later to help me get my first big scoop—on the East St Louis race riots.

There had been trouble in the aluminium factories in East St Louis for months, and employers had started importing negro strike-breakers from the south. The strikers were mostly South European immigrants.

One afternoon my saloon-keeper friend telephoned me. 'You better come over here,' he said, 'for there's going to be a story. The boys are going to run these nigger strike-breakers out of town.'

I took a street-car across the inter-state bridge and got off at the main street intersection of the town in mid-afternoon.

An inter-urban railway car was coming from Granite City, Illinois. A crowd of men and women strikers were standing on the street corner.

An old negro woman carrying a big market basket got off the Granite City car. She was fat and she had trouble lifting her basket from the car step. One of the strikers, a girl with red hair, walked over to the car as if to help the negress. But she did not touch the basket. She waited until the negress turned around, and then hit the old woman in the face with her fist.

The blow was a signal for pandemonium.

A mob surged round the prostrate negress in a second. Men kicked her. Women beat her with fists and sticks, and one girl took off her high-heeled shoe and pounded the old woman on the head.

I pushed my way through the crowd. 'Don't hit her again,' I shouted at the girl with the red hair. 'She can't be a strike-breaker. Can't you see she's just some poor old cook or laundress?'

A man pushed me in the back and sent me sprawling.

'Get out of here, feller,' somebody said, 'before we knock your head in.'

I was elbowed up to the kerb and found myself in front

of my friend's saloon as somebody threw a brick that narrowly missed my head. I ducked through the swinging doors into the saloon.

I telephoned the story to the office and then went back into the street. No other newspaperman had arrived, and it occurred to me I'd better buy out the saloon telephone for the afternoon. That proved a lucky stroke. I had the nearest telephone to the fighting and all the hangers-on in the saloon as volunteer reporters.

The rioting continued all afternoon and night, and I saw negroes shot, hanged, burned and beaten to death with clubs. For sheer brutality the thing was worse than war.

A week later, after I had talked to scores of people about the riots, I wrote in my diary: 'The prime cause of this thing was racial. The riots never would have happened if the strike-breakers had been white men. There's nothing to this bunk about all men being brothers regardless of colour.'

The conclusion, however, did not exactly please me. I knew hundreds of negroes and knew that they were about the same as all other people in their ordinary attributes.

What I had learned, although I did not know it, was that all men are brothers under their skins, brothers in that none of them is very far removed from the brute. And that difference in colour is only an excuse for brutality—one of those 'reasons' for which even the most primitive of men seek before they do murder.

In Chicago, because it offered an opportunity for exercise and companionship, I had joined the naval militia. It was apparent that we were drifting into the war, and, without thinking much about it, I had assumed from the first that I would go whenever our declaration came.

I had very clear convictions about the war. I thought that we should stay out of it if possible. Most of the people I knew felt the same way. There was little real hatred of Germany or the Central Powers in the Middle West. We had too many German neighbours to hate them, and the Allied propaganda simply made us suspicious.

As a newspaperman I was learning to read behind the lines

enough to know that the British were pulling more strings than anybody else, and that the essentials of the German cause were not being well presented because of the stupidity of the Kaiser's diplomacy.

I surmised, however, that war would come and that the best chance to get into it in a hurry would be in the Navy.

During my stay in Chicago I had covered some stories at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, which was already being enlarged, and had met Captain William A. Moffett, the commandant. The Captain was an able and ambitious officer. Later he was to become a Rear-Admiral and to lose his life in the Akron disaster.

I told the Captain that I had joined the naval militia.

'That's fine business,' he said, patting me on the back. 'We'll need newspapermen like you when we get in this war.'

I wondered just what use newspaper training would be to a sailor, but I did not ask the Captain to elaborate his remarks. Later I was to find out what he had in mind.

I was back in Chicago again when war finally came. The whole business impressed me as rather silly. Much of President Woodrow Wilson's high-flown language seemed to me mere mental gymnastics—a fog of verbiage designed to cover certain simple issues.

However, we were in, and I was ordered to report at the Great Lakes Station—'bag and baggage'.

My navy career started badly, for in the hurry of leaving St Louis I had lost my 'bag and baggage'.

Sailors are issued summer and winter uniforms, a hammock and other equipment when they enlist. It is all charged against them and must be replaced if lost. So my first misfortune when I reached Great Lakes was to have to pledge three months' pay for new equipment. Then so many men were pouring in that there was not enough room, and hundreds of us were told to go home and wait until barracks could be constructed.

My job at the United Press had been filled, but I managed to get on the *Kansas City Star* and work there until I was

finally called again. I then reported at Great Lakes, assuming that I would soon be able to get to sea. Thousands of other boys did the same thing, and never got nearer a warship than the sight of one in the Chicago picture-houses, or a glimpse of that venerable old training ship, the *Yangton*, on Lake Michigan.

I came to the naval station with a hand-bag containing half a dozen cartons of cigarettes and a tooth-brush, and I lost the hand-bag and the cigarettes at the station gate.

'You won't need these, buddy,' a marine guardsman told me, 'for you ain't gonna smoke for a long, long time.'

I demanded a receipt for my possessions. The marine turned on me savagely.

'You get the hell outa here quick, before I kick you in the pants,' he shouted. He was a big marine, so I got out—vowing vengeance.

I spent much of the next six months trying to report the loss of those cigarettes, but I never succeeded. Nobody would listen to me. Finally it dawned on me what that phrase—'You're in the Navy now'—means. And I gave up worrying about the injustice I had suffered in losing my cigarettes.

I spent the next three weeks, with a lot of other miserable bluejackets, in 'detention'. All newcomers were sent into the detention camp for inoculation and general seasoning.

We took the inoculations in the open. Stripped to the waist we marched past a surgeon, who jabbed needles into our arms, scratched us for smallpox, jabbed us with meningitis serum, and kept us in such continuous discomfort that the very words 'detention camp' still make me shiver.

From detention we went to a training camp, farther away from the lake, and helped dig ditches and unload coal. It rained continuously.

One day I was assigned to pushing a wheelbarrow which the ditch-diggers filled with huge lumps of sticky, lead-heavy clay. We spread planks across the slimy earth to make a path for the wheelbarrows and marched around in a long line, dumping the barrows in low spots and then wheeling back for new loads. By mid-afternoon my hands were blistered

and my temper worn to a frazzle, but the marine guards kept urging us on. Nobody was allowed to drop out for rest.

When the youth behind me bumped his barrow into my legs I turned on him cursing. 'You do that again and I'll knock your block off.'

That was the chance the marine guards had been waiting for. Their sergeant hurried to me and said, almost kindly: 'Don't get excited, Buddy. We'll let you put the gloves on with him when you get through work.'

The boy who had bumped me was named 'Shorty' Rab. He was a stocky little Jew, about my size, and looked easy picking. I shared the general mid-west aversion for Jews then, and the general belief that Jews couldn't or wouldn't fight.

The Marines made a ceremony of the battle. They marked off a ring, explained the rules, tied on our gloves carefully, and warned us to break fast from clinches. The Jew boy said not a word, and I thought he was frightened.

We sparred a minute and then, like lightning, the whole training camp exploded against my chin.

I came to my senses a few minutes later. A marine was throwing water in my face and the other marines were howling with laughter.

'What happened?' I gasped faintly.

'You tell him, Shorty,' one of the marines said, pushing the Jew boy forward.

Shorty helped me to my feet.

'I'm a boxer,' he said. 'I really didn't mean to hit you so hard. You just opened up wide and I suppose I nailed you out of habit. Honest, I didn't mean to hurt you. I'd have told you if I'd had a chance. Then we could have stalled along and not given these hyenas so much for nothing.'

My chin was sore for a week, but Shorty became one of the best friends I had in the outfit.

We were still digging ditches a month later when I was ordered to report to the Administration Building on the Main Station. Captain Moffett had decided to start a daily newspaper and I was to be the night editor. My days of hard work in the Navy were ended.

A dozen former Chicago newspapermen were assigned to start the *Great Lakes Bulletin*, and in a week we had it running—a neat little eight-page tabloid filled with Station news, Navy orders, and a smattering of war headlines which we got from Chicago.

Two months later, when the *Bulletin* was running smoothly, I was assigned to the navy section of the Committee for Public Information. Washington had been taking British lessons in propaganda, both domestic and foreign, and my job, although nobody took the trouble to explain it to me, was to be a propagandist.

Our chief instrument was Lieutenant John Philip Sousa's famous Great Lakes Band. Sousa had trained more than a thousand men to play in unison, and when we took them to Grant Park, in Chicago, to arouse interest in the Liberty Loans, we gave what the Chicago newspapers called the most magnificent concert in history.

We toured the whole Middle West with the band, which was split into detachments, selling Liberty Bonds.

The detachment to which I was assigned was sent to Kansas City. There we recruited Russell Crouse and Leo Fitzpatrick, who had been reporters with me on the *Kansas City Star*, and set out to help the district Liberty Loan committee sell bonds.

We travelled through scores of towns in the Middle West, and on some of the trips the late Theodore Roosevelt was with us. In one town it was raining when we arrived, but we decided to march the band to the pavilion where we were appearing, despite the downpour. There was a limousine for Roosevelt, but he waved it aside: 'If these boys can walk, I can too,' he said, and he clumped along at the head of the column for a mile or more and then made a rousing war speech.

We made people buy Liberty Bonds whether they wanted them or not. It was amusing to watch the boys tackle people with German names. 'With a name like that you've got to buy until it hurts,' we would say, and the German-Americans always did.

I was back at Great Lakes when the Armistice was signed. The news got to the Training Station shortly after lunch and we all left immediately for Chicago. The drunken, shouting mobs in the street made me ill. Everybody wanted to buy us drinks. At eight o'clock I went back to the Station. The question was: How to get out of the Navy in a hurry. I managed it within a month. It was good to be in civilian clothes again, for I was sick of the whole business of uniforms.

There was no opening with the United Press, so I went back to Kansas City and the *Star*. It was a grand place to work. The publishers had taken back everybody who had left the paper to go to the war, and there were more reporters than there was news. I had one assignment a day and an assistant to help me cover it. I reported at eight-thirty in the morning, got my assignment, rounded up the story in time for the main edition, and then was free to loaf and enjoy the flesh-pots to which an ex-sailor was entitled.

One of our diversions, for as long as we could make it last after pay-day, was a dice game in the press room of one of the hotels. The game ran until somebody had all the money and then was postponed until the next pay-day. On the *Star* we got paid on the first and fifteenth days of the month, and I always sent twenty per cent of my cheque home, to add to my nest-egg, and then went to the dice game. I was good, but never quite good enough, and I was usually reduced to asking the waitress in a lunch-room in Grand Avenue to give me credit for my meals for the last four or five days of the half-month.

Todd Ormiston was, as I remember it, the usual final winner. He had, in some way, accumulated enough capital to carry through the inevitable runs of bad luck and break the rest of us by sheer pressure of wealth. On one day Todd walked right through the combined reportorial pay-roll of Kansas City—except for one man—in less than three hours. The missing man was a police reporter, who arrived just as we were bracing Ormiston to buy dinners for the crowd. 'Sorry to be late,' he said. 'Had to cover a story. Somebody

shot my wife.' It was true. He had gone out with police on an emergency call and found his estranged wife seriously injured. But as soon as he had covered the story for the last afternoon editions he came on to the game as if nothing had happened. And in an hour Ormiston had his money too.

A few months later the United Press offered me the job of manager of their office in Dallas, and I snapped at the proposal because it offered a possible chance to get to Mexico. Villa was still on the loose along the border; a new revolution against President Venustiano Carranza and his crowd in Mexico City was in the making, and U.S. cavalry was still patrolling nearly the whole length of the Rio Grande.

After I had familiarized myself with the routine of the office and got acquainted with our correspondents, I looked about for an excuse to get to the border. It came in August, 1919. The Villistas had been sweeping up towards the border from the south and were ready to attack Juarez, across the river from El Paso.

The attack started in mid-afternoon and I watched it from a housetop near the American end of the international bridge. It was a moving-picture battle. Villista cavalry swept into the outskirts of the town, near the race-track, driving the Federals before them. Through glasses I could see the crowds of Federals scattering through the streets, only to be overtaken and sabred.

The fighting soon spread to points near the bridge, and bullets began to fall on the American soil. Finally a woman was hit—a signal for which the Seventh Cavalry had been waiting.

The order to cross came just before sunset. Troop after troop of cavalry thundered over the bridge. The Villistas fled from the city as fast as they had entered it. By dark most of the American troops came back, and another 'border incident was ended'.

From El Paso I went to Marfa to take a look at the American patrols in the 'Big Bend' country. I got a pony and rode the patrol line one day with some American troopers. Our men had regular beats, and small, entrenched fortifications,

with machine-guns, at the fords. They would spray the Mexican shore with machine-gun bullets every time anything living appeared. The only casualties, so far as I could find out, were a few stray Mexican goats.

The cavalry patrols were reinforced by aeroplanes which flew regularly to Laredo and El Paso. By order the pilots were supposed to keep on the American side of the river, observing a Mexican law which prohibited foreign aircraft from flying over Mexican territory without a permit. In practice, of course, the pilots paid no attention to orders or Mexican laws. They flew all over Mexican territory as they pleased.

One day—I was in Candelaria, on the river—we got word that an American 'plane was down with its pilot and observer.

A cavalry detachment was immediately ordered across to hunt for the missing men. I went along, and for three days we scoured the desolate desert region known as the 'Journey of Death', but we found nothing but a goat herder who told us the 'Gringos' had been captured by bandits who had taken them to the south.

Scouts later found the bandits and the men were ransomed for \$25,000 each. Secretary-of-State Charles Evans Hughes ordered the payment of the ransom, as I remember it, and Captain Leonard Matlack of the Seventh Cavalry was ordered to deliver the money. The Cavalry had to visit half a dozen ranches to get money to make up the two pouches which had been agreed on.

Matlack rode across the river one midnight and met the bandits by appointment under a tree.

A story was told—I never could verify it—that he gave the bandits only one of the pouches, took the two aviators on his lead horses, and dashed back across the river. Then the Cavalry reported proudly to Washington that it had fooled the bandits and rescued the air force for half-price. Hughes was supposed to have been enraged and to have ordered Matlack to go back across the river, find the bandits, and deliver the remainder of the money.

'The honour of the United States Government' was involved, according to the story, and poor Matlack and his troop were supposed to have spent a week hunting out the bandits and making good the pledge of the Secretary of State.

True or not, it was a good yarn, and we saw to it that it got printed.

I got back in Dallas just in time to go south again to cover the Corpus Christi Flood. The autumn storms which so often devastate gulf ports were unusually bad that year, and after lashing their way west, along the Gulf coast, they had whipped inland across Mustang Island, at Corpus Christi, and submerged all the lower part of the town.

We flew as near to Corpus as we could get, and then walked into the town through a morass of dead men, rattlesnakes, cattle and dogs.

It was a smelly job of reporting. Big petroleum tanks along the coast, at White Horse and Aransas Pass, had been destroyed, and the oil, mixed with salt water, had covered everything with a tarry mask which made the work of identifying the dead almost impossible.

The dead rattlesnakes—there were thousands of them—had come from the low, sandy islands, off the coast.

'Getting rid of them danged snakes is about all the good this storm did, far's I can figger,' one Texan told me.

Back in Dallas after the Corpus Christi assignment, I found orders to report to New York. And my duty—of all things—was to be cable editor.

The Peace Conference was on in Paris, and European news still dominated the nation's front pages. The regular cable editor was being sent to Europe and I was to take his place immediately. For months I worked eighteen hours a day. I had to read dozens of books for background at night and handle incoming cables from Europe all day.

It was with relief that, in 1920, I got orders to report in Rio de Janeiro as bureau manager and chief correspondent.

CHAPTER III

ORDÈM E PROGRESSO

IT was warm and pleasant on the slope of the Morro da Viuva. The great rock called the Sugar Loaf loomed away to our left, the sea and the fashionable beach of Copacabana was in front, and to the right a series of jungle-clad hills. Behind us was Rio de Janeiro proper, gleaming in the southern winter sun like some fantastic dream-city of the stage. Khaki-clad Brazilian troops were scattered along the foot of the hills, and mountain batteries were in position behind clumps of foliage.

I was intensely excited. Here, I thought, was a chance to see history in the making—a chance to write a great story, and a chance to study a revolution as a scientist would study a chemical problem in his laboratory. It was mid-July of 1922. Cadets of the military school, working with disgruntled regiments from several of the infantry and artillery barracks, had revolted a week before—shortly after midnight on July 4th—and attempted to seize the capital for Dr Nilo Pecanha, opposition candidate for President of the Republic.

The bulk of the army and all the navy, loyal to Dr Epitacio Pessoa, the president in office, and his candidate for his successor, Dr Arturo Bernardes of the state of Minas Geraes, had surrounded the last of the rebels in the great fortress of Copacabana and had served notice on them that a general bombardment would start in mid-afternoon if they refused to surrender. The kill could not be far away.

I was with two Brazilian newspapermen, and all of us had good glasses. We felt like a privileged audience who had been given seats at the only performance of a great drama.

The rebels had used the last of their artillery ammunition the night before and must act.

They came out in mid-afternoon. We could see them perfectly through our glasses. The men marched in order, each with a little piece of the fort's flag in a buttonhole of his tunic, and each with full fighting equipment—bayoneted rifle, pistol, and sword.

From where we sat on the hillside the scene was like a puppet show. The loyalist forces crouched behind stone walls and in trenches along the base of the hills. The rebels, a boyish officer at their head, marched like animated dolls straight towards the entrenched lines and the masked artillery. They swung down the broad Avenida Atlantica, past the lawns of residences of the retired coffee millionaires, and then turned into a walled road which led towards the hills.

A loyalist officer lifted a white flag over the wall and, we were told later, shouted a request for a parley. His answer was a volley of rifle fire.

Then the bugles all along the loyalist lines sounded the order to attack.

A battery of mountain guns dropped half a dozen shells near the rebels, but their lines did not waver. They marched briskly to a street intersection, deployed, and then ran forward, crouching, in skirmish formation.

A machine-gun began chattering from an opening in a stone wall. The rebels started falling like grass before a sickle. A group of them tried to charge the machine-gun, but every man went down.

One youth fell in the street, his forearm torn away by a shell, and lay quiet for a moment until a loyalist soldier stood up from behind the wall. Then the rebel rolled laboriously on his side, dragged his pistol from its holster with his left hand, and began to fire blindly.

The loyalists turned a machine-gun on him, and a dozen little puffs of dust came from his uniform as the bullets thudded into him.

A few minutes later the bugles called 'Cease fire', and loyalist detachments advanced, on the alert, towards the fort. It was empty. All the rebels had been killed. The revolt was over, and another political movement had failed.

I had been in Brazil nearly two years and had seen the entire rebellion in the making. Now that it was over, I asked myself what it had all been about. The answer to the question was not easy to find.

Immediate causes of the revolt, of course, were easy to trace. Rival political groups, each with their own following, were striving for power. The followers of Pecanha were convinced that they were to be cheated in the impending election and they were determined to seize power by force, or die trying. Now they were dead, and nothing had been accomplished.

The Government would continue, as it had for decades, in the control of the powerful political groups of São Paulo, Minas Geraes, Rio Grande do Sul, and the other larger states, and the little fellows would take what was given to them and make the best of it.

But I felt there must be some deeper meaning than this.

I knew some of the military cadets who had been shot down in that last mad, suicidal charge, and I could not force myself to believe that they were prompted by nothing more than a blind loyalty to a great leader. I felt they must have had some feeling of injustice in their souls, some confidence that they were not giving their lives in vain.

Try as I might, however, I could get no logical explanation for the revolt from the friends and relatives of the dead men. The general public had taken no interest in the affair while it was going on, and they had little interest in it now that it was over.

'It's just the occasional Latin-American way of holding an election,' a European diplomat, who had been long in Brazil, told me. 'These outbreaks are not revolutionary at all, in the proper sense of the word; they are just fights between political factions.'

As time went by I was to find the diplomat was wrong. For the rebellions were to continue until a new deal came to Brazil and the lot of the forgotten man was improved. They were to continue as part of the political and social evolution of a great country; as part of a pattern of events larger than

the participants in them realized; as part of a welding process which was to make of the divergent immigrants who had come to this South American paradise from Europe a homogeneous and united people who, by suffering and the sword, were to fight their way towards the top rank of the great nations.

I have seen a dozen revolutions, and all of them have been along entirely different lines; springing from different immediate causes; but the broad impulse behind each has been the same—the desire of mankind to improve, to gain more power and comfort, to create a better world for future generations.

Rebellions that fail are often as important as those that succeed, for each is part of a pattern which must be completed, if the inevitable evolution of society is to go on.

Dr Bernardes was elected, and kept in office with guns, as the result of the failure of the July rebellion, but the development of free institutions in Brazil was hastened by the movement, and the solidarity of the nation advanced.

Later I was to see revolution in China, the backwash of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, the strange rebellion of the ultra-nationalists and military elements in Japan against what they believed to be an ineffective parliamentary government, the bloodless revolution in the Philippines which hastened the decision of the United States to grant independence to the islanders, ineffective movements in Java and Siam, and the edges of Gandhi's movement in India. And in all of them I was to see the same primary urge—for greater freedom, for a better life.

I arrived in Brazil on October 1st, 1920. Guanabara Bay was incredibly bright that spring morning (the seasons south of the Equator are in exact reverse to those in northern latitudes) when the United States Shipping Board liner *Huron* steamed into Rio de Janeiro harbour.

The great Pão d'Assucar (the Sugar Loaf) reared majestically on our left; Nichteroy, smothered in palms, was to our right, and the series of peaks known as the 'Fingers of God' clutched towards the tropical sky like a giant hand in the far distance.

I was on deck early, with a dour old Scot who had lived many years in Brazil, to get a first glimpse of Rio.

The Scot had been giving me lectures about Brazil all the way from New York. His descriptions were enough to cause the stoutest heart to quail. All Brazilians, he assured me, were rascals. Their chief pastime, when they were not fighting civil wars, was the cheating of foreigners. They were dirty, diseased, dissolute, and damned.

I asked the Scot how he had managed to make his way in such an awful country for so long.

'How?' he answered. 'How? Laddie, ye ha'e ne'er been in Scotland.'

As we cast anchor for quarantine a launch put out flying the Brazilian flag. Across the flag, in bold letters, were the words: 'Ordèm e Progresso'. As the Scot explained, the words mean 'Order and Progress'.

'And mark well them words, laddie,' he said; 'the flag's the only place in this domned caintry ye'll ever find 'em.'

I found that the Scot, like so many foreigners who develop ingrowing tempers in strange lands, was wrong.

The order in Brazil was about as good, during the first two years I was there, as it was in the United States, and the progress of Rio, at least, was astounding.

Rio de Janeiro will always be one of my favourite cities. It is unquestionably the most beautiful city in the world, and its citizens, the Carioca, are in many ways the most charming I have ever known.

Noble Taylor, whom I was to succeed as manager, was dying of heart disease, but he insisted on staying on the job until I had time to learn a smattering of Portuguese and become fully acquainted with the routine of the office. When he finally did sail for New York it was too late. He died the night he got home.

Roy W. Howard, then president of the United Press, had started developing our service in South America early in the World War. He argued, rightly, that the war would create a demand for an unprejudiced news service, and that Latin-American newspapers, which had depended upon Havas, the

French official news agency, and a few expensive special correspondents, would welcome a world news report without propaganda or bias.

When I arrived in Rio, United Press had been in the field several years, and was well established. We supplied a world news service to most of the important newspapers in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo—the great inland coffee city—and had a large office with a staff of translators and reporters.

As chief of the bureau it was my job to see that the cables, most of which came in English, were prepared for the translators, put rapidly into good journalistic Portuguese, and then delivered to the newspapers.

The translations were my first tough problem. It was difficult to find men with newspaper training who knew enough journalistic English and Portuguese to handle our telegrams, and, with my early limited knowledge of Portuguese, it was even more difficult for me to tell whether or not the finished product would satisfy a Brazilian newspaperman.

And I soon found out that Brazilian editors and publishers were just as hard to please as those I had encountered in Missouri and Texas.

There was a continuous complaint that our translators could not write newspaper Portuguese. One translated everything 'into the language of diplomacy', an irate editor assured me, and another wrote 'like a guide-book'.

Another part of the job that worried me was collecting bills. We sold our service to newspapers on a weekly basis, and the contracts called for payments weekly in advance.

I spent hundreds of hours cooling my heels in the counting-houses of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo newspapers. Times were bad in Brazil in 1920-23, and publishers had to dig to meet the comparatively high payments they must make for our big foreign news service.

The Brazilians always paid, however, and I have never seen a harder struggle anywhere than that made by these Latin-American editors to keep a free and healthy press alive during a period of acute political and economic unrest.

The milreis had dropped from a normal exchange of

around twenty cents to six cents, and silver coins had been smuggled rapidly out of the country, chiefly to Uruguay, where a group of European speculators made a killing. The silver in a milreis coin, for example, was worth around fifteen cents in United States currency. The coin could be had, again figured in terms of United States currency, for a nickel in paper money. Too late the Government reinforced the patrols and stopped the smuggling. The silver was gone.

The world-wide operations of the United Press required that we send all kinds of news out of Brazil. We had to cover everything of interest for the other Latin-American republics, for the Far East, and for most of the countries of Europe as well as, of course, the United States.

I met the Japanese minister not long after my arrival in Rio. He was full of plans for Japanese immigration, pointing out, rightly, that Brazil could use hundreds of thousands of the agricultural workers whom Japan had in excess.

The first of the immigrants had arrived some years before and were well established in São Paulo, where they worked on the big coffee 'fazendas' and cultivated rice paddies.

The Brazilians generally were enthusiastic about the little brown men from the East.

'They're the best labourers in the world,' one *fazendeiro* told me.

Politics, however, soon got into the matter and Japanese immigration was limited drastically. It seemed to me a misfortune for both Japan and Brazil, for Brazil is one of the few countries of the world whose people are wholly liberal and generally without racial antipathies. There may have been something in the contention of the politicians—that if the Japanese were allowed to come into the country in unrestricted numbers they soon would have made it virtually a subject power of the Emperors of Nippon—but I doubt it.

The Japanese suffered to an extent, too, because of their prostitutes. The export of women of the *Yoshiwara*, the *joro*, has long been a thriving business in Japan. There are houses of prostitution filled with Japanese inmates in hundreds of cities all over the world, and they give the whole

Japanese Empire a bad name among Occidentals, which it little deserves.

The Japanese families that I saw in Brazil, however, were models of good conduct. Younger members usually learned Portuguese with considerable facility, and all the Japanese were excellent workers.

'Just let me get enough of these fellows in,' one planter said, 'and I'll have an example of industry that will make even the *Caipiras* [Brazilian half-caste back-woodsmen] do a full day's work.'

The Japanese, however, suffered from that distrust and suspicion of Asiatics which is common in all the Western nations. Part of that distrust, probably, is caused by the fact they do not often intermarry with other peoples. Most Asiatics want wives of their own people, and will spend a lot of money to get them.

Among the friends I made in Brazil were the family of a former ambassador to the United States. 'There are only three all-white families in Brazil and we are one of them,' one of the elderly spinsters of the family boasted. Her remark was not true, of course, but it is a fact that millions of Brazilians have African blood. Most of them are proud of it.

'A man with a black tint to his skin can stand this warm climate a lot better than a white man,' one of the negroid Brazilians told me. 'He is stronger, too, and when he marries he has more children. And children are very important in a huge country like this which is under-populated.'

Carnival season, just before Lent, is the time for great merrymaking in Brazil. All business is suspended for a week. The carnival clubs, which have been preparing for the great parade all the year, hold elaborate balls, and the whole town goes on a gigantic spree.

During the second carnival season I was in Rio I came near getting killed. A group of us were at one of the big night clubs, after touring the Avenida with the carnival crowds, and had a small table near the dance floor. The management had given everybody small wooden hammers with which to pound the table when he wanted service.

Next us sat a dignified Brazilian in evening clothes, with a tall and statuesque blonde, his mistress. The girl was sitting so that her back—she wore an evening gown cut to the waist—was within a few inches of our table. As she leaned over, each vertebra was clearly outlined. Somebody in our crowd remarked about it, dared me to rake my wooden hammer down the bony trail.

I did. The blonde shrieked, and her escort, who had seen my playfulness, tipped over the table getting at me. I saw a knife flash in the air as I dived under the next table. The blade missed my shoulder by an inch.

My friends, aided by waiters, seized the Brazilian—it developed he was a coffee *fazendeiro* from the state of São Paulo, in town on a bust—and managed to hold him while I crawled out from under the feet of a dozen merry-makers and apologized profusely.

When his anger had cooled the coffee-planter apologized too. We ended the evening by having a drink together, and later I visited his place in São Paulo.

I saw him again the day I was leaving Brazil for Argentina.

'Senhor,' he said, very seriously, 'I am glad I did not kill you that night, although the Holy Virgin knows I came near it, for I really think that you will become a gentleman after you are older and have travelled a little more.'

One of the acquaintances I made in Rio was a fat little Rumanian, who used to dine at my favourite restaurant in the Rua Ouvidor. He spoke broken English, and scraped an acquaintance with me one night when I was having late coffee.

A day or two later I saw him in the Casa Alvear, on the Avenida, accompanied by two stunningly dressed young women. I took pains to speak to him. The Brazilian journalist who was with me smiled.

'Friend of yours?' he asked.

I explained how I happened to meet the Rumanian.

'Well, he's worth knowing,' the journalist replied. 'He's one of the king-pins in the international white-slave ring which owns most of the "houses of love" off Gloria Park.'

The remark was true enough, I found, for the Rumanian later told me all about it. He was proud of his business, which was operated from a headquarters in Paris.

'My company is just as big as yours,' the Rumanian said, 'and I suppose we make a lot more money. The "Boss" '—he was always talking of his mysterious chief in Paris—'could write you a cheque for a hundred-million francs and never miss it.'

The slave ring, as the Rumanian explained it, transferred women to its branch houses all over the world.

'Some of these beautiful girls' (and the description was correct, for they were stunning) 'you can see right here in this room,' he said one evening, in the Alvear, 'have worked for us all the way from Shanghai to Buenos Aires. The smart ones do very well. Many of them go back to the old country, marry, and are the best of mothers.'

The Rumanian was greatly shocked when one of his beauties, clad in not even a hair ribbon, rode screeching through the Avenida in her motor-car, throwing milreis bills to all who passed on the street. It was bad enough, he said, that she should get started taking cocaine and throw her money away, but to ride in public naked was a catastrophe.

'Why, we have been charging one hundred milreis a head just to look at that girl posed in the nude,' he said. 'And now the whole town has seen her stripped for nothing. I'll have to send her to Buenos Aires.'

He did, and he followed her himself a few months later when the 'harlot's bank' closed.

The harlot's bank—that was what we Americans called it—was the branch of a Paris institution which was supposed to be partly owned by the white-slave ring. Its business consisted largely in the accounts of the European prostitutes, of whom, then, there were several thousands in Rio. The home bank had got into difficulties, and its foreign branches were closed. As the news spread through Rio, the branch in the Avenida was literally besieged by women of the *demi-monde*. Many of them lost all the savings which they had sold their bodies to obtain.

One of many firm friends I had in Rio was the late Nilo Pecanha, who had been long in the Brazilian diplomatic service and had served a number of terms as foreign minister. He was a mulatto and not ashamed of his negro blood. He was a candidate for president of the Republic in 1922 against Arturo Bernardes, and it was not his fault that his campaign did not win. When he was defeated his followers were blamed for the rebellion which ended with the shelling of the Copacabana forts.

Pecanha often lectured me on diplomacy and the duties of the press. He was a keen newspaper reader, and his ideas of journalism were sound.

One day he asked me to lunch and, over our coffee, gave me a lecture on the duties of a foreign correspondent that I will never forget.

I had written a series of stories on the peculiar racial mixtures in Brazil, mixtures which occasionally resulted in tow-headed, Dutch-looking children being born of coffee-coloured parents, and in these articles had made some statements which Pecanha considered in bad taste and unfriendly to Brazil.

He ordered a servant to bring in the dispatches, which had been clipped from some newspaper in the United States, and he insisted on reading all of them aloud from end to end before he began his sermon of advice.

I admitted that I had written the stories and that the texts he had read were essentially those of my dispatches.

'I am sorry,' Pecanha said, 'for I had thought that you were the one North American journalist who liked Brazil and could write of our country in a spirit of fairness. If you don't like us, you know,' he said suddenly, pointing a lean finger at me and turning on me with blazing eyes, 'you can go home. We did not ask you to come here!'

I was genuinely ashamed and alarmed, for Pecanha was a powerful figure and a word from him at the Foreign Office would have made my work extremely difficult. So I hastened to apologize. I told him I had not thought of the impression the dispatches would make on Brazilians—that I had merely

written what seemed to me an interesting sidelight on the Brazilian people—and that the derogatory phrases I had used were entirely unintentional.

Pecanha finally began to smile. 'I was not really as angry as I pretended,' he said, 'but I thought it might be well to give you a lesson. You are a young man and you will, no doubt, live in many other foreign countries before you retire. Bear this advice in mind:

'A stranger in any country should consider himself as a guest in the home of another people and should behave accordingly. You'd not make fun of the colour of my skin, or the colour of my children's skins, while you are under my roof, I am sure. Well, then, you should not make fun of my countrymen, for you are here as a guest in our home.'

I was shocked, years later, when I heard of Pecanha's death. He was a great man as well as a great statesman.

Pecanha helped me, on one occasion, when I was campaigning to prevent theft of our news by a small native news agency.

Many of the telegrams from Europe for our Brazilian service went first to our head office for South America in Buenos Aires and were relayed back to Rio de Janeiro on the All-America cables. I had noticed that the native agency was frequently delivering dispatches that read suspiciously like our own almost as fast as we were—and at a much cheaper rate.

Investigation showed that the Brazilian agency had sent men to Buenos Aires who were copying our dispatches as soon as they appeared on bulletin boards outside the offices of the Argentine dailies.

Proof of the theft was not long in coming. One day all our client newspapers which got the service of the Brazilian agency began telephoning for confirmation of a dispatch that General Diaz of Italy was dead in Lisbon. We had no such dispatch, but we did have one saying the General was in Lisbon on a tour but was leaving for home that night. I cabled Lisbon by way of Buenos Aires and soon found out what had happened. Our correspondent in Lisbon had filed

in Portuguese and the dispatch had been relayed correctly, in that language, to us in Rio. In the Buenos Aires office, however, a Spanish translator, who read Portuguese badly, had misread the message and had translated the dispatch into Spanish, to read that Diaz was dead, instead of that he had 'departed'. The mistranslation had appeared on bulletin boards and had been picked up by our Brazilian competitors.

I asked Pecanha how I should settle the matter, and he volunteered to see what he could do. The theft of our news stopped immediately.

One of the things that irked young American bachelors in Brazil was the fact that we could not call on Brazilian girls except in the presence of a duenna, and could take one to the theatre only if accompanied by one or more—it might be half a dozen—relatives.

One chap in Pernambuco decided that he would get his girl out without a chaperon, come what might. He did, and he left Pernambuco hurriedly, in a launch which flagged a liner at sea, so that he'd not have to set foot in Brazil again. All he had done was to take the girl for a stroll and a bit of refreshment, but the male members of the family demanded that he marry the *senhorita* at once—or else. When he refused they threatened murder, and would have made good had not the North American fled.

I was transferred to Buenos Aires in April, 1923. There was a lump in my throat as the *Almanzora* steamed past the Sugar Loaf and out to sea. I was leaving my first foreign adventure.

In Argentina I worked at night, preparing cables from all over the world for the Spanish translators and taking care of the usual office routine. During one of my first nights in town I was arrested.

Our office was in the Calle Bartolome Mitre—a narrow street in the financial district. I started for my hotel at two o'clock one morning in a pouring rain. There was a cabstand on a corner some two hundred yards away, towards a shopping and café street called the Florida, and I ran for it.

Suddenly two men jumped from a dark doorway and

seized me. It was no use to fight, for they were big fellows and held fast.

'What do you want?' I managed to ask in my rusty Spanish.

'We want to know why you are running,' one of the men said.

It was pouring rain; I had no umbrella or raincoat, and it seemed to me pretty obvious that anybody of even moderate sense could have guessed why I was running, so I replied:

'I was running for exercise, and if you'll just turn me loose I'll keep right on running.'

The policemen couldn't see my joke and dragged me off to gaol. Our translators came and got me out and explained that one mustn't run on the streets after midnight.

'If you run the police take it for granted you're a robber or a revolutionist,' they explained. Thereafter I walked, rain as it might, and it usually did.

A few months later I went to Chile—or started, rather, for it proved a long hard trip. The railway journey from Buenos Aires to Mendoza, across the broad Argentine plain, was uneventful; but when we got on the Trans-Andean, a narrow-gauge cog line that crosses the Andes at some 12,000 feet or more, around the shoulder of Mount Aconcagua, trouble began.

It was late July, mid-winter in southern latitudes, and the train was the last of the season before the big snows. Only part of it ever got across the Andes. The snows started before we got to the summit, and at the top we found the line buried under mountains of ice. There was a little stone hotel and we managed to wade from the train to it, entering through the roof since the whole building was buried in drifts.

There we spent a miserable week, which would have been worse had it not been for the members of a Spanish operatic troupe on their way to Santiago. They slept all day but livened up the evenings, after everybody had had plentiful rations of rum, with impromptu performances.

The railway people finally got a train part way up the mountains, on the Chilean side, and we were ordered to

mount donkeys or walk and start for it. James I. Miller, the vice-president of the United Press in charge of South America, was with me. Fortunately both of us were well equipped with heavy underwear and big Bolivian ponchos of llama's wool. Otherwise we would have frozen, as were many of our fellow-passengers, for the journey to the train on the wind-swept slope of the mountain was awful.

Everybody managed to get the train, but several of the women had frozen arms and legs, some of which had to be amputated when we finally got down to the warm sunshine of Valparaiso. The whole journey was a nightmare. And after we did reach the train, which was half-buried in drifts, the car on which Miller and I were riding lost its wheels. This caused another long delay and ended in the lot of us being jammed into a sort of baggage coach filled with Indian track labourers suffering from pneumonia, who were being taken down to a hospital on the seashore.

I got to 'Valpo' with frost-bitten cheeks and nose and a desire to get as far away from Chile as possible in a hurry.

Miller and I cleaned up what work we had and then went on to Peru, where we learned to drink Pisco punch and to do business with the government of a dictator.

I stopped a time in the Canal Zone, then in Havana, and then came on in to New York, to be notified that I had been assigned to Paris. That order, however, was changed while I was in Kansas on vacation, and I came back to find myself manager of the New York bureau and in charge of a domestic news service that was loaded down with the detail of a presidential campaign—that of 1924.

The Democratic convention that year was in old Madison Square Garden, New York, and was notable chiefly for the fact that Alabama, for a solid week, cast 'Twenty-four votes for Underwood.'

The twenty-four votes for Underwood, more than anything else, made me want another foreign assignment, and I soon got it. I was made manager for the Far East Division with headquarters in Tokyo. At last I was going to get to Japan.

CHAPTER IV

GEISHA

I SAILED for the Far East from San Francisco on the Dollar liner *President Pierce* on April 4th, 1925. My plan was to stop for a time in Japan to meet the editors and publishers of our member-newspapers there and then to continue to Manila, where we hoped to establish a larger office and enlarge our news coverage of the islands.

I had read all the books on the Orient I could find, and felt that I had a fair knowledge of the history and customs of the peoples with whom I was to deal.

The passengers on the *Pierce* were mostly residents of the Far Eastern port cities, with a sprinkling of American salesmen who made regular trips yearly. They proceeded to deny most of what I read in the books and to assure me that these general facts were the truth about the Orient of 1925:

First: That China was in complete chaos, with no hope of salvation except through foreign intervention.

Second: That Japan was in a commercial panic which was going to get worse. Japanese business had been over-extended during the World War, when it had little competition, but now that Britain and Germany were getting back into world markets the Japanese would be crowded out.

Third: The United States was rapidly ruining the Philippines, where the independence movement was increasing, native dislike of Americans becoming more apparent, and graft and political corruption becoming the rule rather than the exception. The American idea of educating the native tribes and preparing the Philippines for complete independence was setting a bad example and undermining the

prestige of the other colonial powers—it was making the white man a laughing stock.

Fourth: Asiatics generally must be treated as inferior people and 'kept in their place'. The secret of the white man's rule was force—gunboats and machine-guns.

Fifth: Christian missionaries were the curse of the Occidental business man in Asia. They always took the side of the natives in disputes and encouraged the natives in their demand for racial and social equality.

Sixth: Asiatics were 'inscrutable', untruthful, untrustworthy, and universally alike in their hatred of the white man.

Seventh: One must not 'mix' socially with the natives. To do so was to lose their respect.

And so on, *ad nauseam*.

In all the years I lived in the Orient it remained to me a mystery how much misinformation the average 'treaty port' Occidental resident can acquire. One can understand the irritations which come from living in a strange land, among people who do things exactly the opposite from the manner to which one is accustomed, but one cannot understand the blindness of many Occidentals long resident in the Orient, who refuse steadfastly to use the common sense with which they were born or to see that which is in front of their eyes.

The answer, I suppose, is that the average human is a creature of emotion; that he believes what he wants to believe, and sees only what he wants to see.

It is this attitude which causes so many Occidentals in the Orient to fail in their undertakings. They refuse realism, and it overwhelms them.

It was true that China was chaotic—rival war-lords virtually had divided the country amongst themselves—but I could not see that foreign intervention would be any solution. I argued this point at length with many of the Shanghai passengers, demanding that they give me a concrete plan for intervention and show me how it would work. The answer invariably was a vague assertion that Occidental warships would have to be stationed in areas of trouble and

China divided into military areas under control of the powers, who would maintain order at the point of the bayonet.

It was true that there was a mild commercial panic in Japan—the big Suzuki Company had just failed for more than 100,000,000 yen—but I could not see that it by any means followed that Japan was down and out for ever as a commercial nation.

As for the Philippines I reserved judgment, but I noted in my diary that so long as so many Americans living in the islands had little but contempt for the Filipinos in their hearts, it seemed obvious that we were going to be in for trouble.

The attitude that natives must be 'kept in their places' left me puzzled. I had seen something of that in Latin America, but nothing approaching the extent to which, it was obvious, the rule was applied in the Orient. My background—that of the average young American of the Middle West—made me violently opposed to any rule of force. According to my training a gunboat policy was simply all wrong and could result, eventually, in nothing but an upheaval such as the American War of Independence.

The missionary problem I dismissed with the observation that, if my Far Eastern informants were correct, 'a lot of good American money was certainly being wasted.' I remembered those dimes I had put in the foreign missions envelopes in church in Winfield, and wondered if I had denied myself a lot of candy for the sake of helping along the ruin of godless peoples who took alms with their tongues in their cheeks.

I was prepared to believe that Asiatics were 'inscrutable'—every book I had read had emphasized that point—but I could not believe they were all untruthful and untrustworthy and that they all hated white men. All my experience had been that the peoples of the world were pretty much alike; that they spent most of their days in the same homely occupations, worries and pleasures, and that one was likely to find more good than bad among them.

And as a reporter I knew that it would be impossible for me to refuse to 'mix' with the native people even if I had wanted to, for the essence of any good reporter's work must be to know and understand the people he is writing about.

We reached Yokohama on April 20th. I was tremendously disappointed. The city was still a ruin from the great earthquake of September, 1923. Streets were muddy and unpaved; ugly makeshift barracks, which had been thrown together for temporary homes after the fires which followed the earthquake, cluttered the landscape, and the people looked shabby and undernourished.

S. Uyeda, manager of the Japanese news agency with which the United Press was affiliated in Japan, met me at the dock and drove me to Tokyo in a motor-car. He was apologetic about the appearance of the port city and the drive on the way to the capital.

'It will all be re-built before long, however, and then you will see Japan as it really is,' he said.

I looked in vain for the pretty thatched paper cottages I had seen in pictures, for the temples with curved roofs, for the flower-gardens, and the dainty *geisha*, who, I had supposed, would be everywhere in evidence.

I had intended to remain in Japan a fortnight or more, but, since there was no work to do and the outlook was so dispiriting, I decided to go by railway from Tokyo to Osaka and then rejoin the *President Pierce* in Kobe and so continue to Manila.

Osaka had not been hit by the earthquake, and I hoped that there I might see some of the Japan I had read about—especially the *geisha*. I did. In fact I saw so much of one particular *geisha* that I ran away from her in the cold dawn of a 'morning after'.

The *geisha* leaned against me with the sexless confidence of a charming girl and reached out and took my hand. I patted her cheek to show I was not embarrassed.

'Well, I must go now,' the Japanese editor said, rising and reaching for his hat and stick. 'You will find this girl

quite to your liking, I am sure. She knows not a word of English. You will have to learn Japanese to talk to her. That is, of course, the quickest way to learn any language. It is too bad you have no geisha in the United States. I'd have learned English a lot faster while I was there if I had had one to teach me.'

The editor walked across the hotel lobby, rang the elevator bell, and disappeared.

I was alone in the Dobuil Hotel in Osaka with a perfectly strange Japanese woman on my hands and only a grinning night clerk behind his desk to look to for advice.

'It begins to look,' I remarked to the geisha, 'as if this joke has gone a little too far.'

The geisha merely smiled and patted my hand, to which she was clinging with the possessiveness of a hungry chorus girl who has just found a meal ticket.

The evening had started pleasantly enough. I had arrived in Osaka from Tokyo at five in the afternoon, to be met at the railway station by a delegation from one of our member newspapers.

The newspaper was the largest and most important in Japan, so I was anxious to make a good impression. I had been told that the first item on my programme would probably be a Japanese dinner, and that all I needed to do was to act natural, not drink too much *sake*, and trust the agents of the Japan Tourist Bureau to see to it that I got aboard the steamer in Kobe before its sailing time at noon the following day.

The editor-in-chief of the newspaper headed the delegation of greeting. I had corresponded with him, so we were not total strangers. He introduced himself and his colleagues and then pinned a little flag in the buttonhole of my coat.

'This is our house flag,' he said, explaining that every Japanese business organization has a flag of its own and identification buttons for its employees. 'We would like you to wear it while we take the pictures.'

Two photographers, each with two assistants, came for-

ward and posed us on the station platform. They took half a dozen pictures.

'Now we would like you to go and see our office for a few minutes,' the editor said, 'and then we will go and have some dinner.'

Half a dozen automobiles were waiting on the station plaza each flying the newspaper house-flag. We motored to the daily's huge plant—it is one of the largest in the world, for the combined morning and evening editions of the newspaper have a circulation of more than two million copies a day—and were ushered in through the big front lobby by a number of uniformed doormen.

A man stepped forward and handed the editor an envelope.

'What's this?' the editor asked, pretending surprise. He opened the envelope. In it were excellent prints the photographers had taken of us at the railway station not more than fifteen minutes before. I could hardly believe my eyes. Later I was to learn that Japanese press photographers are the fastest on earth.

From the newspaper office we drove through the wide, paved, motor-crowded streets of the city, across several huge, modern bridges, and stopped at what looked to be the entrance to a narrow, well-swept lane, through which ran a walk of multi-coloured foot-stones.

We walked up the lane, ducked through a small gate, and came into a veritable fairyland. It was unbelievable there could be such a spot in the centre of a huge, sprawling, factory city.

A thick hedge of bamboo, some fifteen feet high, surrounded a garden, in the centre of which was a thatched house with paper doors. The thing might have been lifted right out of a colour-print.

An old woman, clad in a grey kimono, opened the gate for us, and bowed nearly to the ground.

'This woman is the proprietor of the restaurant,' the editor said. 'She asks me to tell you that she is greatly honoured to have so distinguished a foreigner enter her poor establishment.'

The old woman preceded us through the garden, opened the door to the thatched house, and disappeared.

A coolie in a workman's blue blouse, on the back of which was a huge Chinese character representing the name of the restaurant, helped us remove our shoes and gave us some felt bedroom slippers.

We walked down a corridor, past several sliding paper doors, from behind which came the chatter of women, and into a big room, the floor of which was covered with thick straw mats. There was a gorgeous golden screen at one end of the room and at the other an alcove, in which was a great bronze vase, holding a tall arrangement of cherry blossoms.

'These mats are called tatami,' the editor explained. 'They are of uniform size, you will notice, six feet long by three feet wide. All our houses are standardized, and we describe the size of a room by telling the number of mats it takes to cover the floor. This is a twenty-mat room.'

I asked about the alcove.

'We call that the tokonoma. It has always been in Japanese houses—for hundreds of years. Some people say that originally it was a bed. Others say it was a place set apart for the gods in event they should come to call. They say it should be called 'the gods' resting-place'. Nowadays it is just a sort of decoration. Our women usually arrange the proper flower for the season in it, and behind the flower place a scroll picture appropriate for the month.'

The old woman reappeared and clapped her hands. Servant girls ran in with arm-loads of big soft cushions, which they placed on the floor. The editor motioned to me to sit down.

'You'll find it rather hard to dispose of your feet at first,' he said. 'I do, myself, nowadays, because I have got in the habit of sitting so much in a chair.'

I managed to get my feet under me and sit tailor fashion.

The servant girls brought in tea, some little salt biscuits called *sembi*, and little wicker baskets, each containing a towel which had just been dipped in perfumed hot water.

I followed the example of the others, unrolled my towel

and rubbed my face and hands. The feel of the steaming cloth was exhilarating.

When we had finished our tea the servants rolled back the sliding paper walls at one end of the room and ushered us into an even larger room, around the walls of which were set little individual lacquer tables, about two feet square, fronting the seat cushions.

'The place cards are in Japanese,' my host explained, 'but I will show you where you sit. We have a special position for the guest of honour.'

As we seated ourselves, a score of girls, all in brilliantly coloured kimonos, came trooping in with trays of food and bottles of the hot rice wine called *sake*.

The wine was served in tiny little cups holding no more than an ounce. It tasted something like warm sherry. Everybody drank my health.

After we had eaten three or four courses—soup, fish and vegetables—more geisha came in with strange-looking stringed guitars called *samisen*, and played accompaniments for a series of slow, posturing dances done by the younger girls. We applauded vigorously at the end of each number.

When the performances were over I went through the ceremony of drinking the health of each of the other guests. There was a lacquer bowl of warm water beside each table and I discovered that the correct procedure was to rinse my *sake* cup in the bowl, fill it, and tender it to each of the guests, taking his cup in return, and sipping it empty while we exchanged pleasantries.

When I returned to my seat the editor brought forward one of the geisha and introduced her.

'This is Hana-ko-san. Her name means "Miss Flower". She has asked to meet you. I told her that you are from New York and she wants to go there some day and asks if you will tell her about it.'

One of the sub-editors—all the men from the newspaper spoke excellent English—agreed to translate for me.

It wasn't long before I began to suspect that 'ragging' was

not an exclusive Occidental institution. I decided, however, to see the joke through, and I assured Hana-ko-san that I would certainly take her to New York.

More and more *sake* was being poured. I was feeling gay and reckless.

The men had left their tables and were wandering about the room, talking to the geisha.

The old woman came in, followed by servants carrying trays of Scotch whisky and soda.

'You have been very good to drink our *sake*,' the editor said, 'so now we will drink whisky and soda with you.'

I saw it was going to be a real party.

I poured Hana-ko-san a whisky-and-soda and, to my surprise, she drank it like an Englishman in the tropics who had just finished eighteen holes of golf. She drank a second and a third with equal facility.

'I can't keep up with this woman,' I told the translator.

He laughed. 'At these parties,' he said, 'we always try to get one girl who's a two-fisted drinker. You will notice the other geisha drink only a sip of *sake* now and then, and that the younger ones aren't allowed to drink even that. Hana-ko-san, however, is a trained drunkard.'

The servants next brought in a gramophone and an armful of American dance records.

'These girls are very anxious to learn foreign-style dancing,' the editor said, 'and I have told them you will be good enough to teach them.'

I was doubtful about dancing on a floor of soft matting in my stockings, but I said I'd try. Hana-ko-san and I set the pace, and we soon had even the old woman dancing with one of the older newspapermen.

Towards midnight I decided I had better go back to the hotel.

We stumbled out of the restaurant. The coolie helped us on with our shoes, and I looked around for the editor. When he appeared Hana-ko-san was with him.

'She is ready to go to New York right now,' the editor said, as the geisha climbed into the car with us.

"Maiko" or young Geisha, with Japanese and American writers



A "Kago" or travelling chair in the mountain regions

The lobby of the Dobuil Hotel is on the second floor and we went up in the elevator.

I suggested that we have a night-cap. We did, and it was then that the editor walked away and left me in the hands of what proved to be the most determined geisha I ever encountered.

I got the hotel clerk to suggest to Hana-ko-san that she had better go home, to explain that there was only a single bed in my room, to convey my solemn pledge that I would come back for her on my return to Japan from Manila, and that I'd see she got to New York even if I had to sell the old family homestead.

Hana-ko-san evidently had heard fine promises before. She said that she was not interested in beds since she slept on a *futan*—a floor pallet. If my room was so small and would not hold two, she could put her *futan* in the hall. She could not go home because the other girls would laugh at her and say the foreigner had thrown her out. She was certain I would not be ungallant enough thus to humiliate her. As for waiting while I went to Manila, it obviously would be better for her to go with me since I would need someone to look after me, to pack and unpack my bags, and to bring me tea in the morning. And, finally, she was in no great hurry to go to New York. She just wanted to go with me wherever I went, and if I stayed in Japan even that would be perfect. We could travel later.

In desperation I suggested we have another drink.

That seemed to Hana-ko-san the first sensible thing I had said for hours, but she did not pass out until after the fifth double Scotch-and-soda.

I gave the hotel clerk a ten-yen bill and told him to find out where she lived and send her home. Then I packed my bags hurriedly and caught an electric car for Kobe at four o'clock in the morning.

I did not breathe easily until I had locked myself in my cabin on the *President Pierce*.

The Osaka newspapermen kidded me about the adventure for years after, and Hana-ko-san subsequently became one

of my friends. She always insisted, however, that she was not joking and that she still wanted to go to New York.

I imagine she still does.

Like most foreigners, when I arrived in Japan I assumed that all geisha were women of decidedly easy virtue. But that, of course, is not the case. They are a class of professional entertainers—a necessary adjunct of the restaurants and tea-houses and of the Japanese custom of entertaining in public places rather than in the home.

The geisha belong to and are controlled by guilds, of which there are half a dozen or more in each of the larger cities. Little girls are taken over by the guilds at the ages of seven or eight and taught how to pour wine, serve food, dance, sing, play the *samisen* and *koto*—a peculiar Japanese stringed instrument like a horizontal harp—and the art of conversation. By the time they are twelve or fourteen they make their first public appearances as *maiko*, or 'half-geisha'.

The maiko wear brilliantly coloured kimonos, high piles of hair built up on papier-mâché moulds and decorated with dozens of ornaments. They look, under their heavy make-up, for all the world like animated dolls. They talk in a high, artificial, sing-song voice, and titter timidly behind their fans if addressed.

The spectacle of a dozen of them, like bright butterflies, coming into a big dining-room is delightful.

The maiko graduates into a full geisha at seventeen or eighteen. The guild then charges five or ten yen an hour for her services, depending on her skill and popularity, and if she belongs to a good guild she works long hours every night, frequently serving at three or four dinner parties.

A big geisha party, which may run six or eight hours, may cost thousands of yen if there are a dozen guests. The yen at that time was worth about fifty cents in United States money.

The geisha party has long been an essential of Japanese business and politics. It is traditional that when a deal is to be made, the man who has originated it must give a big

geisha party at which final agreements are made. The bigger the deal the bigger the party must be, and the more numerous the geisha.

All business firms have their favourite restaurants and their favourite geisha, and consider parties they give a matter of regular expense. And among the geisha frequently are the mistresses of the more important men who are acting as hosts. Geisha, in the old days, often became the 'secondary wives', or concubines, of wealthy men. The custom is dying out now with the modernization of the country, but mistresses still are common.

The system probably may be attributed to Japanese marriage customs. Love matches, although increasingly in vogue in Japan, are still far from a general rule. Most Japanese believe that the old custom of family arrangements, often through a marriage broker, are best. And consequently bride and groom may never have seen one another until the marriage agreement is signed and they prepare to wed.

It is inevitable, of course, that such matches are often unsatisfactory, and that the husband, if he has the money, looks elsewhere than his home for an attractive companion. His most likely choice is some geisha he has met at a dinner party.

To obtain the geisha he must go through lengthy negotiations. The first step, as in so many transactions, is to obtain a go-between. The go-between approaches the head of the geisha guild and lays the matter before him. He, in turn, approaches the matron of the house in which the geisha lives, and, if the girl is not too recalcitrant, a deal is made, and 'pillow money'—often several thousand yen for an attractive girl—delivered to the guild. The geisha gets none of this money, and must depend on her wits to obtain presents from her lord, who is expected to furnish her with an independent home outside the guild dormitory.

Many of the geisha are among the most expert gold-diggers in the world. Some of them, after the death of first wives, have induced their lords to marry them, and have attained high places in society. The wives of a number of Japan's

best-known men have been geisha, and they have been successful wives, too.

Japanese women generally detest the geisha, and would abolish the whole system if they could. Too often they know that a none-too-large family budget is being pared by the husband to maintain a geisha in a second home.

The spread of Western influence in Japan, which was particularly noticeable after the great earthquake, resulted in the establishment of scores of beer-halls. The number soon increased to thousands—there are some five thousand such establishments in Tokyo alone—and competition forced proprietors to devise a sort of modified geisha system to hold business.

Instead of regular geisha, who were controlled by the big guilds, the beer-hallkeepers picked up pretty girls wherever they could and employed them as waitresses. The girls were dressed in gay kimono, like geisha, taught how to pour beer, and ordered to sit with guests of the beer-hall, and to encourage them to drink. They were given a commission on each cheque, and soon learned to whisk partly consumed drinks away and bring new ones with a celerity that was amazing.

Dance-halls, too, appeared after the earthquake—with taxi-dancers after the best American fashion. So rapid was their spread that the police in all large cities soon limited their number.

The taxi-dancers aped the manner of the geisha, but few of them ever approached the trained entertainers in cleverness.

Tokyo underwent a complete change, on the surface at least, in the decade after the earthquake. The old city had been largely burned in the fires which followed the earth tremors, and I had the impression that the Japanese cast aside many of their old ways when they lost their old homes. Motion-picture theatres, beer-halls, bars, and foreign-style restaurants sprang up in every neighbourhood, and they were crowded every night.

There was a craze for everything Occidental, from baseball

to jazz music. The word *modan*—a corruption of the English 'modern'—was adopted into the language, and was heard everywhere.

Old-fashioned Japanese saw the changes with misgiving. They felt the youth of the Empire was plunging wildly into habits of imitating Western ways, particularly the ways of Americans, without reflection or discrimination. They lamented the desire of young people to leave the farms for the cities, which were demanding more and more workers as industrialization of the Empire went forward apace, and they saw the old moral standards being abandoned with no decent standards to take their place.

The general dissatisfaction which rapidly changing social customs of the Empire engendered, I believe, played no small part in the success of the patriotic societies. These organizations, always casting about for members and contributions, were unanimous in condemning the adoption of Western social customs. The patriots condemned the beer-halls, the dance-halls, and even the restaurants which served ham and eggs. Their agents scoured the country soliciting funds for educational campaigns which would lead the youth of the Empire back to the old ways of self-effacing modesty and hard work.

But the campaigns had little success. Young Japan is on the march, away from old customs, and, for better or worse, the march will be continued.

The same change in social customs was noticeable in China, where the geisha are called 'sing-song' girls.

When I first travelled through the China port cities, the Chinese were living much as they had been for a thousand years. But in the decade that followed they went Occidental in their more superficial customs with a vengeance. Even in Peking, always a stronghold of Chinese conservatism, taxi-dance halls, with slender Chinese girls as partners to any who could pay, sprang up within the very shadow of the Forbidden City.

During my early years in Tokyo I lived most of the time in the Imperial Hotel. It was before the American Club was

organized, and a favourite after-dinner loafing place for us bachelors was a small beer-hall known as the 'Silver Bell'. One of the regular *habitués* of the place was a junior secretary of the American Embassy who often drank more than was good for him, and in his cups was inclined to be extremely argumentative. One night he got into an argument with a big Swede who had accompanied a German woman into the beer-hall, and became particularly abusive.

The Swede finally lost his temper, took the diplomat by the scruff of the neck, and carried him out into the rain. Tokyo was being repaved and new sewers were being laid. There was a pipe ditch, some six or more feet deep and filled with muddy water, in the street, and the Swede dropped the diplomat, head first, into it.

The man would have drowned had not some other Americans, who had come outside to see the fun, fished him out with poles and got a rickshaw to carry him back to the hotel. The young diplomat was sent home shortly after and subsequently left the service.

Geisha and the beer-halls gave the American colony in Tokyo plenty of gossip. One of the best tales was of a young United States Army officer—a language officer attached to the Embassy—who met an unusually attractive geisha at a dinner party and proposed to take her to the pictures. She had mentioned that she wanted to see Charlie Chaplin's film, 'The Kid', which had just been brought to town. The geisha explained that she could not possibly go out with a man, particularly a foreigner, but that she could go to the show with one of her friends if the American would send tickets.

The language student, thinking there might be possibilities in future, sent the tickets. A few days later he got a bill from the geisha guild for forty yen—pay for the four hours' time the two geisha had spent at the theatre. And he had to pay it. It was not healthy to ignore bills from the geisha guilds, for most of them were closely bound to the gangsters, called *soshi*, who are a pest in all Japanese big cities.

These *soshi* are professional bullies who can be employed

by anybody to beat up an enemy, and who are so firmly entrenched that in ordinary cases the police choose to ignore their activity.

One American I knew met a geisha at a party and, after too much *sake*, asked her to call on him next afternoon in his room at a hotel. Much to his surprise the girl said she would—and did.

The American had just ordered some tea when four *soshi*, carrying short swords, broke through the door. They shouted, brandished their swords, and threatened to kill the American. Finally it developed that a payment of eight hundred yen would assuage the sensibilities of one of the *soshi* who had explained that the geisha was his wife. The American paid, for he knew that was the simplest way out of the difficulty.

The incident was unusual and not at all typical of geisha or the guilds. Most of the geisha were well enough behaved, and parried all advances by promising everything and delivering nothing.

Even the smaller Japanese cities have their big restaurants and their geisha, who are sometimes sent into the countryside to farm homes of the wealthier peasants to entertain at festivities. Once on a train, between Tokyo and Karuizawa, I saw a geisha come aboard at Takasaki accompanied by her maid and a coolie. The coolie explained she was going to a village in the interior to sing and play at an anniversary celebration of an old peasant couple.

‘But,’ I protested, ‘she isn’t dressed. Surely she will not appear in that old kimono?’

‘Oh, no,’ the coolie replied, ‘that is her travelling kimono. We will change her clothing on the train before we reach our destination.’

He did, assisted by the maid. The two stripped the geisha in the aisle of the day coach, swathed her in the long silk bandages which Japanese women wear in place of corsets, coated her neck and bust with a liquid powder that looked like white paint, rouged her lips in the ‘cherry bow’ of which Japanese women are so fond, and finally decked her

in a beautiful, flowered silk kimono. The geisha got off at the next stop clad in the height of fashion.

The geisha consider themselves as professional entertainers and of the same class as people of the theatres. And many of their habits are like those of theatrical people the world over. They are extremely generous, careless of their money (although they will go to great ends to get it), and fond of publicity.

The press-agent curse came to Japan while I was there, and the geisha guilds were among the first to hire ex-newspapermen to try to crash the news columns for free space. One press-agent organized two geisha baseball teams, and actually made them play exhibition games. Of course he got stories and pictures in all the newspapers.

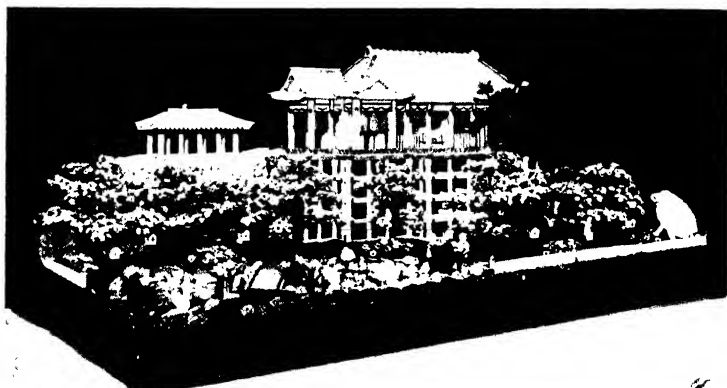
Tokyo, I imagine, has as many theatres as any capital in the world. The Kabuki-za, home of classical drama, is the best known, but there are hundreds of others ranging from five and ten sen vaudeville houses to 'little theatres' which put on translations of English, American, and other dramas. For a time the little theatres specialized in dramas depicting the 'class struggle' between proletarians and capitalists. When the police moved to stamp out Communism in Japan, however, the class-struggle plays were banned.

One of the most amusing plays I saw in Tokyo was a Buddhist's conception of the life of Jesus Christ, by a Japanese dramatist. I thought it so interesting that I wrote a story about it which got me into trouble with missionaries and other devout Christians all over the world.

The play opened with Christ chiding His disciples, because they were wasting their time in a sort of early Christian dice-game, and went on to portray Mary Magdalene as a none-too-religious worldling who worshipped her Master as a great teacher, but at the same time disliked Him because He refused to offer her a more fleshly love in return for her affection.

The situation between the two was realistically portrayed, and the dramatist finally achieved a crisis by making Mary bluntly demand that the Master give more tangible proof of His love.

Table decoration in the author's Tokyo home



Japanese cook in Viscount Saito's kitchen

‘My child,’ the dramatist made his character assert, ‘you do not even know what love is.’

‘Indeed I do!’ Mary Magdalene replied. ‘It is you who do not understand. If you did you would take me in your arms now and kiss me.’

In the face of this avowal the Master gave up the argument and retreated, and Mary walked, sobbing, to a corner of the stage.

Judas Iscariot entered. ‘What’s the matter, Mary?’ he asked.

Mary pointed to the retreating figure of the Saviour and replied: ‘That damned old fool has been trying to tell *me* about love.’

The story was widely printed, and it irritated Christians from Harbin to Buenos Aires. One of our newspapers, the *Free Press*, an English daily in Bangkok (Siam), suffered an advertisers’ boycott because of it. Andrew A. Freeman, the writer, who was then editor of the paper, refused to recant, however, and told his readers in an editorial that he would be glad to print more Oriental conceptions of the history of Christianity if they were sent him.

I got letters about the story for years. Not one of them was favourable.

My first geisha adventure was so unbecoming that I felt that at future parties I would start a little counter-ragging of my own and show the Orientals that Americans could play practical jokes as well as they.

By the time I got to Manila, however, I had told the story to enough of my acquaintances to appreciate the fact that the Osaka adventure was simply one to put in the book, and that if there was any lesson in it for me it was simply to go ahead in all situations, acting naturally and trusting to Providence.

CHAPTER V

BEAUTIFUL BOLSHEVIK

I ARRIVED in Manila on May 1st, after enough time, while the ship was in port at Shanghai and Hong Kong, to learn that the Kuomintang Revolution, which was just starting in China, was certain to be a far bigger movement than I had thought.

Americans and Filipinos alike were nervous at the outlook, for an extension of the disorders which had been wracking China since the Republican Revolution of 1911 was certain to make itself widely felt in the Philippines.

Most of the merchants throughout the islands are Chinese from the Canton region, as are nearly all the Chinese one meets abroad. Chinese from the regions north of the Yangtse have never emigrated except into Manchuria and Mongolia.

People who have seen only emigrant Chinese, the merchants one finds all over the world, have an entirely erroneous conception of what the average Chinese (if there is such a thing) is like. The emigrant Chinese, as I have said, are chiefly men from the Canton region. They are smallish, with flat faces, flat noses, and they usually have oily skins. In the northern provinces the peasants are big, raw-boned fellows, with copperish skins rather than the almond-yellow of the Cantonese. Some of them are tremendously strong, notably the coolies of Shantung Province. I once saw a Shantung water-cart coolie in Peking march away over a rutty alley with a load of more than six hundred pounds. It is a feat few men could accomplish. The coolie, of course, could not have done it had not the water barrel been set behind a low wheel in the fashion of a barrow cart, and had he not had a harness across his shoulders to distribute the weight.

I finished the work I had to do in Manila hurriedly, for I was anxious to get back to China to dig into what I was certain was going to be a great story—the start of the Kuomintang Revolution.

Sun Yat Sen, the veteran Chinese revolutionist and father of the Kuomintang, died of cancer in Peking on March 12th, 1925. His passing, I believed, would mark the end of an era in Chinese rebel history.

With Sun out of the picture, I thought, Japan or one of the great Powers would support some one of the stronger war-lords, who would be able to unify China under a military dictatorship.

I was wrong, for Sun Yat Sen dead proved a greater leader than he had been alive. His followers, possibly at the suggestion of their Soviet Russian advisers, were able to crystallize Chinese opinion around the dead man's idealism and evolve a practical revolutionary programme which stirred China to its very foundations, started the break-up of the family system, laid a basis for a bill of rights—particularly for women—and encouraged the development of the student movement which was to be one of the strongest single weapons against aggression by foreign nations.

There was nothing in the histories of China I had read, however, to justify any forecast that the Kuomintang movement would succeed. Dr Sun had spent his life in a series of largely unsuccessful rebel movements. His teachings and leadership, while they played a part in the 1911 revolt which broke the Manchu court in Peking and resulted in the creation of a pseudo-republic, had not been the greatest inspiring factor. The real reason for the success of the revolutionists had been the rottenness of the Imperial régime. The fact that the revolution succeeded in a hundred days was proof enough that the Empire was a rotten hulk ready to be pushed over by any group with an ounce of strength and determination.

While I was in Manila I covered the preparations for the first Far Eastern Olympic Games, in which our newspapers in Japan and China were keenly interested.

At one of the Olympic receptions I met Dr C. C. Wu,

mayor of Canton, who told me a great deal of what the Kuomintang had in mind following the failure of the Reorganization Conference, which had taken Dr Sun to the north, and suggested that I should visit him in Canton on my way back to Japan.

I welcomed the invitation. Dr Wu was one of the ablest of China's diplomats, a great scholar, and an ardent patriot. I knew that his friendship would open many doors for me in Canton that might be difficult to enter without such an introduction.

I arrived in Hong Kong, which is only two days' sailing from Manila, at the end of the first week in May, and immediately booked reservations on one of the armoured river steamers for Canton. The steamer gave me my first idea of the extent to which disorders had been spreading in the south. The officers' quarters were armoured with steel sheets, and all third-class passengers were searched, literally to their skins, before they were allowed on the ship. Then they were herded into a great steel cage, exactly like a gigantic lion cage in a circus, and locked in. The precaution was against piracy. So many river ships had been attacked by armed gangs who boarded them peacefully as steerage passengers in Hong Kong that the harassed shipping companies had hit on the cage idea as an essential measure of protection.

Bias Bay, a notorious pirate rendezvous, is not far from Hong Kong, and dozens of ships have been looted there. The usual procedure, before the cages were built, was for the pirates to come aboard disguised as simple coolies with automatic pistols concealed under their gowns. When the steamer had reached one of the more inaccessible parts of the Pearl river, usually at some point about half-way between Hong Kong and Canton, the pirate leader would sound a whistle. That was a signal for his men to shoot down all European officers of the craft. The ship was then looted at the pirates' leisure, the wealthier Chinese passengers kidnapped for ransom, and all weapons, ammunition and explosives aboard stolen. The pirates would then transfer to junks and sail to their lair in Bias Bay.

I was anxious to get to Canton, as Dr Wu had asked me to lunch the following day, so I took a night boat despite the fact that I was unable to get a stateroom. There was a full moon, and I decided that a night in a deck chair would not be unpleasant. I knew I could get a steward to make me some kind of a bed in the smoking-billiards room if I wanted one.

The steamer left Hong Kong at about ten o'clock. It was a big side-wheeler, much like a Mississippi river steamboat. There were a number of interesting people on board: clerks of the National City Bank and the Standard Oil Company returning from a holiday in Hong Kong; a group of Japanese merchants, and one stunningly pretty girl, a half-caste.

The pretty girl was the obvious companion for a moonlight night. She was alone in the bar, drinking lemon squash, as the ship surged into the broad delta of the Pearl river, and without ceremony I walked to her table and introduced myself.

I had expected she might be taken aback, but she was not, and asked me to sit down. We talked those nothings which strangers do when they meet on ships, and finally moved out to the narrow deck to watch the shore line. I pulled chairs up to the rail and lighted my pipe.

The Pearl river valley in spring, when the moon is full, is magnificent. The river flows through a broad flat plain, studded with rice paddies, and past dozens of towns and villages which at night are of an eerie beauty. Junks, their great square sails looking like giant wings, slide by as silently as ghosts; an occasional freighter passes, churning the water to muddy brown; frogs croak in the reeds, and back in the distant hills lanterns flit in and out of the bamboo groves, as farmers with produce in big baskets (which they carry on shoulder poles) trot towards market singing the chant of the road.

I did not ask my companion her name, although I had told her mine and had mentioned that I was a newspaperman on my way to Canton to look for a story. I mentioned Dr Sun, and asked if she was interested in politics.

She laughed. 'Slightly,' she said. 'I am a Kuomintang party worker.'

I professed amazement.

'Yes,' she replied. 'I have been working for the party a long time. You know, of course, that I am only half Chinese. My father was a follower of Dr Sun, and my mother French.'

'My father and mother met while father was an exile in France with Dr Sun. I was born there, but I have been in China a long time now—so long that I am all Chinese in spirit. I am devoting my life to the party and the revolution. My father is dead, and I am doing what I can to carry forward his work.'

The girl—we will call her Mai Lan, although that was not her name—was, like many of the young Chinese women in Canton at that time, an ardent admirer of Soviet Russia and adept in arguing the so-called 'ideology' of the Bolshevik revolution, which, she was certain, was the model for China to follow.

We talked politics far into the night, and I was so impressed with her knowledge of names, dates, and facts that I asked her to dine with me the following night in Canton.

'Where?' she asked. 'You will be staying at the Hotel Victoria in Shameen, the residence area of foreigners, and you know they do not allow Chinese in there.'

'Do you mean I couldn't even have a Chinese guest in the hotel for dinner?' I asked.

'Probably not,' Mai Lan replied, 'and even if you could I would not go. Shameen is the symbol of British Imperialism in Canton. We will take it back some day, and when we do we will build it into a fine waterfront park. Then I can go there when I please.'

We agreed to dine at the Hotel Asia, just outside Shameen and fronting on Canton's busy waterfront, at eight o'clock.

I went to bed shortly before dawn on a bench in the smoking-room, well pleased with my evening. I felt I had made an acquaintance who would be of the greatest value in Canton.

Our steamer docked shortly before seven next morning, and I looked for Mai Lan to say good-bye before hurrying ashore for breakfast. I waited at the gang-plank.

When the girl appeared I hardly recognized her. She had changed from her attractive summer gown and high heels of the night before to a uniform of short skirt and jacket and a cap with the white star of the Kuomintang on its vizor.

I suppose my jaw fell when I looked at her, for she laughed and said: 'These are work clothes. If you see much of me in Canton you'll see a lot of them, so you might as well decide that you like them.' I promised I would.

I walked over to Shameen and the Victoria, behind the coolies who were carrying my bags, and speculated on the status of Mai Lan as I ate breakfast. She certainly fitted nowhere into the picture of Chinese womanhood that I had formed.

At lunch with Dr Wu I met a score of revolutionary notables—Borodin, the pleasant Soviet adviser to the Kuomintang; Galen, whose real name was Vassili Bluecher, the Soviet military genius who was to make possible the march to Hankow and the Wuhan cities; and Chiang Kai-shek, who had been a secretary of Sun Yat Sen and who was to become commander of the Whampoa Military Academy at Canton and later the chief of the Nationalist Government in Nanking.

When the opportunity offered I asked discreetly about Mai Lan. Nobody had ever heard of her, but Borodin explained that there were thousands of young women workers in the Kuomintang.

'Women will play a great part in this revolution,' he said.

'How?' I asked. 'Surely they are not going to fight in the trenches?'

Borodin smiled. '“The pen is mightier than the sword”,' he quoted, enigmatically, and turned away.

The next year I was to learn what he was talking about.

Mai Lan did not keep our date at the Hotel Asia that night. I sat around watching the crowds for hours, and finally at

eleven o'clock walked back to Shameen and the Victoria, disgusted.

I stayed in Canton for a week and learned enough to guess that the great northern expedition would start early in 1926 and that Chiang Kai-shek would probably be the commander. It was obvious that Chiang was the ablest of the southern military commanders, that he had the confidence of the younger elements in the Kuomintang, and that Borodin and Galen were grooming him for the post of military leader under Galen's direction.

Back in Hong Kong I suffered for three days in the Hong Kong hotel with a badly infected ear. The treatment was a succession of hot-water bottles, and I can recommend it for anybody who wants to lose weight.

The doctor who was attending me ordered me to employ a Chinese boy, and told the boy exactly what to do. The treatment was simple. I had only to lie in bed with my infected ear on a rubber bottle filled with boiling water. The bottles were changed every thirty minutes.

At the end of the first two hours I rebelled; chased the boy from the room and sat down by an open window to smoke a cigarette. . . . I was soaked with perspiration.

Hong Kong always is extremely hot and sultry in mid-May, and the Hong Kong hotel, a block from the waterfront, was in one of the hottest parts of the city. It would have been insufferable without the hot-water bottle; with it the heat was beyond endurance.

I had just begun to cool off, relatively speaking, when my ear started to throb again. The cooler I got the worse it ached.

The boy apparently had guessed what would happen, for after I had been out of bed for twenty minutes he came quietly back into the room, filled the rubber bottle with boiling water again, and motioned me to the bed. As a device to save face he had wrapped the bottle in a thin towel.

'No can burn now,' he said pleasantly, as I eased my ear again gingerly against the rubber.

It could, however, and did. My face was literally baked at



Children of Japan

the end of the day, but the pain, at least, was less than the throbbing of the infected inner ear-tube when the heat was removed.

The infection was finally localized so that it could be lanced at the end of the second day, and the following evening, my ear packed in cotton, I sailed for Shanghai. I arrived on the twenty-seventh and put up at the American Club.

Signs of revolution were everywhere.

Workers in a Japanese-owned spinning mill were on strike; student agitators were in the streets denouncing the 'running dogs of foreign imperialism'; crowds gathered every night in the mill region along the right bank of the Whampoa.

But none of the Shanghailanders, as the older residents of Shanghai like to style themselves, seemed in the least excited.

I asked our correspondent the 'why' of what seemed to me a foolish calm and an unreasoning lack of preparations.

'Oh, we are used to rumours here,' he said. 'Shanghai has been attacked half a dozen times in the last few years, but nothing really happens. The Chinese know better than to start anything in the International Settlement or the Concessions. They've had their bellies full of that. The police here shoot first and argue afterwards, and the Chinese know it.'

The argument sounded hollow to me. I had seen enough of revolution to know that men can be excited to a point where they remember nothing of the past, to an unreasoning hatred which demands immediate outlet in violence.

We lunched that day at one of the foreign clubs with a group of the Shanghai old-timers—the men whom Arthur Ransome of the *Manchester Guardian* (one of the ablest of the extreme Liberal newspapermen I have ever known) later was to dub 'die-hards' and 'victims of the Shanghai mind'.

The luncheon was a *table d'hôte* affair, and the plates were prepared in the kitchen.

As the main course was served I saw the thumb of the Chinese boy, who was waiting on our table, in the mashed potatoes he was about to serve to one of my companions.

He did not get the plate on the table, however, for the man

noticed the offending yellow thumb and rose suddenly, hit the boy a strong blow on the forearm, and sent the plate and food crashing to the floor.

The Chinese boy jumped back, as if shot, right into the arms of the captain of waiters, who had started hurriedly for our table. The captain spun him around, said something in the Wenchow dialect, and pushed the lad towards the kitchen.

Another waiter hurried forward with a fresh plate of food.

Nobody at the table paid the slightest attention; the conversation continued as if nothing had happened.

I puzzled over the incident through the remainder of lunch, and after we had left the Club asked our correspondent to explain it.

‘You have to treat the Chinese that way,’ he said. ‘That’s the only kind of treatment they understand. It’s the way they treat each other. That boy will be fired and he will have to go back to his native village, for he has lost face now in Shanghai.’

‘Those incidents always look strange to a newcomer, but really they are no more strange than Chinese architecture, or “wong” dogs, or rickshaws, or men instead of horses pulling loads in the streets. They are just China.’

‘But,’ I asked, ‘why wouldn’t it have been just as effective and a great deal pleasanter if the captain of waiters had been called and asked to order a fresh plate and reprimand the boy in private?’

‘Because the boy had to be taught a lesson—because the Chinese have to be kept in their place. You will find Chinese servants are always trying to dominate you. They never give up. They try to make you live the way they want you to live. The Chinese really despise foreigners. They think they know more than we do. They do not want to learn from us; they want to use us. When there is a clash, like that little matter you saw in the dining-room, somebody must lose face. Unless the foreigner, the white man, acts violently and immediately, the Chinese will put more and more pressure on him.’

‘After you have been here a time you’ll find all this out

for yourself. You'll find your boy deciding what you shall eat, what you shall drink, what kind of clothing you shall wear and where you shall buy it, and even whom you shall have for your friends.'

'How do they do it?'

'Just by keeping up a constant pressure. You fight them off at first. Then you get tired fighting. They do everything for you. They seem never to resist when you try to change them. They may even let you have your way for a week or so. But the minute you take down your guard they are after you again.

'My own Number One Boy is getting the best of me right now. Only this morning he laid out this suit—he indicated the white drill summer clothing he was wearing—for me and I wore it just because I was too tired to keep arguing with him. You can see it's badly laundered. I should have thrown it on the floor and wiped my feet on it. Last year that was what I did, and for a week thereafter my suits would come to me clean and well ironed. But you get tired.

'It's no use to change Number One Boys, for they're all alike in that respect. If you're strong, and violent, they will do their work just well enough to keep you from murder, but they never let up the pressure.

'This Number One of mine has his wife doing my laundry now. He charges me the same rate the big steam laundries would charge and pockets the difference. He does the same thing all along the line.

'Sometimes he even serves me bad whisky. If I notice it, I throw it on the floor and threaten next time to throw it in his face. When I do that I get good whisky for a week. Then he mixes in a little "Hongkew liquor" with the real Scotch, then a little more. Finally the stuff gets so bad I notice it, and then we start all over again.'

'Well,' I said, 'I'm damned if I'd stand for it. Why don't you get Japanese servants, or Filipinos?'

'Some people try that, but it won't work. The Chinese put pressure on them just as they do on any other foreigner,

They are cheated in the markets, knocked about in the streets, bothered all the time until they get disgusted and quit.

‘Most of the servants in Shanghai belong to a sort of guild. They all come from the same district, and I suppose they all give part of their earnings to the guild organization. If an outsider tries to break in they gang him. They put pressure on the tradesmen and everybody who comes in contact with him. So don’t try any foreign servants. You’ll have even more trouble than with Chinese if you do.’

As time went by I was to find that my companion’s remarks were exaggerated, as were most of the comments on China one heard in Shanghai, but they had at least enough of truth to be worth remembering.

That night I went to a student meeting with a translator to try to get some idea of what the agitation was about. The speeches were all by slight, be-spectacled youths, who ranted in the usual juvenile revolutionary fashion. We left after an hour, and I felt that probably my Shanghai acquaintances were right in their surmise that the agitation would lead to nothing but words. It seemed inconceivable that these fallow, flat-chested boys could do more than spout their vague ideas until they lost interest in them.

As we were leaving the meeting I brushed by a Chinese youth and stopped to apologize.

I gasped as I looked at the boy. He was the image of Mai Lan. I attempted to stop him and ask his name, but he merely muttered something in Chinese and pushed into the crowd.

Next day I went to a tailor shop off Nanking Road, which bisects the heart of Shanghai’s International Concession, to order some dark summer clothes for the railway trip to Peking. It was hot and sultry, and I had been told that the journey up to Nanking across the river to Pukow and north across the great inland plain, would be uncomfortable.

The tailor was an Englishman, his assistant a White Russian, and his workmen all Chinese. The shop was typical of Shanghai—a miniature League of Nations in itself.

I selected the material I wanted, and was told I could have

the suits the following night. Tailors work with unbelievable rapidity in China. They will even deliver a rush order in twelve hours.

I was not to get my suits on time, however. In fact I never did get them.

That day was May Thirtieth—a date destined to be historic in China.

A procession was passing as I left the tailor's, and I fell idly in step with a crowd of students and coolies who were marching towards Nanking Road—the *da maloo*, or 'big horse road', as the Chinese style any important thoroughfare.

Many of the students were from the American missionary universities and spoke English. I talked to one of them who said his name was Liang and that he had just come up from Hong Kong.

'We are protesting,' he said in the stilted and precise English that so many Chinese students speak, 'against the murder in cold blood of our comrade Koo Tsung-hun, who was slain by the Japanese Imperialists during the mill strike. I would advise you not to march farther with us, for there may be trouble. We shall brook no interference from these British police.'

'I'll just stay with you, Liang,' I said, laughing, 'and you can explain to your comrades that I'm an American, that I am not an Imperialist, and that I want only to see what happens.'

The Chinese were paying no attention to me, and I was not afraid.

We came into Nanking Road a few streets from the Bund and marched by a big Chinese department store. The road widened at a street intersection. There were high buildings on the right, and a park with a racecourse on the left.

The procession stopped, and a number of the students climbed on boxes and began to speak.

Liang translated for me. All the harangues were the usual senseless babble urging the crowds to defy the foreign imperialists.

A crowd can gather in Shanghai faster than any other place in the world. Tens of thousands of Chinese packed the streets within a few minutes of the time our little procession had arrived.

Street cars, automobiles, rickshaws, hand-carts and bicycles were jammed helplessly in the throng.

I worked my way back to the department store and got through the doors just before the staff closed and barred them. The place was packed with women and children.

I got to the third floor and worked my way to a window which overlooked the racecourse and the crowd below.

A Sikh policeman was standing on the platform of a traffic tower and above him, in a sort of cage, another Sikh was examining his carbine.

Suddenly, from one of the side streets, whistles blew and a cordon of police charged into the mob, swinging clubs.

A big white man with a red face and chevrons on his tunic sleeves was leading the detachment. He carried a long black club and whacked heads right and left as he advanced, his men following in tight formation.

Other police detachments, some of them led by huge Sikhs in khaki turbans, charged the mob, and within a few minutes there was fighting all over the streets.

The police were after the student speakers, and it was remarkable to see how they fought their way to them. They would go forward in short rushes, spread their lines fan-like, beat back the crowds, close ranks again and charge like a football team.

They scattered the mob with machine-like precision and soon had a dozen of the student leaders arrested.

The fighting quietened after a time and I got back into the streets. The prisoners, I found, had been taken to Louza police station. I went there with an Irish policeman. The jail corridors and the cells were filled with prisoners, and more were being brought in.

In the crowd I saw the student who had looked so much like Mai Lan. I leaned over a shoulder and tapped him. 'What is your name?'

The student turned, looked me full in the face for a moment, then smiled and winked like an American street urchin. He was about to speak when a Sikh collared him and dragged him towards the charge-room.

I followed along and saw the prisoner registered, but I could not get a chance to speak to him again.

A few minutes later I asked to be let out of the station, thinking I would get back to our office and begin filing my story.

The corridor was still packed with prisoners, and as I walked out with one of the foreign police a student, without looking at me, thrust a note into my hand. I put it in my pocket.

There was a great mob in front of the jail. I got out by a back door, climbed over a wall, and dropped into an alley, which led me back towards the department store.

As soon as I was clear of the crowd I picked up a rickshaw, directed the runner to take me to our office, and pulled the piece of paper from my pocket.

On it was scrawled:

If you can get me out of here in a hurry it will be a great favour. I am booked as a man under the name of Liu Weiming.—MAI LAN.

I put the note back in my pocket, rather ashamed that I had not recognized the girl through her thin disguise, and wondered what to do about it.

The roar of the mob around the jail was increasing.

Then there was the sound of shooting.

I turned the rickshaw coolie around and started back towards the jail. We were soon caught in a fleeing mob of students and coolies. The rickshaw was overturned, but I managed to jump clear and get into the crowd. Bullets were flying overhead.

I was knocked down a dozen times as I ran with the crowd.

That night we managed to piece together the story of the day's events, and I turned over to one of our reporters the job

of getting Mai Lan out of jail. He did it at a total cost of twenty dollars, and brought the girl, still in her boy-student gown, to the house of one of our friends in the Chinese city.

Mai Lan was not in the least upset by her experience. She had been sent up by the party from Canton, she said, to aid in organizing demonstrations in connection with the mill strike.

'This is a great day in the history of China,' she said. 'You will hear of it for the rest of your life. We will make it the Boston Tea-Party of the Revolution.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'The Boston Tea-Party had nothing to do with student movements and mill strikes. It was a protest against taxes.'

Mai Lan smiled in that superior fashion the Chinese can achieve by the smallest change in the expression of their eyes. 'You ought to know more of the technique of revolution than that,' she said. 'We do not care what the protest is about. The point is that it is a protest—that the foreign police have killed innocent Chinese, that we have a concrete incident on which to base our programme against British Imperialism.'

'But I thought the strike was in a Japanese mill?' I said. 'Where do the British come in?'

'Oh, they are first on the programme—that's all. We'll get around to the Japanese in due course. The revolution is planned. England is first because she has the greatest interests here in Central China. We will win the Yangtse Valley first; then the revolution will spread from there.'

I saw much of Mai Lan during the next few days, but I could hardly believe her talk about this 'planned revolution'.

'You've been reading too many Bolshevik books,' I told her.

'You'd better read some yourself if you want to understand what is happening,' Mai Lan replied dryly. 'And you had better remember that the Russian revolution has succeeded.'

We argued interminably.

I thought Mai Lan was full of foolish ideas which would

get her shot sooner or later. She thought I was merely stupid. But we kept meeting for more arguments, and I knew, when I entrained for Nanking and Peking a few days later, that I would miss Mai Lan a lot during my tour of the north.

She came to see me off at the North railway station.

'I'll probably go from Peking to Tokyo,' I told her, 'and when your revolution blows up you can come and visit me there. Japan will see a lot of you revolutionaries before long.'

Mai Lan winked again in that impish fashion she had, and blew me a kiss as the train pulled out of the station.

CHAPTER VI

SICK MAN OF THE EAST

I STARTED for Peking accompanied by an American army officer from the Philippines whom I had met in the Astor Hotel, in Shanghai.

We took a night train for Nanking, and arrived there next morning. I had hired the student Liang—who was to remain with me many years and who later was to be cashier of our Shanghai office—to go with me as translator and secretary. Poor Liang, his association with me brought him nothing but trouble. He ended by absconding with the office funds, which he lost gambling at roulette in a *dive* in Shanghai's French Concession, and died in jail.

Nanking was quiet, but Liang told us that there were rumours of a general strike, in protest against the 'May Thirtieth Incident'—as the student riot in Shanghai was to be known in history—and he urged that we get the first possible train north to Peking.

We crossed the Yangtse by ferry, and got aboard the famous Old Blue express in Pukow.

The start of the train was delayed, and I sent Liang to the station-master's office to find out the trouble. He returned to report that the train might not be able to depart. There was fighting up the line, he said, and danger that the train might be confiscated by one of the warring generals.

We sat around most of the afternoon. The trainmen kept running to and fro, and there were a dozen conferences in the station-master's office.

At five o'clock a guard told us to go to our compartment, that the tracks had been cleared, and that he was certain the train would get through to Peking.

I sat up late that night gossiping with my companion, and was sleeping soundly in the early morning when Liang came into our compartment. He shook me vigorously.

'The train has been stopped by soldiers,' he said, 'and I am afraid they are very bad men.'

I awakened my companion. We dressed hurriedly and went into the vestibule of the coach. A dozen ragamuffin soldiers, each with a rifle tipped with a tremendously long bayonet and a Lueger pistol in a huge wooden holster, were on guard.

One of them growled at me as I started to step to the ground. Liang could not understand the dialect the men were speaking.

As daylight came we saw that the train was on a siding in a small station compound right in the middle of a sizable military camp.

We sat there all that day and through the next night.

Next day all of us in the first-class coaches were put on a freight train going back towards Pukow. That train too was stopped by soldiers, and we ended by travelling on a hand-car. We got back into Pukow three or four days later, tired, dirty, and disgusted.

During the trip we came near getting shot.

Soldiers stopped our hand-car every few miles and demanded 'tax money' to let us pass. We started by giving them a few silver coins, and ended by paying ten dollar bills.

We were nearly into Pukow when a patrol, commanded by a loutish, pock-marked corporal—Liang said he was a Hunanese, and explained that the men of Hunan are notorious for their blood-thirstiness—demanded ten dollars to let us pass.

The American army officer with me was furious.

'Tell 'em we won't pay a damned cent, and that if we're not allowed to pass we'll bring the United States Navy up here and blow the lot of them off the map,' he shouted at Liang.

I reinforced the instructions.

We sat in the hot sun and argued for half an hour.

Finally the pock-marked soldier prodded my companion with his bayonet. Then the fireworks started.

My companion hit the soldier in the jaw and knocked him spinning.

The Chinese next to me started pulling at his pistol.

I hit his hand as he drew the weapon clear, and it exploded in the air.

Liang had disappeared (we found him hiding in a grain field beside the railway track later) and more Chinese soldiers were coming.

In the face of a dozen rifles, and an officer who spoke a smattering of English, we paid the ten dollars tax, twenty dollars more as a fine for hitting the soldier, and a final ten dollars as 'tea money' to the patrol which had first stopped us.

In return for this the elder officer gave us an escort of three men to see us to Pukow.

We got back to Shanghai a few days later and took a coastwise steamer to Tientsin to get the railway there for Peking. I felt that I was getting a real insight into the troubles of China.

When I arrived in Peking I found that nobody, except some of the Soviet Russians, had any real idea of what the Kuomintang revolution was about.

The Republic had been declared fourteen years earlier, in the revolution of 1911, and trouble had been so incessant that it was not surprising that foreigners resident in China, and most of the Chinese themselves, had lost interest in things revolutionary.

Bad as the Manchu Empire had been—and everybody admitted it had been very bad—the Republic had been worse.

'The Mandarins squeezed only coppers out of our dollars,' a Chinese merchant told me. 'The war lords, who have risen to plague us since the Republic came, squeeze the whole dollar, and then demand that we sell our daughters to get more money for them.'

Many people thought the Republic was doomed. Their

ideas of the future of China varied with their place of residence and the nature of their contact with the Chinese.

The Treaty Port merchants generally favoured foreign intervention. Some of them said, frankly, that China should simply be divided among the powers who could develop the vast regions of Cathay as colonies.

‘Look what we have done in Malaya and India,’ a British merchant said. ‘We have made them into habitable countries. They have sound currencies; disease has been checked, famine has been eliminated, an educational system of a kind has been established, roads have been built, trade stimulated, the lot of the common people vastly improved.

‘But what do you see in China? You see a country which for fifteen years has been falling steadily into ruin. There has been no *discipline*; no national leadership. The important thing is *discipline*.

‘Teach the Chinese that there is such a thing as law, that it must be obeyed, and you will have solved the problem. And that can only be done by force—the force of foreign warships backed by whatever land units we may need, and the organizing and administrative ability of the white man.’

Many of the foreign missionaries and teachers, of whom there were hundreds scattered over China, believed that foreign support of some Chinese faction—possibly the Kuomintang—might be the best solution. They agreed that a reasonable display of force would be necessary. Fifteen years of turmoil had left China in such a state of chaos that, they believed, the country would simply revert to savagery if some force was not found to re-establish at least a degree of order.

Diplomats, military and naval representatives, and trade envoys of the Occidental nations, also shared the view that foreign force must be found to restore order and give the mass of the Chinese people a chance to work, use the products of their toil, and be left alone to live normal lives.

The opinions of the foreign residents, I found, varied in almost exact degree with the number of years of residence in the country.

Newcomers who had been in China less than a year usually liked the Chinese and felt that, eventually, they would find a way to work out their own destiny.

Those who had been in China two years or more were inclined to support the 'period of foreign tutelage' programme.

Those who had been in China five years or more were likely to favour a division of China among the colonial powers on some temporary basis. Once order and prosperity had been restored, some of them suggested, a large degree of autonomy might be given back to the Chinese, with the white man always in the background to see that whatever power the Chinese had was used honestly.

The Red Russians, when one could find one who would talk, had the clearest idea of what could and should be done. They wanted a Soviet China, governed by officials who would be educated in Moscow—an exact imitation of the Soviet State which Lenin and his Bolsheviki had evolved from the ruins of Tsarist Russia.

One of the best of my Soviet contacts was the representative of the old Rosta news agency which later was to be re-named T-A-S-S. He was a Jew who had lived many years in the United States, and who was familiar with American methods of thought and American newspaper terminology and practice. I liked to talk to him because he could talk Bolshevik ideas and ideals without resorting to all the Marxian phraseology that made it necessary for one to carry a volume of the German savant's writings under one arm when talking to the ordinary Soviet agent.

'The condition of China to-day,' he told me, 'is almost identical with that of Russia when she abandoned the World War. She is exhausted.

'The people have lost confidence in all the old leaders; in all the old order. The family system has broken down. Boys and girls will no longer allow their parents to arrange their marriages.

'Women are beginning to realize they can live, not as slaves—as they have for thousands of years—but as human beings;

that they have rights, and that men are not the sole lords and masters of creation.

‘Students are coming to life; they are beginning to think rather than merely repeat their lessons parrot-like, as has been the traditional custom in China. They are taking an actual part in affairs.

‘To achieve a Socialist revolution the ground must first be carefully prepared. There must be a complete destruction of the old order of society. The weeds of centuries of stupid thinking must be ploughed under. Destruction must be complete—just as complete as is the destruction of life in a field before the farmer plants his seeds for a new crop.

‘The Republican revolution, happily, has achieved that destruction. China is a fallow field. The time for the planting of new seeds is here. And the seeds are being planted. They are the seeds of true Socialism. China will be the sister-state of Soviet Russia.

‘The movement will start with the peasants, workers, and students. What is left of the old Mandarin class and the *bourgeoisie* will be liquidated.

‘Within ten years you will see a sound Socialist-Soviet state. Within twenty-five years you will see China, with Russia, leading the proletariat of the world in one great revolution.’

I took all this talk with large doses of salt, for to my way of thinking the Russian revolution had by no means proved itself. And I could hardly envisage Britain, the bitter enemy of Bolshevism, standing idly by while a Soviet state was created on the very door-step of India—that great storehouse of wealth which is the epitome of British Imperialism at its best.

As I have said, I came to China with the usual ideas of an American who had never been in the Orient before. My reading had taught me that most Chinese were honest, industrious and patient; that most of China’s troubles were due to foreign aggression as typified in Britain’s opium war; that the Chinese were entirely capable of governing themselves well if the menace of foreign gunboats was removed.

In Canton, however, I had to change many of my ideas.

The Kuomintang leaders with whom I talked were loud in praise of Russia, and all confident that China could only succeed in freeing herself from the horrors of the war-lord system by enlisting foreign aid. Some of them, however, with an unintentional accuracy of foresight, were frank enough to say that once the Kuomintang revolution had been brought to full success the Russians would be sent home, 'since there will be no further need of them.'

To understand the chaos which existed in China at the time one must recall the history of the preceding decade. The struggle had started in 1898, two years before the Boxer outbreak in Peking. It was, at first, merely a struggle for Constitutional Government—a government which would give the people representatives in a parliament in Peking who could influence the Throne to control the rapacity of the Mandarins.

Liang Chi-chao and Kang Yu-wei were the chief Imperial advisers, and they induced the Emperor Kwang Hsu to issue his famous series of reform edicts which led eventually to his downfall.

The Chinese-Japanese war had been fought in 1895, resulting in a most humiliating defeat for China at the hands of the hated 'Brown Dwarfs' of the seaward islands. China, which had considered herself invincible because of her age-old civilization and her four hundred million people, had been beaten by the Japanese in every battle, on land and sea. And the Chinese people, stung by defeat, wanted a scapegoat.

The scapegoat selected was the Throne.

The 1898 reforms brought on the reactionary wave of 1900, inspired by the old Manchu court clique and the Mandarins, which culminated in the bloody Boxer uprising and new humiliations for China by foreign soldiers. As Occidental troops hammered at the gates of Peking the Dowager Empress Tsu Hsi, and her court, fled north into Jehol, to remain until vast indemnities had been wrung from China by the aggrieved nations.



The Author
from a coloured caricature by Sapajou

China had been kicked in the face by the alien ' hairy barbarians ' once more, and the country was stirred into new demands for reform. Tsu Hsi, when she returned to Peking, realized that concessions must be made. She appointed a commission to go abroad, following the example of Japan, to study foreign government systems, and recommend a Constitutional programme. This work was not completed until 1907, when, on October 27th, an edict announced that a Constitution would be framed and parliamentary government inaugurated within ten years. There was a period of exasperating delay, and this led the veteran revolutionary, Sun Yat Sen, to launch his 1911 revolution which swept all China within three months.

The provisional republican constitution was promulgated in Nanking on March 11th, 1912, and, in accordance with decisions reached at the Nanking conference, a Provisional Assembly met later in Peking and outlined the programme for the ill-fated National Assembly. The Assembly met in April, 1913. The chief force at the back of it was Sun Yat Sen.

Dr Sun had been inaugurated president of China immediately following the revolution of 1911, and had announced a three-fold programme: the establishment of an efficient democratic government, the regaining of China's rights as a sovereign Power (which meant the elimination of foreign spheres of influence), and a programme of domestic reform which would assure every man a livelihood. Sun's party, then called the Tung Meng Hui, was not satisfied with his schemes. He was denounced as a visionary, and had to resign in favour of a soldier, Yuan Shih-kai.

Yuan, a member of the old régime, soon found himself in difficulties with the Republican parliament. By nature a haughty man, he looked on the unwieldy National Assembly as merely a collection of self-seeking grafters—as many of them undoubtedly were—and, after a series of conflicts, he dissolved parliament on November 4th, 1913. Sun, meantime, had tried a new revolution in the preceding July, but it had been quickly put down by Yuan's soldiers. Blood flowed

throughout China, and hundreds of Sun's followers were executed.

Yuan Shih-kai was securely in power. He consolidated his position by dissolving the Assembly and superseding it by a constitutional council, which was to propose legislative measures and advise the dictator.

When the World War started in 1914, China was in a difficult position. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which was the chief political instrument in the entire Orient, made it possible for Tokyo to declare war on Germany (despite the fact Britain did not want her to do so) and to seize the German fortress at Tsingtao and the entire Chinese province of Shantung, which had been Germany's chief sphere of influence.

I stopped in Tsingtao on my way to Peking, and went through the old forts outside the city. A Japanese, who had been with the land forces that stormed the town after war-ships had reduced the forts, told me about the fighting.

'We really liked and admired the Germans,' he said, 'and we hated to kill them. Some of the very officers who were commanding the Tsingtao garrison had served as instructors and advisers with our own troops.

'Japan had to have Shantung, however, for we were determined that the European nations should not gain control of great territories in China right in our front yard and use them as a base from which, possibly, later to conquer us.'

China, it will be remembered, was neutral in the early days of the World War (she did not get in until after the United States, and that she did get in was largely due to the efforts of American propagandists), and it was up to Yuan Shih-kai to find a way to let the Japanese and Germans fight a war on Chinese soil without involving the Chinese themselves.

This he did by using the precedent created in the Russo-Japanese War, which also was fought on Chinese soil, in Manchuria. He marked off a 'belligerent zone', and let the foreigners fight as much as they pleased.

Yuan knew that the Japanese would take the province and that they would demand for themselves the rights in Shan-

tung which the Germans formerly had held. His associates told me, however, that he was totally unprepared for what the Japanese had in mind—the notorious ‘Twenty-one Demands’.

The Japanese Minister in Peking handed the demands to Yuan on January 18th, 1915. Had Yuan agreed to them they would have made China the economic and military vassal of Japan. Publication of the demands created a world-wide *furor*, and incidentally gave the United Press one of its most brilliant scoops.

Carl Crow, who was U.P. correspondent in Tokyo at the time, told me this story of how the demands became news. All the American newspapermen in Peking awoke one morning to receive a mysterious document—a copy of the demands, with the announcement, unsigned, that they had been presented to the Chinese Government.

The correspondents, of course, hastened to the Waichiaopu—the Foreign Office. There they were told that, officially, nothing could be said about the matter. Unofficially, however, a favoured few of them were quietly informed that the demands had been presented exactly as the correspondents had received them from the unknown messengers.

The favoured correspondents hurried to the telegraph office and cabled the whole document to the United States. The U.P. man was not among them, and Crow (in Tokyo) naturally knew nothing of what was going on in Peking. He received a copy of the demands, however, from a Chinese in Tokyo and mailed them to our San Francisco office on the off-chance that they had not been sent from Peking. He was able to confirm, from the Japanese Foreign Office, that the version he had got was correct. The San Francisco office at that time was in charge of J. H. Furay, later to become a vice-president of the United Press, who saw at once that he had a story, and bulletined the mail dispatch on all wires. The result was a tremendous ‘beat’. Later Furay discovered that the cables from rival news agencies in Peking had got through to the United States and had been shown to the Japanese Embassy, which had denied the authenticity of the

demands and had asked that the cables be 'killed'. They were, enabling Crow and Furay to obtain the 'scoop of the year'.

Whether Yuan had agreed to the demands or not I never was able to learn, although I later got to know the Japanese who had prepared them and thus had started the long train of events which was to lead to Japanese domination of a large part of China.

The demands, for which the great mass of the people blamed Yuan, and his unquestioned ambition to declare himself Emperor, led to a third revolution, which started in Yunnan Province and spread throughout the south-west.

Province after province seceded from the Peking régime, and Yuan—who, on December 11th, 1915, had been invited by his puppet State Council to ascend the ancient Dragon throne—was forced to reject the idea of an imperial title. He died in June, 1916, and was succeeded by Li Yuan-hung as President of the Republic, and by Tuan Chi-jui as Premier.

Li was a staunch republican, while Tuan (who had been a disciple of Yuan) was a militarist and ardently in favour of China's entrance into the World War, not because of a desire to fight, but because he knew this step would enable him to float big war-loans at home and abroad and so replenish his depleted personal coffers.

In a desperate effort to keep China out of the struggle Li dismissed Tuan, whose friends among the military governors seceded and threatened to march on Peking and oust the President and Parliament.

In the middle of this situation General Chang Shun, who had been military inspector of the Yangtse Valley, appeared in Peking, declared a restoration of the Monarchy, and recalled the boy-Emperor, Hsuan Tung, to the throne.

Tuan Chi-jui led the Republican troops against him, and the monarchy was overturned within a few days.

The Republic was restored with Feng Kuo-chang (who had been vice-president) as chief executive, and Tuan Chi-jui as Premier.

Feng was a weakling, and Tuan became the real govern-

ment of the country—a virtual dictator. He declared war on Germany and Austria on August 14th, 1917.

It was at this time that the notorious Anfu clique, of which Tuan was the leader, began its systematic looting of China. Upwards of \$300,000,000 in war loans were floated with Japanese support, and an effort made to force Canton, where an independent government had been set up, back into the Chinese union.

From that period until I arrived in Peking there was a constant scramble for power.

China was gradually being bled white.

The military governors created by Yuan Shih-kai turned into provincial war lords, and ran the territory they controlled as they pleased, fought each other, encouraged the growing of opium because of the great revenues it brought in, and flouted Occidentals and the rights they had been granted by treaties.

Tsao Kun, leader of the Chihli Party, seized the presidency in 1923, and promulgated the constitution which had been in preparation since 1915.

Tsao was deposed as the result of the civil war of 1924, and was succeeded by Tuan Chi-jui, who assumed the title of chief executive. It was then that the Reorganization Conference, at which Sun Yat Sen died, was called. It ended in failure, of course, and Tuan was ruling as dictator when I arrived in Peking.

I had heard in Canton that the Kuomintang, advised by the Soviet Russians Michael Borodin and General Vassili Bluecher, who was known in China as Galen (he was later to be commander of the Soviet Far Eastern Army), was preparing its northern military expedition for early 1926, and I was anxious to see what preparations the northern militarists were making to meet it.

One could get little information, however, in Peking. The war lords were all so immersed in their own provincial wars that they paid little attention to the great revolutionary movement which was developing in the south, and which, a few years later, was to sweep them all into oblivion.

I went back to Tokyo late in 1925 and spent several months there. Mai Lan wrote to me frequently. She was back in Canton, up to her ears in revolutionary work, and confident of the success of the Kuomintang.

It was at this time that I first met Bill and Rayna Prohme, two Americans from Chicago who were to play a leading part in China's great revolution.

Rayna, descended from Spanish Jews, was one of the few really sincere Communists I have ever known. Her character was as flaming crimson as her red hair. She had, as I recall it, first become interested in Communism in the United States, and when the Chinese revolution started had been asked by Soviet Russian friends to come to Canton and assist them.

Bill, a veteran newspaperman, was much less a radical, and I always felt went into the Chinese adventure more for the fun of the thing and to please his wife than because of any deep-seated conviction.

The Prohmes spent some weeks in Tokyo, and we often lunched together in the Imperial Hotel. I showed them my letters from Mai Lan, and wrote her to expect them in Canton early in 1926. For some reason, however, Borodin decided they should go to Peking, where he wanted to start a revolutionary newspaper, and needed editors with extra-territorial privileges (which would render them immune from Chinese law) to run it.

The newspaper was eventually started—called *The People's Tribune* as I recall it—and was edited in a room in the house which the Prohmes took in Peking. It was in English, and filled with the most violent revolutionary propaganda. It was suppressed after Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war-lord, had seized Peking, and Bill and Rayna had to flee to Hankow where the Kuomintang revolutionaries had advanced their headquarters.

It was in Hankow that the Prohmes met Vincent Sheean, who tells so effectively in his *Personal History* of the friendship which existed between him and Rayna up to the time of her death in Moscow after the Soviet Russians and Com-

munists had been ousted from the Kuomintang by Chiang Kai-shek.

Sheean's picture of Rayna interested me tremendously, for it furnished an excellent example of how a striking personality may influence the different people with whom it comes in contact.

Vincent saw Rayna as one of the remarkable women of all time. To me she was merely a stubborn American girl, filled with half-digested revolutionary ideas and almost totally lacking in common sense.

I recall that at one time there was a story in Peking that Chang Tso-lin, who could not suppress the *People's Tribune* because it was published in the home of an American and consequently under the protection of the United States flag, planned to kidnap Rayna and Bill and either strangle them or dump them across the border into Russia.

A Chinese friend came to me with the story and I felt in duty bound to warn them. Bill was inclined to take the warning seriously and get out, but Rayna merely laughed.

'Wouldn't it be fun,' she said, 'if we were to get arrested and the American Legation would have to send its Marine Guard out to rescue us?' Rayna despised the Legation.

I had just seen a group of Chinese Communist spies garrotted that morning, and I took pains to describe the horror of their death in detail. Even Rayna, I believe, was frightened when I finished the story, for she and Bill left Peking a few days later for Hankow, taking the *People's Tribune*—which consisted of nothing more than a few buckets of type and an old hand press—with them.

CHAPTER VII

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

I got back to Canton early in 1926 after a hurried business trip to the Dutch East Indies, where the United Press was organizing a news service for the Java newspapers, and immediately went to see Chiang Kai-shek, for whom I had formed a profound admiration.

From the first time I saw him he was, to me, the ablest of the Chinese revolutionary leaders; a man of deep convictions, an unsurpassed tenacity of purpose, and one of the few absolutely realistic thinkers I have ever known.

Chiang might attempt to deceive others—his position, in fact, required that he should do so all the time, and he had guile enough to be successful—but he never attempted to deceive himself in the tiniest measure. Even in 1926, before power had been given him, that sureness of touch which only long experience in authority brings to any man, he was very certain of the course he intended to pursue and of most of the methods he would have to use to achieve the ends he desired.

The general feeling in Canton at the time was that Borodin and Galen were running the Kuomintang (the 'Party', as the Chinese liked to call it), and that the Chinese were mere tools in their hands; masses of Asiatic putty which the Russian Communists were to wield into an iron revolutionary machine that would furnish the support Moscow so badly needed.

Dr M. T. Z. Tyau, who was later to be chief of the press bureau of the Foreign Office in Nanking (after Chiang had gained full control of the revolutionary government and

established his capital in the lower Yangtse city), arranged the interview for me.

Chiang was busy with plans for the northern drive, but he took time for a long talk.

'First of all,' he said, 'I want to explain to you just what the Kuomintang is. Abroad we are pictured primarily as a revolutionary party. Such a picture is not true. We are, first, a Nationalist Party. We intend to unite China as a nation.

'You know, of course, something of the history of the Kuomintang. It represents no sudden burst of nationalism. It is the flower sprung from seeds planted by those groups which have been working for a quarter of a century to regain for the Chinese people those rights which are inherently theirs.

'You must study carefully the history of Our Master (Sun Yat Sen) and his pronouncements as embodied in the San Min Chu-I, the three principles of the people.

'When the Kuomintang was first formed our master announced his platform thus:

'To overthrow the Manchu dynasty in Peking, an alien dynasty which had established itself by conquest and created the corrupt oligarchy of the Mandarins.

'To regain the country for the Chinese, that is, the Chinese people in contrast to the corrupt official classes who were the tools of the Manchus.

'To establish a Republic.

'To equalize the ownership of land.

'Part of that programme has been achieved. We have had a so-called republic for years, but it has been a republic in name, not in fact. The Mandarins have really continued in power through their reactionary tools, the war-lords.

'The Manchus have been overthrown, but the creatures they trained to do their bidding still live. It is these creatures, the reactionary militarists of the north, that we must now exterminate. The common people of China always believed in Dr Sun, Our Master. They have always supported the Kuomintang.

'Now, as everybody knows, the great mass of the common

people of China are farmers. These farmers are and will continue to be the great base upon which our movement rests.'

I asked Chiang if it was true that the Kuomintang at its first National Congress in Canton in 1924 had adopted a programme of reorganization deliberately modelled after the Communist Party in Russia.

'I believe that is true,' he replied, 'but that does not mean the Kuomintang has become a Russian party.'

Here his eyes grew watchful, and he looked at me keenly before he continued:

'You know our Russian advisers here. They are loyal to China, and are proving of the greatest assistance to us.'

He said the words slowly, as he expected me to repeat them to Borodin.

I gained the impression then, which later events were to strengthen, that Chiang had never taken the Russians seriously, and that he had no intention of seeing a Communist China (in the Soviet sense of the word) if he could avoid it. And I put that observation in my story.

I believed that Chiang intended to face each situation as it arose, on its merits, and that he realized he might have to veer his sails, in the course of time, to take into consideration the desires of Britain and Japan, and that he was prepared to do so.

At Chiang's request I did not give a copy of my interview to our newspapers in China, but the gist of it got back later and caused some comment. Chiang stood behind all he had said, however, and that fact led me to believe that he was already laying his plans for the eventual break with the Communists which was to come in Hankow.

Chiang was appointed commander-in-chief of the People's Revolutionary Army—the name selected for the new northern expedition—on June 6th, and ordered an advance when he assumed active duty a month later.

I had hoped to be allowed to go north with his troops, and I think he would have permitted it, but the Russians objected, and I was ruled out.

We covered the fighting as best we could from Canton, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

Chiang had eight armies, totalling about one hundred thousand men. Against him were more than one hundred and ten thousand troops of the armies of Wu Pei-fu, chief power in the Peking government at the time, as well as the allied armies of Marshal Sun Chuan-fang, who controlled the five provinces of Kiangsu, Chekiang, Kiangsi, Anhwei, and Fukien.

I had seen the northern forces and knew they were much better armed and equipped than Chiang's men.

I believed, however, that Chiang would reach the Yangtse without much difficulty, since the peasant populations were certain to support him—they all hated the northern warlords—and the *morale* of his men, fighting in or near their home provinces, was certain to be much better.

The best descriptions of the campaign I got were from Russians who went along as Chiang's advisers. They gave most of the credit to Galen, who, they said, organized a real service of supply for the first time in the history of Chinese wars. Since few horses were available, he used man-power to transport food and munitions. Stations were built a day's march apart, and tens of thousands of coolies were employed. They worked in relays from station to station, and great competition developed between them as to which group could move its cargo fastest. Supplies went through from Canton to Changsha and Yochow, where Chiang had established his advance bases, with unbelievable speed.

Mai Lan, who had been made chief of a propaganda section, was in the campaign. She was immensely busy and immensely proud of the work she was doing. She had a couple of hundred students as assistants. They were well organized. Some of them went through the country, ahead of the armies, holding underground revolutionary meetings and urging the farmers to organize to support the Kuomintang. Others sifted through the enemy lines at night and planted revolutionary placards and handbills under the very noses of Wu Pei-fu's generals.

Wu himself started for Hankow from Paoting-fu, capital of Chihli Province, early in August, when it became apparent that the Wu-han cities (Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang, which nearly adjoin each other) were menaced. Before he could reach the Yangtse, however, Chiang's forces had penetrated Hupeh, captured two of its principal cities, and were advancing on Wuchang, its capital.

The final battle was at Tingssuchiaio, outside Wuchang, on the Changsha-Hankow railway. There was desperate fighting for days, and the Russians told me that Wu lost more than thirty thousand men (I imagine the figure was exaggerated, but it was impressive enough to show that the losses of both sides were heavy). The Nationalists finally took the city on August 30th.

A week later Hankow and Hanyang capitulated, and Wu retreated to the north.

Sun Chuan-fang, who had been holding off, got into the war about this time and attacked Chiang's flank, attempting to cut his line of communications in Hupeh. Chiang attacked at once, and heavy fighting continued for two months. Kiu-kiang, where Sun had established his headquarters, was captured on November 4th, and Nanchang on the 8th. The Nationalists took nearly one hundred thousand prisoners.

The occupation of Hunan, Hupeh, Kukien, and Kiangsi Provinces was soon completed, and the war south of the Yangtse River was virtually over.

The Revolution was beginning to attract world-wide attention.

It was apparent that the northern military leaders must unite and act rapidly if they were to hold even their home territories.

A coalition was agreed upon, and Chang Tso-lin, presumably with the consent of the Japanese army—which throughout had watched the Revolution with distrust—was named commander-in-chief.

I went north to cover the conference in Tientsin. It lasted for days, and, as near as I could learn, the chief business was

deciding on a proper name for the combined armies. That finally decided upon was 'Ankuochun', or National Pacification Army.

Chang Tso-lin, who never took the field himself, was to be supreme Marshal with his huge coolie henchman, Chang Chung-chang, and Sun Chuan-fang (who had promoted himself to the title of Marshal) as vice-commanders.

Chang Tso-lin took command in Tientsin in early December. Wu Pei-fu, meantime, had decided to join the coalition.

I was forced to return to Tokyo before the campaign got under way, and was there when the Nationalist government was removed from Canton to Hankow on January 1st, 1927.

Most of my information about what was really taking place at this time came in almost daily letters from Mai Lan. She kept a diary, and often sent me copies of it with scribbled notes on the margin.

I could tell from the tenor of her notes that trouble was developing, and that a break between Chiang and the Communists could not be far away. Mai Lan, I knew, would go with the Communists, and I knew that if she did she would either be killed or forced into exile in Russia.

As spring drew near her letters were increasingly alarming, and I cabled our Shanghai office to have the correspondent in Hankow get in touch with her and send me word what she intended to do. She dared not write herself because of the censorship.

Chiang withdrew from Hankow and established his own Nationalist government in Nanking on April 18th. I had had no word of Mai Lan for a fortnight, and was intensely worried. Finally a letter came, however, saying that she was remaining in Hankow, and had definitely decided to remain with the Communists.

'Chiang has sold out to the British and the Japanese,' she wrote, 'and I would die rather than support him. We will continue to fight on here as long as we can.'

Chiang was forced to retire, and fled to Japan in August. He was called back in December, however, presumably be-

cause of representations by Britain, and, on January 9th, 1928, again became commander-in-chief.

The Russians, meantime, had been forced from Hankow, and Mai Lan had gone with them. She died of typhus during the long overland flight towards Siberia.

The Revolution shifted so rapidly during 1927 and 1928 that it was all but impossible to keep track of it.

Yen Hsi-shan, the so-called 'Model Governor' of Shansi, with 150,000 men, and Feng Yu-hsiang, who had long been known as the 'Christian General', with his well-trained Kuominchun armies, joined the Revolution and aided Chiang in his final drive on Peking.

In Japan the government was becoming greatly concerned, for it was apparent that, if the Nationalists took Peking, Manchuria, in which the Japanese had more than three billion yen invested, would go next.

The Japanese army demanded daily that some action be taken, but Baron Kijuro Shidehara, the foreign minister, with the support of the Emperor, still counselled for patience. As a sop to the militarists a declaration was issued announcing that Japan would not tolerate widespread disturbances in the north.

The army reinforced the declaration by moving troops into Shantung Province, directly in the line of the Nationalist advance.

The Japanese established headquarters in Tsinan, the provincial capital, and prepared to stem Chiang Kai-shek by force.

I knew that a clash was inevitable, and went to the War Office in Tokyo to ask my friend, General Eitaro Hata, what he intended to do about it.

The General was worried, not at the prospect of fighting—I think he rather welcomed that—but because he expected unfavourable criticism in the world Press.

He was entirely candid.

'I'm afraid we are going to have a fight,' he said, 'for we simply cannot permit the Nationalists to rush into Peking and destroy Chang Tso-lin. He is the only man we can

depend upon to defend Manchuria, and the only question in our minds is whether he can do it better in Peking or whether he should return to Mukden (then the capital of Manchuria).

'Meantime I would advise you to remain here in Tokyo. You will get whatever news there is just as fast here as you could in Tsinan, for we have a direct wireless service, and you will be in a position to know what is going on over a much wider area than if you were in Shantung.'

I agreed to that, and telegraphed our Peking office to send a man to Tsinan to do 'eye-witness' material to furnish background from the military dispatches we could get in Nan-king and Tokyo.

Next day General Hata telephoned me and asked if I could call at his office. He sent his *aide* and a big staff car.

'I need some help,' he said, jovially, after we had exchanged greetings. 'Our staff officers in Tsinan tell me that half a dozen American newspaper correspondents have descended upon them, without Japanese translators, and that they don't know what to do with them.'

'Where do I come in?' I asked, bluntly.

Hata replied with equal directness.

'If you could be so good,' he said, 'I would like you to write me a general order for our commanders in the field telling them how to treat the correspondents.'

I could see no harm in the request, so I asked for a typewriter and wrote the order on the spot.

It was probably the most amazing order any commander in the field ever received, for I was determined that my newspaper friends from Peking, who had gone down to Tsinan to cover the show, should have a good time.

I directed that they be supplied with translators, that they be allowed at all times to approach the front at any point they might request, that each be given an English-speaking officer as a guide, that they be furnished the best quarters available, and that they be given copies of all military reports of a newsworthy nature as soon as the reports were received at headquarters for transmission to Tokyo.

‘Finally,’ I wrote, ‘since the water in Tsinan is notoriously impure it would be wise to provide the foreign newspapermen with plenty of champagne and beer.’

Hata had the order translated into Japanese on the spot and laughed uproariously when he read it.

‘It will be transmitted at once,’ he said.

What sort of order was sent, of course, I never knew, but some of the correspondents who were in Tsinan told me later that the Japanese did at least provide them with plenty of beer.

Hata was one of my close friends for many years, and always was an excellent companion. Like most soldiers in Japan and elsewhere, he was a blunt, honest man, incapable of the slightest duplicity.

Honesty, indeed, is a general attribute of the Japanese. Few of them can lie with any degree of success, and most of them will not even attempt it. Rather than tell a falsehood they simply lapse into silence.

I suppose the widespread idea that Japanese are ‘inscrutable’, given to double-dealing, and generally untrustworthy, comes in part from their natural non-talkativeness and their Oriental habit of avoiding any statement that may be found in the least unpleasant.

One of Japan’s leading diplomats once told me a story which I knew was a bald lie—he was replying to a question about the news—and I asked him frankly why he did it.

‘Surely,’ I said, ‘you do not expect me to believe this fantastic tale.’

‘Oh, no,’ he laughed. ‘If I had thought you would believe it I’d not have spoken. Japanese are the worst liars in the world. Probably that is why we are such bad diplomats—’

‘—and such good soldiers,’ I said, completing the sentence.

‘Yes, such good soldiers,’ he said, ‘I should have gone into the army myself.’

The clash between the Japanese and the Nationalists took place a day or two after I had written my order for Hata, and the Chinese were badly beaten. Hundreds were killed.

Chiang Kai-shek, however, was not to be deterred, and by



General Chiang Kai-shek (*left*) with Wang Ching-wai

June 1928, was at the gates of Peking, while Chang Tso-lin was in flight for Mukden.

We got news that Chang Tso-lin had been fatally wounded when his train was bombed as it entered Mukden, early on the morning of June 4th. I thought it might be the 'big break' which we had been expecting so long, and started at once for Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin died on June 21st. The question was who had killed him, and why.

Had the Nationalists assassinated him so that the way could be cleared for his son, Chang Hsueh-liang, the 'Young Marshal', to succeed him and bring Manchuria under the blue-and-white flag of the Kuomintang and the red, blue and white flag of the Chinese Republic? Or had Japanese militarist adventurers killed him, hoping thus to precipitate a crisis which would force the Tokyo government to act firmly, and bring all Manchuria under the Imperial flag before it was too late? The question has never been satisfactorily answered.

I spent months working on the story, and could gather only these meagre facts:

Chang Tso-lin was on a private military train travelling at slow speed from Peking to Mukden. He was sitting in his own car with old Governor Wu, of Hailar Province, chatting quietly, when there was a terrific explosion.

The car was wrecked. Wu was instantly killed and Chang so badly hurt that he died a fortnight later.

The train, on the Peking-Mukden railway, was passing under the tracks of the Japanese-owned South Manchuria Railway. The S.M.R. line is built on a high embankment, and crosses the Peking-Mukden line tracks on a viaduct.

The bomb, apparently a powerful charge of trinitrotoluol, had been placed on an abutment of the S.M.R. viaduct, and must have been discharged electrically. No human being could have lived to discharge it by hand.

The S.M.R. tracks were patrolled constantly by Japanese soldiers and railway guards, who had been instructed particularly to watch for explosives and to examine bridges and viaducts carefully.

The Chinese, of course, alleged that Japanese adventurers had set the death-trap as part of a plot to prevent the Nationalist movement from reaching Manchuria. The Japanese Kwantung army, however, conducted what it said was a careful examination, and decided that Chinese, possibly with the assistance of 'skilful foreign engineers', must have set and fired the bomb.

The incident caused a world *furor*, partly because Chang Tso-lin was one of the most colourful characters in all history, and partly because everybody suspected that the Japanese, sooner or later, were going to take Manchuria, and were seeking to create an excuse for action.

I went to see Chang Hsueh-liang, whom I had known for some years, as soon as his period of mourning was over. He refused to talk of his father's death, but his assistants were open in charging it to the Japanese. Certain 'irresponsible' Chinese, they said, were in the plot, and were to be rewarded with high positions in the new *régime* which the Japanese militarists had planned to establish.

This theory was supported, in part, by interpellations some months later in parliament in Tokyo. Opposition deputies attempted to question the government, then headed by Reijiro Wakatsuki, about the assassination, and mentioned the names of a number of young Japanese army officers. The matter was hushed up without any startling revelations, but it was made known that the officers accused had been cashiered. The interpellations created so much irritation in the army that Wakatsuki was forced to resign.

The accusation that high Chinese leaders were involved was given colour some months later when two generals, who had been Chang Tso-lin's most trusted advisers, were invited to a dinner party by the old Marshal's loyal followers, and shot to death as they took their seats at the table.

Whatever the object of the plot, its result was to increase the determination of the Japanese army to gain full control of Manchuria as soon as possible, and to hold it against all comers. The tragedy of 1931 moved nearer with the assassinations of 1928.

The Manchurian leaders met soon after Chang Tso-lin's death and formally named his eldest son, Chang Hsueh-liang, to succeed the lost leader. Young Chang took the post only after long study. He knew, I believe, that no Chinese could hold Manchuria for long unless he took orders from the Japanese army, and that, he told me repeatedly, he was determined not to do.

Chiang Kai-shek ratified Chang Hsueh-liang's appointment as soon as he was sent to Nanking, and on December 31st, 1928, the Kuomintang flag was formally hoisted in the Three Eastern Provinces (as Manchuria was called in China) and Jehol.

I went to live in Tokyo with R. O. Matheson, correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, and we both discussed the Manchurian issue with everybody who was at all informed. Matheson was certain the Japanese army would take Manchuria within the year.

In mid-January a retired colonel of the Japanese army, who had had long service with the intelligence department in Manchuria, happened to be in town, and we asked him to dinner. We knew that he, if so inclined, could tell us what were the intentions of the younger officers of the Kwantung army. (Japanese forces in Manchuria and North China were called the Kwantung army because of the fact they were based in the Kwantung Leased Territory—the tip of south Manchuria surrounding the great port of Dairen.)

We made elaborate preparations for the dinner, and ordered, at the request of the Colonel, a half-dozen pumpkin-pies. The Colonel had lived in the United States, and liked pie and cheese—two dishes for which most Japanese have no taste at all.

Our guest was late, and at length Matheson went to the Japanese inn, where the Colonel was staying, to call for him.

The procession which finally reached our house sent our cook and manservant into hysterics.

Matheson marched in carrying the Colonel, who was a thin little man, weighing not more than nine stone, followed by six geisha. The Colonel and the geisha were very drunk.

We decided to omit cocktails and have dinner served at once. That alone was enough to throw our household out of gear and to shock our old majordomo, who had served in half a dozen embassies and was punctilious about etiquette, into complete confusion.

We seated the Colonel and all his geisha, and the soup was eventually served.

The Colonel pounded the table.

'Don't want soup,' he howled. 'I want pumpkin-pie and cheese.'

Matheson was equal to the occasion.

He reprimanded the servants brusquely in Japanese, had the soup taken away, and had brought on a whole pumpkin-pie and a great slab of American cheese for each guest. The pies disappeared in no time, and, to make the situation logical—as Matheson later explained—the rest of the dinner was served backwards, ending with soup, cocktails, and canapes.

The Colonel thought it was perfect, and made a speech of fifteen minutes to the geisha when the meal was over, telling them that was the way he dined every night when he lived in Washington.

We got our majordomo to call the geisha-house from which the girls had come and have them ordered home, and then brought out whisky-and-soda and set out to pump the Colonel. It looked like an easy task, for the man was ready to make a speech on any subject suggested.

We talked until two in the morning, the Colonel managing to consume our entire supply of Scotch; and at the end of the conversation I made these notes in my diary:

Sentiment in the Kwantung army is divided; a strong group of younger officers want to take Manchuria by force of arms, at once, and to annex it. Another group favours a 'wait-and-see' policy, believing that an opportunity will soon present itself to take not only Manchuria but most of North China as well.

There is a close connection between many of the Japanese civilian patriotic societies and the young army officers. The

patriotic and nationalist groups in Tokyo must be watched for indications when the Manchurian break is to come, for they will be inspired by the unknown 'big men' of the Empire, who will be the real brains in any plot.

Foreign pressure will be of no avail when the Japanese army does start to move; the men who are in this thing are ready to fight the whole world if necessary.

The situation in Russia and Europe must be watched, for it may be a deciding factor. Europe and the United States must be pre-occupied with other problems before the wiser heads in the Japanese army move. They want to be sure there will be no armed foreign intervention.

What the Japanese really are worried about is the attitude of Britain and the United States. They feel that the United States, instigated by Britain, forced Japan out of Shantung Province after she had taken it from the Germans in the World War, and they expect the United States again to take the lead in diplomatic pressure when they move into Manchuria.

The more I studied the Manchurian question the more I came to appreciate the Japanese viewpoint.

To all Japanese it was obvious that no Chinese administration ever would develop the Eastern Provinces and Jehol into a rich, stable, and well-governed country. Chang Tso-lin had had ample opportunity to do so, but had wrecked his heritage. He had debased the currency until it was virtually worthless, and had perfected a scheme to rob the farmers which was simplicity itself. By law the farmers were forced to sell all their principal crops to his government. Chang paid for the produce in worthless paper-money. Then he sold the soya beans, wheat, lumber, hides, coal, and wool in foreign markets for gold and put the money in his war chest to finance his continuous wars in North China.

The Japanese argued, too, that Manchuria was not essentially a part of China at all. It was the homeland of the Manchus, who maintained it as a separate country even after they had invaded China and seized the throne in Peking.

And Russia unquestionably would have annexed Manchuria had she won the Russo-Japanese war. When Japan

won, it was the intervention of the powers which deprived her of the fruits of victory.

Most foreigners in the Orient who were at all familiar with the Manchurian problem had a great deal of sympathy for Japan. They knew that the war-lord system was ruining China and causing human suffering on a scale rarely known in world history. And they had little confidence that the temporary successes of the Nationalist Revolution would succeed in eliminating militarism in China.

Generals and war, it was felt, were the twin curses of the Chinese people.

That was my own opinion. I had seen China constantly at war for four years, a country ravaged and despoiled. The early sympathy I had felt for the Revolution was disappearing. Since Chinese could not make peace with each other, it seemed to me the duty of those powers which could stop the eternal slaughter to do so.

CHAPTER VIII
LORDS OF WAR

THE war-lord system in China, I believe, was largely a result of Yuan Shih-kai's long tenure of office in Peking.

Yuan was a soldier and his method of governing was the sword. He had trained a great army and surrounded himself with a group of able generals. It was natural, when he came to power and began perfecting his plan to make himself Emperor, that he should entrust government of the provinces to his generals. They were to constitute, and did, his personal political and military machine. The system worked fairly well as long as Yuan lived, but when he died he left no successor.

The generals knew but one loyalty—to Yuan. They were not willing to trust each other, or to select a common national leader from among themselves. Without a leader they naturally fell to quarrelling. The stronger ones sought to extend their power. The weaker ones tried to make alliances.

Out of this welter of conflicting militarists a number of leaders arose: Chang Tso-lin, who had been military governor of Manchuria and who had the tacit protection of Japan; Feng Yu-hsiang, with his well-trained Kuominchun troops; Yen Hsi-shan, who had long kept to himself in Shansi and made it known throughout China as the 'model province'; Wu Pei-fu, who had been a great scholar, and turned militarist only out of necessity; and a dozen lesser leaders scattered clear to the borders of Tibet.

None of the original leaders of the Kuomintang Revolution, so far as I could learn, ever had belonged to the war-lord group. The Revolution, hence, was primarily a war between the civilian politicians, as represented by the Kuomintang,

and the great northern militarists who had succeeded Yuan Shi-kai.

The Kuomintang had the support of the bulk of the Chinese people; not because the people liked the civilian politicians—the peasantry distrusted all representatives of government and authority except their own village elders—but because the people believed a government of civilian politicians would be less murderous than a government of soldiers which reduced all men to slavery.

One of the weaknesses of the Kuomintang, as the revolution swept north, was that it was forced to compromise with many of the war lords and promise them extensive rewards in return for their support. This system won the allegiance of Feng Yu-hsiang, who was Minister of War in Nanking for a time, and of Yen Hsi-shan, who cast his lot with the Kuomintang in the critical days when Chiang Kai-shek was driving towards Peking.

None of the old militarists, however, could remain long in a political party dominated largely by civilians or men like Chiang Kai-shek, whose ambitions have always been political rather than military.

Feng dropped out of the Kuomintang after a few months, and in 1929 formed an alliance with Yen and captured Peking. They held the city for months, and instituted some of the most amazing taxes I have ever seen. These taxes nearly made my wife a widow in the first months after our marriage.

I went to Peking to help cover the Feng-Yen revolt, and stayed there for some weeks. The city was quiet, and shops were open. My wife spent her time 'buying out' the place. We had sixty-six pieces of baggage when we entrained for Tientsin and Japan.

I had our office Number One boy take the luggage to the railway station. He was gone a long time, and when he returned explained that the shipment to Tientsin could not be made until we paid a 'municipal export tax'.

The Tariff Conference, at which China had agreed to abolish internal taxation on goods in transit, had been held

in Peking only a few years before, so I went to the station myself, with an interpreter, to find out what to do. A young Shansi officer received me. He said the tax was a temporary military measure and that I would have to pay ten per cent of the appraised value of my goods.

I got around this by going to Yen's office and demanding a military transport permit. It was given because I knew the marshal, and we entrained for Tientsin early in the afternoon.

At Fengtai, a station between Peking and Tientsin, the train was stopped by soldiers. All passengers were ordered out.

I displayed the military permit I had from Yen Hsi-shan and expected I would have no trouble.

'That's no good here,' the officer in charge said. 'We are Feng Yu-hsiang men. You will have to pay a ten per cent military tax.'

We had a long argument, which I finally won by giving the officer a bottle of brandy and promising to get a new permit from Feng's offices when I got to Tientsin.

All Chinese passengers on the train were forced to pay.

We reached Tientsin at dusk. One of those unbelievable North China dust storms had started—storms which fill the air until breathing is almost impossible in the open—and I was more than relieved when I saw the porter of the Astor House, to whom I had telegraphed, waiting on the platform.

We hurried from the train and I put my wife in a taxi.

'I'll join you just as soon as I turn my baggage checks over to the porter,' I told her.

The porter, however, had bad news.

'I'm sorry you have so much baggage,' he said, 'for there's a new ten per cent military import-tax in effect. It was ordered personally by Feng Yu-hsiang and you'll have to pay it.'

Coolies were dumping my mountain of baggage on the platform.

I sought the officer in charge who referred me to an English-speaking youth, wearing a student's long gown, and

identified him as the tax officer. The youth, like many boys when they find themselves suddenly given authority, was exceedingly officious. He refused to listen to my arguments, and started coolies opening my boxes.

The dust blew harder and harder, and I got madder and madder.

I had a heavy walking-stick with which I beat the coolies away from the boxes while I seized the tax officer. 'This is an illegal tax, and you know it,' I shouted.

The student blew his whistle and a squad of ragged boy soldiers, staggering under big infantry rifles with long, curved bayonets, came trotting out of a guard-house. The soldiers made me lose the last shred of my temper.

I still had the student tax official by the shoulder and had pushed him against one of the large boxes in my pile of baggage. He was turned slightly so that his long gown was drawn tight across his hips. My next action was instinctive, and might have been suicidal.

I pushed the student back, face down, and began whaling him across the buttocks with my walking-stick. The student yelled murder.

Coolies and loafers came running, and in ten seconds I was surrounded by a sizable crowd.

The boy soldiers stood open-mouthed.

I suppose eventually they would have shot or at least arrested me, had it not been for that saving-grace of humour which is innate in all Chinese, particularly those of the North, and which makes them love slapstick comedy more than anything else in life.

The freight coolies, who were in the front rank, began howling with laughter—as working-men they despised the student—and soon the soldiers joined.

When I released the student with a parting kick, the soldiers joined with the crowd in jeering him. He had 'lost face', and he slunk away.

The coolies loaded my baggage on the hotel motor-truck still shouting with glee.

But the next day, when I sailed for Japan, the Chinese had

the last word. There is a maritime customs export-tax in China which is legal, and they made me pay triple taxes.

During the period Yen and Feng controlled Peking and Tientsin, taxes were levied on every article that was moved by land or water. Traders told me of paying as many as sixty sets of taxes on cargo that came down by pack-train and river-barge from Mongolia.

Commerce, of course, simply stopped. The situation was war-lordism at its worst.

The common explanation of this stupid pressure on business and human life was that the war-lords wanted only to amass personal fortunes, house them safely in foreign banks, and then retire to the safety of the foreign concessions in the port cities. My own observation was that few of the war-lords retired, and that most of them were always desperately in need of funds.

Militarism and business can never thrive hand-in-hand. A war-lord, or a military dictator, must keep strengthening and expanding his machine if he is to survive. To do this he must have money. And the money must come from the sweat of those who work and produce. The system forms a vicious circle. The more power and wealth a dictator gets, the more he needs. He soon finds the machine he has created ready to turn and destroy him.

War-lords, militarists, dictators—call them what you will—are usually eaten by the tiger they have undertaken to ride.

The most brutal of the war-lords I knew in China was Chang Chung-chang. Let me tell you a story of a dinner party he gave one night in Peking.

The Foreign Office secretary raised his hand gracefully to his temple, so that the sleeve of his brocade jacket concealed one side of his face, and then whispered hurriedly:

‘I am afraid the General has received some bad news. Perhaps we had better make our excuses now and leave.’

I was ready to go, for the dinner party had degenerated into a drinking bout, and the shrilling of the sing-song girls got on my nerves.

General Chang Chung-chang had a girl on either knee as I approached to say good-bye. A third knelt in front of him filling his brandy glass.

I bowed in the accepted fashion and the General got unsteadily to his feet, spilling the sing-song girls on the floor.

He said something in the Shantung dialect and then turned and slapped the Foreign Office secretary on the back so hard the poor man nearly fell to the floor. The General laughed uproariously.

A Japanese major, one of the General's advisers, left the restaurant with us. I asked him to stop at my house, which was in an alley, picturesquely called the 'Watering the Elephants Street', in the Tartar City, for a nightcap.

'The General seemed a little irritated,' I remarked when Gin, my Number One boy, had brought us whisky-sodas.

The Major smiled. 'Yes,' he said. 'Chang Chung-chang is very angry. It is the newspapers. They are all in sympathy with the Revolution, and one of them, it seems, was going to print an editorial to-morrow morning denouncing Chang for something he did down in Tsinan-fu. The editorial, however, will not appear, for the editor who wrote it is to be shot at five o'clock this morning.'

I looked at my watch. It was 2 A.M.

'Could we see the execution?' I asked.

The Major thought it would be impossible, but when I insisted he agreed to go with me to the General's *yamen* (headquarters) and ask permission.

We got in our rickshaws. My puller, Wu, had formerly worked for the British Legation guard, and spoke English after a fashion. Like all his kind, he had a marvellous nose for news, and he was quick to tell me what had happened.

While we were at dinner an orderly attached to the censor's staff had sent Chang Chung-chang a proof-sheet of the offending editorial. The General was furious, and had ordered the editor to be shot at once.

We reached the *yamen* early, and strangely enough were given almost immediate permission to see the execution.

I imagine Chang thought that it would be a good lesson for me, a foreign journalist, to see how recalcitrant editors should be treated.

We sat down in the guard-room to wait. There was a small parade-ground outside, and soldiers kept going to and fro.

At 4.45 there was a blast of bugles, and a motor-car whirled into the compound. Chang Chung-chang and two of his staff officers got out. They went into the main room at the end of the courtyard, and we heard the clink of glasses.

An orderly came in and said: 'You will please come into the General's office.'

Chang, who had looked very drunk when he left the dinner party, seemed stone-sober now. He was laughing, and kept slapping his leg with a huge hand.

I sat nervously on a blackwood chair and wished I hadn't come. The Japanese Major sat beside me with no more expression than a stone.

A few minutes before five the bugles blew in the court, and we heard a detachment of infantrymen clump across the cobblestones.

Chang Chung-chang arose and strapped on his pistols.

We followed him through the gate and out into a cold wind blowing across the parade-ground.

The prisoner was brought out a moment later. He was a slim little man, in an ash-grey gown, and he shuffled uncertainly between two burly guards.

I had supposed he would be stood up and shot by a firing-squad, but the soldiers continued rigidly at attention, making a little lane to a wall where the prisoner was led.

The man's hands were tied behind his back. He was shivering.

The General walked up, looked at him, and then spun the man round with a blow on the head. The editor fell on his hands and knees and stayed there. I could hear him sobbing.

Chang Chung-chang looked at the figure a moment, then pulled a big Lueger pistol from its holster, pressed the muzzle

against the back of the man's head, and pulled the trigger. The man bounced in the air once, like a struck frog, and rolled over on his side. A great hole had been ripped in his face where the mushroomed bullet had come out. Chang Chung-chang kicked the body with his huge right foot, and spat on the earth.

He turned to us and laughed, a gusty roar that came from deep in his lungs. The Japanese Major tittered politely.

We followed Chang back into his office, and I was glad to take the big water-glass of raw brandy he poured for me.

I had seen many men killed in China, but I had never seen an execution so wantonly brutal.

Brutality was the way of Chang Chung-chang. It was the weapon he had used to fight his way up from wharf coolie to general and one of the strongest lieutenants of that super war-lord, Chang Tso-lin.

I lived in Peking through much of 1926 and 1927, and saw Chang frequently. Always he was the most callously brutal human I have ever encountered. The tales that were told of him were appalling.

While he was in Shantung, one of his associates told me, Chang Tso-lin sent him a detachment of some five hundred 'bandit soldiers' who had been captured and had to be got out of the North.

The Manchurian war-lord ordered that they be incorporated into Chang Chung-chang's army, and Chang agreed, although he knew the men would cause trouble. He disposed of them by marching them to a railway bridge over the Yellow river 'to do repair work' and then turning loose machine-gun fire from either end of the structure. The bandit soldiers, unarmed, were mowed down to the last man. Their corpses fell into the river.

The party at which the execution of the Chinese editor was ordered was my first meeting with Chang. He had asked Jimmy Butts of the *Chicago Daily News* and myself to dine with him because of some trifling courtesy we had done him (I believe Jimmy had sent him some pictures of himself from a Sunday newspaper magazine), and we had

accepted partly from curiosity and partly because we knew we would get an excellent dinner.

The party was in an old Chinese restaurant outside the Chien Men—one of the great gates in the inner city walls. The General sent one of his cars and a secretary to the Peking Club for us.

We were sitting on a veranda watching a tennis match when the car arrived. It was an imposing spectacle. Two soldiers, with carbines strapped to their backs and huge Lueger pistols at their waists, hung to either running-board. The chauffeur carried two pistols and a bayonet, and his assistant had a rifle across his knees. The assistant held his rifle with one hand and kept the other on the electric horn. He made noise enough to wake the dead.

Guests on the club veranda thought it was a military raid. Tennis players dropped their racquets and started for the dressing-rooms.

Jimmy and I went through the library towards the front entrance and were met by 'Ginger', the Number One boy, whose eyes were popping from his head.

'Chang Chung-chang has sent for you,' he said breathlessly, thinking we were being arrested. We told Ginger we were expecting the visit and that we were going to be the General's guests at dinner. The Number One was vastly relieved.

'Be very careful,' he said to me, as he handed me my hat, 'this person number one bad egg. Very wicked. He shoot anybody, any time, like that——' and Ginger snapped his fingers expressively.

The guards swung down and opened the door as we approached the car. The Foreign Office secretary, apparently appalled at the military display and flurried by the constant shrieking of the motor-horn, had not got out of the machine. He hardly said a word until we got to the restaurant. A well-bred Chinese of the old Imperial school, the vulgarity of the exhibition probably hurt him more than forty lashes.

Once out of the car, however, he perked up and chatted amiably with me in English.

'This restaurant is very famous,' he said, as we approached what appeared to be the back-door of a shabby-looking building in an alley. 'It is what we call a "Tang restaurant"—a place for ceremonial banquets.'

'The General has reserved the entire place in your honour. As is the custom, he will not come to the door to meet you, but will greet you in the banquet-room.'

The secretary explained that there are three classes of restaurants in Peking (which is noted throughout China as a city of gourmets): the Kuarn-tze, the Loh, and the Tang.

The Kuarn-tze are plain eating-houses where one may drop in unannounced and order what one wants. 'Pot-luck places, you would say in American,' the secretary explained.

The Loh restaurants are of a higher class, for more pretentious parties, and the Tang the highest of all—specializing in banquets which must be ordered two or three days in advance.

The unpretentious little place we were entering, the secretary explained, had been famous for fine food for centuries. Its weather-beaten signboard was done in the calligraphy of no less a personage than the great Emperor Kang-si.

'The Emperor was a lover of fish,' the secretary continued, 'and often sent here for dinner which was prepared and taken to his quarters in the Forbidden City.'

At the door we were greeted by the restaurant's two chief owners—the cashier and the cook. These two always are at the door of an old-style Peking restaurant, so that the cook may watch the cashier and see that all money taken in goes into the till; while the cashier keeps an eye on the cook to see that no food is wasted or stolen.

The secretary introduced us to the cook, explaining that, as chief of the kitchen and part-owner of the establishment, he was considered its most important person.

We then went through a narrow hallway and into a reception room, where Chang Chung-chang and a dozen of his staff officers were awaiting us.

Chang arose from his chair as we entered.

He was a huge man, nearly six feet six inches tall, with

shoulders as wide as a gate, legs like the trunks of oak-trees, a big barrel chest and tremendous red, ham-like hands which ended in great, blunt fingers, always slightly bent, as if ready to close on the hilt of a sword.

I knew that the General was a Shantung man, and that the Shantung coolies are among the biggest and strongest men of the world, but I had not been prepared for a figure so truly gigantic.

I am five-feet-six, and I felt like a pigmy beside him.

The General broke into a roaring guffaw as I looked up at him. 'He says you are as small as a Cantonese,' the secretary translated for me.

I replied that I worked with my head, not with my hands and back, and this sent the General into new gales of laughter.

'He advises you not to become a soldier,' the secretary said, 'because soldiers need to work not only with their heads but also with their hands, feet and backs. He says that he can command men because they know that if they disobey him he can take them in his bare hands and break them in two.'

Chang grinned and held out his two great paws.

I began to appreciate the warning I had received that Chang was wholly uncultured.

Preliminary to the dinner the servants brought the usual hot towels and dried, salted water-melon seeds, but not the usual cups of tea.

A dozen bottles of fiery, three-star brandy were brought out, opened with a great popping of corks, and poured into eight-ounce water-glasses.

Jimmy Butts looked at me and grinned.

'You're supposed to drink it all down at a gulp,' he said. 'The General will laugh at you if you don't.'

'Let him laugh and be damned,' I replied.

Chang did. In fact, he spent much of the rest of the evening inventing jokes about the 'little foreigners' who drank like women.

He emptied glass after glass of brandy himself as the meal progressed, and wolfed down bowl after bowl of food,

frequently ignoring his chop-sticks and using two fingers, which he wielded like the flippers of a seal, to push morsels into his mouth.

The Foreign Office secretary shuddered. He reminded me of a well-bred schoolboy suddenly appointed guardian to a Hans Christian Andersen ogre.

We had all the usual ceremonial foods—shark's fins, bird's-nest soup, and those smelly, mummified eggs which the Chinese preserve in lime that turns their interiors into a vile, black jelly—but Chang cared little for these delicacies. He went in for braised sheep's-tails, platters of ham and mutton, and bowls of sweet and sour pork. The man's capacity for food and drink was beyond belief.

The dinner, like most Chinese feasts, started at sunset and was supposed to continue so long as anyone was capable of remaining in his chair. Some of the younger Chinese had begun falling out of theirs before midnight, for they had to gulp full glasses of brandy every time the General proposed a toast—and Chang would toast anything from a sing-song girl's dimples to the head cook's preparation of Peking duck.

Butts had told me to save my capacity for the Peking duck. And when it came I was glad I had followed his advice.

We had been eating for two or three hours when the head cook appeared—the signal that the duck was to be prepared. He led us to his kitchen, exhibited the ducks—great fat fellows which had been plucked, cleaned, filled with meat-stock, and then sewed up.

The cook explained how he fattened the ducks. He bought them as ducklings, he said, put them in boxes with an opening through which they could thrust their heads, and then stuffed them three times daily with a sort of thick porridge made of meal, ground meat, and spices. Once a day they were put in little ponds for a few minutes of exercise.

The over-feeding caused an enlargement of the liver and a species of fatty degeneration which eventually produced an unbelievably big duck.

The stove in which the ducks were to be cooked was like a half-size, upright steam-engine. There was a fire-box at the

bottom, which the cook's assistants filled with a bundle of grass and faggots. The ducks were then put into the boiler and the fire lighted. The cook explained that the heat vapourized the meat-stock, and that the 'beautiful steam' penetrated throughout the fowl's body, giving it the peculiar flavour for which Peking duck is noted.

We went back to the dining-room, and the cook's assistants brought big braziers and pans of flour and millet paste from which they made huge pancakes. Other servants brought platters of young, green onions and of bean-and-nut paste.

The ducks were then brought in, accompanied by an expert with a short, incredibly sharp, curved knife. The man snipped pieces of meat, to each of which clung segments of the browned breast skin, and rapidly filled platter after platter with them.

Other helpers served us with the pancakes, on which we spread the sauce of bean-and-nut paste, three or four of the young onions, and bits of the duck meat.

The whole was rolled into a cylinder and eaten with the fingers.

I had trouble with my first cylinder. The sauce dripped and ran over my hands. The secretary showed me the necessity of leaving a margin at the bottom of the roll so that it could be doubled back to form a tight covering.

I could understand Chang Chung-chang's fondness for Peking duck. It is one of the rare dishes of this world.

I dined with Chang half a dozen times during the next year, and his performance was always the same—brandy by the quart and food by the bale.

Chang Tso-lin was driven out of Peking in June 1928, and Chang Chung-chang, who was not wanted in Manchuria, went back to his old stamping-grounds in Shantung. The Province was still controlled by the Japanese army, which had seized it during the World War, and the Japanese tolerated Chang because he had been useful. He stayed there until 1929, when the Japanese, under American pressure, withdrew. Then he was forced to flee to Dairen, in the Japanese Kwantung Leased Territory, and later to Japan.

He left his troops in Shantung under the command of one of his subordinates, Chu Yu-pu. Chu, like Chang, was cordially hated by the Shantung peasantry, and when Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists took Northern Shantung they chased Chu, who had disguised himself, into the countryside. The old bandit was finally caught by a village defence organization, tortured, and buried alive.

I was back in Tokyo in the early summer of 1929 when Chang Chung-chang arrived at the Imperial Hotel. He was in civilian clothing, and his manners had greatly improved. One story was that he had picked up an English woman for a concubine in his last months in Shantung and that she had done much to break the ex-coolie of savagery. Whether the story was true or not I could not learn, for Chang had abandoned all his wives—he had two or three dozen, and carried them with him on a special train during some of his campaigns—when he fled to Dairen.

Chang asked me to dinner in his rooms at the Imperial one evening—he was afraid of assassins, and would not appear in the public dining-rooms—and questioned me at length on Japan's attitude towards him and the possibility of the Japanese army re-occupying Shantung.

I could give him no information, for nobody in 1929 had the slightest idea what would happen next in the Orient, and shortly afterwards he went to a hot-springs resort at Beppu, in the island of Kyushu.

Our correspondent there reported his doings from time to time, how he had sent to Dairen for half a dozen of his wives and had added a couple of new ones to his collection, how he was pressed for money, and rumours of his efforts to get Japanese backing for a new expedition into Shantung, where he believed he could again muster enough of his old followers to gain control of at least a part of the province.

The most exciting of his adventures in Beppu was in early August, when the old war-lord shot and killed Hsien Kai-su, a young Manchu prince whose family had been high in the old Imperial Court at Peking.

Hsien, a student in the military academy near Tokyo, had

gone to Beppu for a holiday and had put up at an inn near the house where Chang and his family were staying. One day the Prince saw a beautiful young Chinese girl in the garden of Chang's house and addressed her courteously, in the correct Mandarin language of the old court. A romance developed, and Chang, who soon heard about it, was furious. He got out one of his Luegers and shot the young prince the first time the boy passed his house.

There was a great outcry, for Kai-su was the seventeenth son of old Prince Hsien, who had many Japanese friends, and Chang was arrested. His trial ended with a fine of twenty-five dollars. He swore he had killed Kai-su by accident while cleaning his pistol.

Chang Chung-chang went back to Shantung the next year and was assassinated on the railway station platform in Tsinan-fu, the provincial capital. One story was that his assassin was a cousin of the dead Kai-su.

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang was the most durable, least brutal, and in many ways the most interesting of the warlords. I met him first in Peking in 1925. He had captured the old capital the year before, after blandly double-crossing his ally, Wu Pei-fu, and had set out to make himself dictator of China. The story of the double-cross was to pursue Feng throughout his career and to make him widely distrusted.

Feng and Wu were at war with Chang Tso-lin, and while Wu battered away at the Manchurian lines near Shanhaikwan, Feng was in Jehol, north of the Great Wall, to prevent an overland movement by Chang's generals and generally to guard Wu's left flank.

Wu's version of the betrayal was that Feng suddenly abandoned him on October 23rd and marched into Peking with his Christian Kuominchun troops, which were among the best in China. Feng's story was that Wu intended to make himself dictator as soon as Chang Tso-lin had been defeated, and throw Feng in prison.

In any event Feng had the capital, where he imprisoned President Tsao Kun who belonged to Wu's Chihli Party, and he held it until the spring of 1926. Chang Tso-lin, who had

replenished his war-chest and reorganized his army with Japanese aid, chased him out at that time, and Feng was forced to flee to Siberia. He was well received by the Bolsheviks, and spent a year in Moscow. It was at this time that his hatred of Japan, which later was to be one of his dominant characteristics, was formed. The Russians saw in him an instrument which later might be useful.

Feng gave Peking a good administration—in fact, cleaned the streets, repaired the old Imperial government buildings, and kept remarkably good order. His soldiers, like their leader, were supposed to be Christians. They would march through the streets of Peking day and night bawling a song which was supposed to be a Chinese version of ‘Onward, Christian Soldiers’ (sceptics said the words often translated ‘Kill the foreign devils’).

Feng was converted to Christianity by an American missionary in Honan. Always an enthusiast, he decided that if the new faith was good for him it would be good for his men, so he marched them to a river, in columns of thousands, and personally supervised a whole series of mass baptisms. Missionaries were jubilant, and they saw to it that Feng and his wife—the Marshal married a Miss Li who had been a secretary of the Peking Young Women’s Christian Association—were widely and favourably advertised.

I did not see Feng again until after his return from Russia to resume command of his troops, and was curious to know when we met during one of the wars in Shantung Province if he had retained his religion during his stay among the Bolsheviks. At one of the press interviews I asked him. ‘Don’t I still look like a Christian?’ he asked. And that was the only answer I could get.

Feng came to Nanking in 1928, after Chiang Kai-shek had established the Kuomintang-Nationalist government there, and was eventually made Minister of War. He did not reign long, however, as he made no secret of his contempt for the corruption and extravagances of the civilian politicians of the Kuomintang. The politicians had prepared a tremendous mansion for his headquarters, but Feng spurned it.

‘What China needs,’ he said, ‘is a *régime* of work and frugality. The government should set the example.’

So Feng built a soldier’s hut, equipped it with an old chair and a table, and lived in it. The Cantonese—who were the dominant element in the government—were horrified, and the shocks were only beginning.

Feng made his official calls in a coarse cotton uniform which he wore in the field, and rode from ministry to ministry in an old army truck, sitting on a box beside his chauffeur.

A huge man—he was well over six feet, and weighed some seventeen stone—he delighted in insulting the ‘little men from the south’.

‘The southerners are not really Chinese,’ he said one day, when I had tea with him. ‘They have become corrupted from long association with foreigners. They are no more like us men of the north’—he smacked a pink cheek to call attention to his rosy complexion—‘than a river-cat is like a snow tiger.’

Feng was born in Anhwei Province, was graduated from the old military academy at Paoting-fu, and had spent all his life in the army. He had the typical soldier’s dislike of political methods.

‘The way to get anything done,’ he said, ‘is simply to do it. These politicians waste too much time wondering “what the people will say”. They spend all their time talking. I have my own plan for the improvement of the country, and I am going to submit it to the plenary session of the party which I am here to attend.’

‘First, I insist that we must work out a programme of popular education, like that I have effected in my army. Then we must divide the land so that every farmer will have enough to raise crops that will support his family.’

‘We must build houses, like those I have been building in Honan. I had my troops, while they were idle, construct more than eighteen hundred dwellings there, and I gave them to the people. They cost only a few hundred dollars each, but they gave people who had never known a home comfortable places in which to live.’

‘We must build at least a hundred thousand miles of railroads and complete the irrigation and water conservation projects I have started in the north-west; disband the great armies of troops which we no longer need, and put the soldiers to work on the public works projects I have in mind and teach them to be useful craftsmen.’

Feng rambled on and on. He achieved a complete theoretical renovation of China in an hour of conversation.

I told some of the Cantonese politicians about our talk at a dinner that evening. They merely smiled.

A few months later Feng left Nanking in disgust and joined with Yen Hsi-shan in declaring a revolt and again seizing Peking. He was chased out after a time, went into retreat at Tai Shan (the sacred mountain in Shantung), and then, in May 1933, appeared in Kalgan and seized control of Chahar, which was threatened by the Japanese. He was soon chased out and again went back to Shantung, where his former subordinate, General Han Fu-chu, gave him refuge, and has bobbed in and out of the perpetual turmoil of China ever since.

CHAPTER IX

CHANG TSO-LIN

CHANG TSO-LIN was the greatest of the war lords. A tiny, suave little man, his strength came not only from his ability but from the geographical position of his territory—the 'Three Eastern Provinces' of old China, known to the Western world as Manchuria, and now the empire of Emperor Kang Teh of Manchukuo.

Chang was a minor brigand at the start of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05, and was employed by the Japanese as a scout and guerrilla. His reward, when the war was won by Nippon, was the overlordship of Manchuria.

The Portsmouth Treaty, it will be recalled, preserved Manchuria for China, but awarded Japan rights which resulted in her obtaining a ninety-nine-year lease on the southern tip of the country: the present Kwantung Leased Territory, which includes the great port of Dairen and the old Russian 'Gibraltar of the East', Port Arthur. Japan also obtained the railway which bisects southern and central Manchuria from Dairen to the old town of Changchun, which is now the modern Hsinking, capital of Manchukuo.

Japan modernized this railway, named it the South Manchuria, and made it her great instrument of economic penetration. She invested more than two billion yen in it and related properties, and more than a million subjects of the Nipponese Emperor flocked into the great Manchu plain during the next twenty years.

To protect this stake Japan needed not only her Kwantung, or North Asian army, but also a friendly Chinese ruler. The man her leaders picked for the job was Chang Tso-lin. He held it for a quarter of a century until he was killed in

June 1929, when a train on which he was fleeing back to Mukden from Peking was bombed as it passed through a cut under the tracks of the South Manchuria lines.

I interviewed Chang a dozen times, and had to follow his career closely during all the decade I was in the Far East. He impressed me as an able man, but he had that weakness of all dictators: an insatiable desire to keep expanding his territory and increasing his power.

The Great Wall is the boundary between China and Manchuria. So long as Chang stayed north of it, as the more conservative of his Japanese advisers urged him to do, he was strong and safe. When he went south of it his troubles began.

Chang's first foray inside the Wall after I got to the Orient was a war with Wu Pei-fu, at that time head of Chihli Province. The fighting was going in Chang's favour until one of his chief generals, Kuo Sung-ling, revolted in 1925, and marched on Mukden.

The Old Marshal was caught with only a handful of troops to defend him. There was heavy fighting around the native city, and the rumour went that Chang was preparing to flee. I hurried to Japanese military headquarters, in the South Manchuria Railway zone, to try to verify the report.

'We think Chang will remain in the native city,' the Japanese commander said. 'We understand he is receiving reinforcements.'

Chang did remain, and he defeated and captured Kuo Sung-ling. His reinforcements, it was reported, were furnished by the Japanese army.

Chang took revenge on Kuo by chopping off the traitor's head and that of his wife. The bodies were laid on a mat in the public square in Mukden for all to see. As a sop to those of squeamish heart, Chang had allowed Kuo's relatives to sew the severed heads back on the bodies so that the Kuos might enter the next world in one piece.

Chinese have a mortal horror of losing any part of their bodies. Some even save the parings of their nails to be buried with them.

When order had been restored in Mukden, Matheson and I went to see Chang in the hideous old grey-brick foreign-style castle which was his headquarters in the native walled city. He received us, sitting on a sort of throne, flanked by two huge stuffed Manchurian tigers.

Chang was a good showman, and like many dictators had a natural knowledge of psychology. He already had an ambition to become Emperor of China, and Matheson and I came away inclined to the opinion he might succeed, since the Japanese appeared to be willing to help him at a pinch.

The Old Marshal did not get down to Peking, however, until after the siege of Nankou Pass, which I have described, and which finally was won by Mongol cavalry under command of old Governor Wu of Hailar. Wu and his Mongols rode overland nearly a thousand miles, in the style of Ghenghis Khan, fell on Feng Yu-hsiang from the rear, and sent the doughty Christian General and his Kuominchun troops into temporary retirement in Kalgan.

Chang's son, the 'Young Marshal', Chang Hsueh-liang, was given credit for the Nankou victory, and when he had consolidated his position in Peking his father sent him into Northern Honan Province to establish a defence line which could be held against the Kuomintang Nationalists, who had just captured Hankow.

I spent a fortnight with the Young Marshal on this expedition. It was a fortnight of disaster for Manchurian arms.

To begin with, Chang Hsueh-liang fell ill with influenza and should have gone to bed as American doctors from the Peking Union Medical College advised him to do. But his father would not permit it.

The old man felt young Chang was inclined to be timid and a weakling. He hounded the boy with daily messages berating him for complaining, and ordering him to keep on the job no matter how badly he might feel.

Chinese doctors finally gave the youth relief by prescribing opium pills, which gave him the drug habit and eventually forced him to go to Germany for a cure.

The next disaster was a peasant organization known as the 'Red Spears'. The Honan farmers had had enough of war, and at the instigation of Kuomintang propagandists, formed a defence organization which caused the Manchurian army more and more trouble the farther it advanced.

Red Spearsmen sifted through the lines at night and slaughtered hundreds of the Manchu infantrymen in surprise raids. Wells were poisoned, food supplies burned, and bridges and roads destroyed. A trainload of new aeroplanes, which for some reason had been shipped to field headquarters from Mukden instead of being flown down, was wrecked.

Finally the whole campaign had to be called off, and Chang Hsueh-liang was sent back to Manchuria in temporary disgrace, while his father took over full control of affairs on the southern front.

Chang Tso-lin established headquarters in an old *yamen* in Peking, brought down a number of his best troops and diplomatic advisers, and sent formal word to the foreign Legations that he was in North China to stay and intended to crush the Communist Kuomintang Nationalists or die trying.

The Legations welcomed him.

Most of the diplomats felt that the Kuomintang was entirely in the hands of the Soviet Russians, and that Borodin's dream of a Communist China was nearing reality.

The British, against whom the Nationalists had been enforcing a boycott that had all but ruined the rich Crown Colony of Hong Kong, which had resulted in riotous attacks on the British settlements in Hankow, Kiu-kiang and other cities that the Nationalists had occupied, took the lead in encouraging Chang Tso-lin.

They called attention to the fact that the Russian Embassy was still in Peking, and that it undoubtedly was one of the chief centres of Communist intrigue.

Lev Karakhan, later to be Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs in Moscow, was the ambassador. He was a suave, astute Bolshevik, said to be of Armenian descent, and for a long time he kept his flag flying. Chang's threats, and the

pressure of the powers, were in the end too much for him, however, and he left on 'home leave'.

A few days later Chang Tso-lin raided the Embassy, which was within a stone's-throw of the United States, British, Japanese, and French Legations.

The action was unprecedented.

To appreciate Chang's audacity one must remember that the 'Legation Quarter' is a city to itself—a great walled enclosure in the centre of Peking, opposite the old Forbidden City—and has its own police force and municipal administration. It was set aside for the foreign diplomatic missions after the Boxer siege of 1900, and, to the Chinese, was as sacrosanct as a holy of holies.

But Chang Tso-lin sent his police and soldiers in, occupied the whole of the big Russian Embassy compound, seized every Chinese he found in it, and confiscated car-loads of Communist banners and hand-bills.

A weakish sort of protest was made by the doyen of the *corps diplomatique* (although I believe the Ministers secretly welcomed the raid, and knew in advance that it was planned), but Chang blandly justified his action by reminding the diplomats that Russia had voluntarily relinquished all her special privileges when the Bolsheviks obtained Chinese recognition for their Socialist-Soviet State.

In any event, Chang held the Chinese and Russian Communists he had captured in the Legation Compound, and announced that the Chinese, at least, would be executed summarily and that the Russians would have to face trial.

Randall Gould was our chief correspondent in Peking, and covered the raid and the arrests brilliantly. He was the only correspondent in Peking who had maintained contact with the Soviet Embassy—it meant virtual social ostracism for any European even to be seen near the place—and had got the first tip when Chang Tso-lin's men broke in at mid-day.

I arrived in Peking a few days after the raid to find the capital in ferment. The whole European colony, following the lead of the Diplomatic Corps, was violently anti-Russian, anti-Communist, and anti-Kuomintang.

There was only one side to the story, so far as the diplomats were concerned: Chang Tso-lin, bad as he was, must save China from Bolshevism.

I had been in town only a few hours when I knew that my mission was to be a difficult one. I had come over from Tokyo in an effort to adjust a quarrel between our office and the spokesman of the United States Legation, a quarrel that had resulted in the barring of our correspondent from the Legation's daily press conference at which news from American consulates and agents in the interior was given to the press.

The cause of the trouble, I found, was largely the fact that our office had been covering the Russian Embassy and had insisted on reporting the activities of two American journalists, Mrs Mildred Bremler Mitchell and Wilbur Burton, who were suspected of being agents of the Kuomintang.

Mrs Mitchell, who was widely known as 'Milly Bennet', had been employed by a small Chinese news agency. Burton had recently arrived in Peking from Shanghai, presumably looking for work.

To get the atmosphere of Peking—later to be re-named Peiping when it fell to the Revolutionists after the Russians had been ousted by Chiang Kai-shek—one must get a picture of the problems which foreigners in China faced at the time.

The Revolution was dominated by Soviet Russia, and its leaders were pledged to a programme of repudiation of the chief treaties the powers had signed with all the Chinese governments of the past. It is upon these treaties that the whole vast structure of foreign business in China rests: the foreign-owned oil companies, which supply paraffin for the lamps of China's countless millions and fuel-oil for the ships which ply in China waters; the foreign-owned railways, which included nearly all the trackage in China; the steamship lines, which carry Cathay's tremendous coastwise and river commerce; the tobacco companies; the trading companies; the telephone and electrical companies, and practically everything else that is modern in that ancient land.



Marshal Chang Tso-lin

Repudiation of treaties was the war-cry of the Revolution. Preservation of the treaties was the task of the diplomats.

It was natural, hence, that the *corps diplomatique* should hate Soviet Russia and all its works, and that the Ministers should support Chang Tso-lin because of his pledge to uphold the contracts on which foreign business rested.

And it was natural that Britain should take the lead in an undercover effort to oust the Russians, and either break the Revolution or gain control of it, for Britain has by far the largest trade-stake in China. The United States' stake was, and is, considerable, but it was a drop in the bucket compared to that of John Bull, who had already suffered gravely in Canton and in the Yangtse Valley, most of which had fallen under revolutionary control.

Russia was aiming the whole Revolution at England, knowing well that a new scape-goat could be found once 'Perfidious Albion' was ousted.

All who opposed the Revolution, in the language of its sponsors, were 'running dogs of British Imperialism'. Every foreigner in China, where the foreign groups are tight little communities by themselves, had to take sides. One had to be against the Revolution or for it. There was no neutral ground.

The personal sympathies of the personnel of the United States Legation, so far as I could learn, were with the enemies of the revolt. Our diplomats may have sympathized with the Revolution in principle, but in practice they knew that its success, on the pro-Soviet lines upon which it then was organized, would ruin American trade in China.

Our chief correspondent, an independent soul, trained in the extreme objectivity which good Press Association reporting requires, refused to take sides or express any sympathy with either the Revolutionists or Chang Tso-lin. He insisted that he was interested only in reporting what happened, and that he intended to do just that, let the chips fall where they might.

The Legation was grieved at his attitude.

Things came to a head on April 5th. Mrs Mitchell tele-

phoned our office from her rooms in the Hotel du Nord, a small German hostelry on the big street called Hatamen, near the Hata Gate to the inner city walls, and said she was under arrest and needed help. Our correspondent hurried to the hotel and found the girl and Burton in the hands of the Chinese police.

Now, Americans in China are not subject to Chinese law. Under the treaties the United States, like most of the other great Powers, insists that its own laws must extend to China in so far as its nationals are concerned, and that if an American gets into trouble he must be tried in an American court. The practice is known as 'consular jurisdiction', or 'extra-territoriality'. It was invented in the early days of penetration of the 'backward nations' by the more powerful industrial countries of the Occident, to protect those pioneer traders who braved such horrors as the Boxer Rising to carry the benefits of paraffin lamps and steam railways to benighted peoples who had managed to exist for thousands of years with nothing better than candles and donkey carts.

Knowing all this background of American rights and privileges, our correspondent, after cabling the story of the arrests to our offices in London and New York, reported the affair to the Legation. He was surprised when the spokesman told him the Legation intended to have nothing whatever to do with the case, and he reported the matter to our newspapers. Then, at the request of his imprisoned compatriots, he gave what information he had to an American law firm in Tientsin.

Things moved rapidly as soon as the story got into print. The State Department cabled the Legation that Americans must be protected, whether they were suspected of Communist sympathies or not, and that the Legation was to follow the usual procedure and demand that the Chinese police prefer charges and turn over the prisoners to American consular authorities for trial.

The Legation tarried, and the Americans stayed in what the Chinese chose to call 'protective custody'.

Our office kept cabling the story from day to day, and our

chief correspondent, in visiting the prisoners one day, had his brief-case seized by the Chinese police. He asked the Legation to help him get it back. The Legation refused. I imagine some hard words were passed by both sides, and the Legation ended by barring our man from its daily press conference and access to its news. It was then that the incident was reported to me in Tokyo.

When I arrived in Peking we had hired an additional reporter, who was *persona grata* to the Legation, but I felt it necessary to ask that our chief correspondent be reinstated, since no proof could be offered that he had done anything a good newspaperman would not do. If he was not, I said I would cable a report on the case to New York and ask that it be submitted to the State Department for a decision. I knew the Department was not likely to uphold the Legation, since, technically at least, it was in the wrong. I believed the Legation would have to yield.

The American minister was John Van Antwerp MacMurray, one of the best of our career diplomats, and a life-long student of China. He was not in the city when the dispute with our office arose, and I knew that he would not like to be dragged into it.

I had no choice, however, and telephoned the Minister for an appointment.

He asked me to luncheon, and over a shaker of excellent Martinis, which he insisted on mixing himself—an unheard-of thing in China, where one had a separate servant for everything from the baby to the goldfish—we settled the matter amicably.

Our correspondent was to be reinstated immediately into the press conference and given full access to all news the Legation might make public.

The incident is worth mentioning only because it shows the extreme hysteria which prevailed in Peking at the time. Men were threatened with expulsion from the Peking Club merely for suggesting that there might be some good in the Revolution, and that possibly not all the stories told about the Soviet Russians were true.

The fact that Russia had not severed diplomatic relations with China and had kept her raided embassy open, with a *chargé d'affaires* in the chancery, was taken as proof that Soviet intrigue in Peking was continuing.

The Soviet position, of course, was that the real government of China was the Revolutionary *régime* in Hankow, which was preparing to march on Peking at any moment.

The chief of an American diplomatic mission has always a most difficult post. He has, first, to deal with his countrymen, who, reared in the best American tradition of 'don't-give-a-damn' independence, seem always to be getting into trouble and demanding aid; and second, with a score of hungry foreign nations all of which are certain that Uncle Sam is the great milk-sop of the world.

He has to entertain visiting plough-makers and dirt farmers, to listen politely to unending criticism of the country to which he is accredited, and to suffer in high collar and silk hat at scores of functions which do not interest him and can be of little importance to his country. He must make endless speeches, in none of which he dare to say much, and he must eat tons of rich food he does not want at the round of diplomatic dinners and state functions which crowd the winter in every capital.

Mr MacMurray bore all these trials patiently, and time had proved that his analysis of the Chinese Revolution was more right than wrong; yet, at the time, he had to follow orders from a home government which was deeply in sympathy with the theory of the Revolution, and which refused to believe anything of its realities.

It was not until Shanghai was threatened and Nanking was attacked that Washington sent troops to the spot, and by that time it had been decided that our Minister to China should be removed. Admiral Mark L. Bristol, former High Commissioner to Turkey, was put in command of the Asiatic Fleet and given virtual charge of diplomatic affairs.

Bristol was a realist, in sympathy with the larger aims of the Revolutionists, but suspicious of their Russian advisers. He played a lone hand in China, and did good work.

General Smedley D. Butler was sent out to command our Marines. He was popular with the Chinese, and spent his time building roads, teaching the Chinese sanitation, and avoiding politics. He, too, made friends for the United States in China.

Later Nelson T. Johnson, an old China hand who spoke the language like a native, was sent to take over the Legation, which subsequently was elevated to an Embassy, and completed the work his predecessors had started.

Johnson shocked the whole *corps diplomatique* when he first arrived. He was a bachelor, frankly preferred the society of Chinese to that of foreigners—a fact that, in itself, constituted the rankest heresy—smoked cheap native cigarettes, and rode in a jinricksha.

It took the *corps diplomatique* more than a year to become accustomed to him. When it did accept him, however, it agreed that he was the ablest diplomat in China.

Through the years the Japanese had usually the best diplomatic representation in Peking. Tokyo considered the post one of the three most important in its foreign service, and it sent its best men there. It was the first of the Great Powers to admit the reality of the Revolution and to move its ambassador to Nanking and Shanghai.

Kenkichi Yoshizawa was minister during my first years in the Far East. He was a charming host, a keen observer, and had the advantage of a large staff and more consular representatives throughout the country than any other Power. I soon learned, when in Peking, to go to the Japanese when I could not get information elsewhere. If their diplomats did not have it, their military representatives did. Their military attaché always was a senior general, rather than the rank of major like most of the other Powers, and he had dozens of assistants, as well as an intelligence service which covered every village of every province in China.

One day in 1926 Yoshizawa asked me to a luncheon he was giving in honour of a visiting American Congressman—a member of the House from one of the Southern States. He had met the man during his years in Washington, and the

legislator had called when he arrived in Peking on a world tour.

There were a number of guests, and the luncheon proceeded pleasantly until somebody brought up the question of the Washington Naval Treaty.

Our Congressman scowled, pointed a finger at Yoshizawa, and said:

‘I was greatly shocked while in Japan to note that your country is building submarines in violation of the limitation agreement.’

Yoshizawa knew, of course, that the limitation agreement said nothing about submarines, but he passed the remark with what I have always thought was a perfect example of the diplomatic retort:

‘I am greatly shocked to hear that,’ he said. ‘It is most unfortunate. If we have violated the treaty I can promise you that your representations will result in an immediate correction of our policy. I pledge you that if we are building illegal submarines the construction will be stopped at once.’

Our Congressman beamed. I suppose he never knew that all the guests were holding napkins to their faces to conceal their titters.

I stayed on after the guests had left, and mentioned the matter to Yoshizawa. He did not smile. ‘One can’t expect everybody to keep up on the details of these treaties,’ he said.

Even the vagaries of Chang Tso-lin never ruffled Yoshizawa.

A few days after our troubles with the American Legation had been settled I met a chap in Legation Street who was in the employ of the Salt Tax Office.

‘Here’s a news tip for what it may be worth,’ he said. ‘One of our Chinese just told me he had heard that the Chinese Communists who were seized in the Soviet Embassy raid are going to be executed secretly this evening.’

I thanked him, and hurried to see Goro Kagoshima, a Japanese news agency correspondent who had better connections with Chang Tso-ling than any other newspaperman in Peking.

Kagoshima doubted that the report was correct, but said he would look into it.

Later in the afternoon he telephoned me.

'That tip you had was correct,' he said, 'and if you would like to see the executions I can get you in. They will be rather interesting, as the prisoners are to be strangled'—(rather than shot, or beheaded, as was the custom).

We drove out to a military prison shortly before sunset.

The executions had already started. A prisoner was being taken to the strangling-post as we entered. He was little more than a boy, a university student who had been working as an 'underground agent' for the Revolution. A soldier dragged him up to the post, pulled his hands behind his back and around the post, and strapped them. A noose of braided leather was put around the prisoner's neck, and its ends slipped through holes in the post and fastened to a wheel, which was so arranged that when it was turned the noose tightened gradually across the prisoner's throat.

A clerk brought out a paper, read the prisoner's name and the charge, and shouted: 'Do you confess?' The prisoner said nothing.

A soldier turned the wheel and the noose was tightened until the prisoner's eyes popped and his face turned purple. The noose was then loosened, and the prisoner revived.

This torture was continued three times before the prisoner screamed hysterically.

'Confessed', the clerk noted opposite the prisoner's name.

Next time the noose was held tight until the Communist was dead.

I did not remain to see the rest of the executions.

Strangulation was supposed to be a 'refined' method of killing, but to me it seemed more horrible than the headsmen's sword. I can still hear the dry gasps of the dying man each time he fought for breath when the noose was loosened. His parents, however, were probably happy that his body was whole when they received it for burial.

CHAPTER X
FOOL'S GOLD

SCORES of foreign adventurers attached themselves to many of the Chinese war-lords, and like their masters', these men's lives were interesting rather than profitable. Few of them got out of China with any money. Many are buried there.

One of the most amusing of the army of them that I knew we will call Manny Finkelstein. He was a Russian Jew who had come to the United States as a youth, after doing service in the Russian Tsarist Army, and had got a Captain's commission in our infantry during the World War. He served for a time in France, and in 1917 went to Siberia with the expensive army we sent on that futile international expedition which was designed simultaneously to save Asiatic Russia from the Bolsheviks and the Japanese.

Manny was a gun-runner in the Yangtse Valley when I first met him, making a good living smuggling in machine-guns and automatic pistols which he sold to agents of the warring factions in Szechuan Province. He was ambitious, and when Wu Pei-fu came into power as head of the Chihli Faction in the North, Manny left for Peking and got a job as one of Wu's military advisers.

His chief duty was that of purchasing agent for British and American goods—guns—which had to be bought clandestinely because of the international embargo on arms sales to China—motor-cars and lorries, road-building equipment, hospital supplies, field-glasses, and other materials.

The Jew was thoroughly Chinese in his conception of 'squeeze'. He got a personal commission of not less than ten per cent on everything he bought, and frequently in-

creased this by insisting on the prepayment of other commissions to mysterious officials whose hands had to be 'greased' before a sale could go through.

The 'squeeze' was paid by the seller, who added the cost to his sales price. Thus a five-gallon tin of petrol, which might be offered retail in the Tientsin market at two or three dollars, frequently arrived in Wu's headquarters outside Peking invoiced at ten or fifteen dollars. The difference went to Manny and those above him. It was one of the reasons why Wu and all the other lords of war had to increase taxes continually.

Manny was high in Wu's esteem during the siege of Nankou Pass—the great opening in the mountain wall northwest of Peking which leads to the uplands of Mongolia.

Feng Yu-hsiang had been in control of Peking but had been chased out by Wu, who had formed a coalition with Chang Tso-lin. Wu and Chang had been fighting each other a year before, but Feng had double-crossed them both and seized Peking for himself. He left the old capital pretty well stripped when he retreated to Nankou, and all Wu's officers, who had expected at least a legitimate amount of loot, took this as a personal insult and attacked Feng in Nankou with great vigour.

I had come over to cover the war and check up our Peking office, which had suffered, along with all other business, during Feng's occupation. I met Manny in the Peking Hotel.

'How's business?' I asked.

'Rotten. Feng carried away everything but the Forbidden City.'

'Well,' I remarked, 'that's where most of the treasure is.'

The remark seemed to strike Manny as eminently sensible, but after he had thought a few minutes, he shook his head.

'No,' he said, 'that would never do. There'd be hell to pay all over China if anybody tried to loot the old treasure houses in there . . .' He waved a hand towards the shining roofs of the great compound where China's emperors had lived for centuries.

A few days later, however, Manny asked me if I would like to buy some 'tribute' silk, cheap.

'Tribute' silk I knew was to be had only from the storehouses of the Forbidden City. There were great stores of it there—huge, lustrous bolts which had been brought as presents to the Imperial Court from vassal provinces in the days before the Republic.

I asked to see some of the silk, and remarked that it ought to find a ready market in the United States. We talked about the matter again from time to time, and one day, after I had happened to meet a Japanese buyer representing a company worth many millions of yen, I told Manny that I thought I had found him a customer.

I refused to give the prospective buyer's name, but offered Manny a bargain.

'If you'll get me into the storehouses of "the City" with you,' I said, 'so that I can assure my friend you've really got something to sell, I'll introduce you to him, and the rest will be up to you.'

Manny agreed.

That evening, at the cocktail hour, he appeared with one of the most repulsive Chinese I had ever seen—a big, raw-boned man, with an enormous scar across his deeply pock-marked face.

The scar, I learned later, was the result of a Mohammedan sabre-slash. It extended from the man's left temple, across his left eye and his nose, and down to the lower end of his right jaw.

The left eye had been severed and had not healed. The socket was covered by a black patch under which was a piece of dirty gauze. Watery pus oozed from under the bandage every few minutes. The man—he wore a cheap, long, black gown—mopped it off with his sleeve.

The nose was askew. It pointed vaguely towards the man's right ear, and the passages apparently were stopped, for the man wheezed violently as he breathed.

Manny introduced the Chinese as General Ting, his immediate superior in the Service of Supply.

We ordered cocktails and got down to business.

The General explained that, because of the urgent need for funds, it had been decided to sell a few of the Imperial treasures. He wanted to be very sure I really had a buyer before he went further with the matter.

I named the Japanese I knew and the company he represented. It was at that time the greatest Oriental curio firm in the world, with a capital of well over one hundred million yen, or fifty million dollars in United States currency.

The General was satisfied.

'Manny will take you into the City at midnight,' he said. 'One of my staff officers will meet you at a certain place and will pass you through the guard. Needless to say, you will mention the matter to no one.'

I spent the early evening with Manny at a roof-garden picture-house, and then went with him to a brothel in the Tartar City, where we picked up the General's *aide*, took rickshaws, and then, at a street corner near the Hata Gate, transferred to a military motor-car. The car entered the Forbidden City through a little-used rear gate.

We walked for a mile or more, past the abandoned quarters of the Imperial concubines and the eunuchs, and were eventually ushered into a great, temple-like building, filled with some of the most valuable art treasures in the world.

There were jade bowls and ornaments worth thousands of dollars each, bronzes more than three thousand years old, rhinoceros horn wine-cups made before the days of Ghenghis Khan, screens, tapestries, brocades, furs—thousands of articles thrown about in confusion.

Manny explained that the things were being catalogued.

Later we went into the silk warehouses, where, in huge lacquer chests, were thousands of round bolts of silk and tapestries.

The General's *aide* gave me four bolts of silk as 'cumsha'—a present—as I departed.

I introduced Manny to the Japanese the next day, and I suppose a deal was made, although Manny would not talk

about it. He probably thought I should want more 'squeeze'.

The war was going badly for Wu Pei-fu. He had thrown his best troops into a frontal attack against Feng's entrenched positions along a stream that runs down through the Nankou Pass, but they had been repulsed time and again.

The cannon boomed all night. We could hear them clearly on the roof of the Peking Hotel, where the foreign colony gathered nightly to dine and dance, and occasionally we imagined we could see the powder flash from the muzzles.

I made frequent trips to the front. It was apparent that Feng's machine-gun nests were causing most of the trouble. His trench system extended in a great zig-zag line across the semi-wooded lowland, fronting the pass, and bristled with well-built concrete pill-boxes, each housing new German machine-guns that mowed down Wu's men every time they followed up an artillery barrage.

Chang Tso-lin finally sent his son, the Young Marshal, down from Mukden, and gave him command. But the war did not improve. Young Chang lived in the Peking Hotel, and went to war promptly at six each morning, returning as promptly at six in the evening to dine and dance until eleven. He brought down more artillery and aeroplanes, but still Feng held the pass.

Manny was worried.

Wu Pei-fu, he knew, had lost face, and was preparing to retreat to the west. Manny had not been paid his salary for months.

He talked to me about it every day, and wanted me to approach the Young Marshal, with whom I often dined, to see if he would not guarantee the debt. I told him young Chang would probably throw him into jail because of his notorious reputation for 'squeeze'.

One Sunday morning Manny telephoned me that Wu had promised, without fail, to pay him that day. He wanted me to go with him on a petrol-car to a railway siding, some fifteen miles outside the city, where Wu was making his headquarters.

We set out after breakfast and found Wu in a passenger-train observation coach. After we had had tea and chatted for a time, an *aide* came in and told Manny his 'package' was ready.

Package it was: two big bundles wrapped in newspapers. Manny took one bundle and asked me to carry the other.

When we were back on the petrol-car and *en route* for Peking, Manny tore the wrapper on his bundle to see if it really contained money. It did. Dozens of packets of brand-new five-dollar bills!

Manny almost expired of fear before we got back to Peking. He thought the soldiers on the car would rob him.

Arrived at the hotel, we hurried to his room and tore open the bundles. Each of the notes read: 'China Tea and Communications Bank'.

'You ever hear of it?' Manny asked. I hadn't.

'I'll bet that old devil has double-crossed me,' Manny moaned. 'I'll bet the money's all worthless.'

I suggested that the money certainly ought to be good in Peking so long as Wu still was nominal second-in-command of the city.

'Why don't you spend it right now?' I asked. 'You could gather all the boys in town and give us a big party to-night at the Russian Cabaret. You could pay your hotel bill and buy a lot of curios. Get rid of it quickly, and then refer any complaints to Wu.'

Manny thought my idea a good one, and left it to me to arrange the party in the Russian Cabaret.

I invited all the Americans I knew in Peking, and we had a glorious spree until dawn with cases of champagne and caviare.

Manny paid all his overdue bills, bought presents for the cabaret girls, and purchased every piece of good jade he could find without haggling over the price.

I was asleep late next morning when he telephoned from the branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank.

'My God, Vaughn,' he moaned, 'that money was all

good! I have just brought what was left to the bank. To think what I spent, and to think I paid all these robbers what I owed them!

Manny was in jail in Shanghai when I last heard of him, convicted of smuggling pistols.

One of the few successful foreign adventurers I knew was an American lawyer in Shanghai. His practice was in the old Mixed Court, and he was prosperous until the Chinese succeeded in having it abolished. Then he began dealing with a syndicate of Italian gun-runners.

The Italians at that time were bringing in all kinds of guns, even small cannon. One story was that many of the weapons were brought in on Italian destroyers.

The Chinese, who had often been cheated, usually refused to make payment to the gun-runners direct. The practice was to agree on a middle-man who was trusted by both sides. After sample guns had been tested and a shipment agreed upon, the Chinese would post a certified cheque with the go-between, who was pledged to give it to the gun-runners after the cargo had been delivered and found to be up to specifications.

That was where my lawyer friend came in. He was a middle-man, and got a small commission on every deal.

In the end he cashed a certified cheque for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and disappeared with the money, leaving a gang of very irate gun-runners and a furious Chinese war-lord to search for him.

A year later he turned up in the United States as the trusted employee of a bank. He had not even bothered to change his name.

A tragic figure among the American military adventurers in China we will call General Linehart, which was not his name.

I met Linehart first in South America, where he had been a machine-gun instructor for one of the revolutionary factions. He was a tall, lean, dark-haired chap from the Carolinas, with a tar-heel drawl, and he boasted that he could make a machine-gun, one that would shoot, from anything.

'Give me an old automobile, a Sears-Roebuck catalogue, a monkey-wrench, and a pair of pliers, and I'll make you a machine-gun that will stop an army,' he said.

The statement was almost true.

He was in the employ of Chang Tso-lin when I met him in Mukden after the revolt of Kuo Sung-ling in 1925.

Chang was building up his big Mukden arsenal (he was to make it one of the largest in the world), and had employed Linehart as machine-gun expert and instructor.

'I guess I must have killed a hundred thousand Chinese, indirectly,' Linehart said. 'At least, I made machine-guns and taught our boys to shoot them. After every battle one of my "boys" would send me a message assuring me they had killed ten thousand of the enemy.'

Linehart got a good salary, had his quarters and living furnished, and was eminently contented during his first years with Chang. But eventually he learned about 'squeeze', and that was his ruin.

A group of Americans sold an arsenal to the Kuomintang early in the Revolution and delivered it, as per contract, free on board barges in the Pearl river. By the time it reached Canton the General who had ordered it had lost his job, and the new commander had no use for the machines, preferring to buy new equipment which would offer him new 'squeeze'.

So the deposit payment was forfeited, and the entire arsenal was left in the hands of the American sellers.

Chiang Kai-shek's northern expedition of 1926 was on the horizon, and the Americans knew that Chang Tso-lin, sooner or later, would be involved. They sent an emissary to Mukden to sell the layout to Chang. He did, and the Manchurian war-lord made a deposit payment of some three hundred thousand silver yuan—at that time about two hundred thousand dollars in United States money.

The contract read that delivery would be f.o.b. barges in the Pearl river, off Canton.

Chang's American political adviser approved it, an act that was to cost him his job and nearly his neck. For the American

salesman, anxious to make a quick clean-up and go home, hit on a clever scheme.

He returned to Canton, told the Soviet advisers of the Kuomintang what he had done, and suggested that if they would buy the arsenal a second time there would be additional 'squeeze' all along the line; Chang would be dealt a severe financial blow, and Canton would get equipment that was needed for the northern expedition.

He warned the Russians they need not try to confiscate the barges without his consent, because he had told a British group in Hong Kong of the deal, which could get the protection of British warships in a minute.

British distrust of Canton being unlimited, the Russians knew he was telling the truth. So a third sale was made, with a new deposit payment.

Then Chang was notified to send ships to take delivery of the cargo. He did, only to find it had been seized by the Kuomintang on the grounds that it was war *matériel* designed for the enemy.

Chang blustered and stormed. He had no navy to seize the equipment. He could not bring suit in the United States Court, for since China, the sellers technically, had lived up to their contract, there was nothing he could do except discharge his United States adviser with a warning that if he ever came to Manchuria again he would chop off his head.

The Cantonese got the arsenal, and the American, who had sold it thrice and got paid each time, retired home to live on the proceeds. •

Linehart, as did everybody else, heard all about the deal, and later told me in the Mukden Club that it caused him to decide to go in for 'squeeze' himself. He had control of purchases for a part of the arsenal, and the procedure was easy. He had only to let it be known, through a go-between, that he was ready to take commissions. They were offered on all sides.

Unfortunately, however, Linehart was naturally honest, and insisted on getting the type of material he had ordered. This irritated some of the Japanese who were selling to him,

and it was not long before Chang called his 'American General' on the carpet.

Linehart came to Japan immediately after the interview.

'The old man threatened to cut my heart out,' he told me. 'I'll have to lay low here until the storm blows over. He'll call me back sooner or later, and when he does—you can take it from me—"squeeze" is out. I never was cut out for that business.'

The adventurer stayed in Tokyo for weeks, drinking steadily at the American Club, but no call came from Chang. The war-lord, I heard, had found a German who could handle his machine-gun business, and Linehart was still on the black-list.

It was hot that summer, and I decided to move to Kamakura, a seaside resort below Yokohama, where there was an excellent hotel. I told Linehart about it.

'You'd better come down,' I said. 'Get some sea air and do some swimming. It will wash the whisky out of your system.'

Linehart came down a few days later. I would sit with him in the bar of the hotel of an evening, watching him drink whisky-sodas while he told me of his adventures in Latin America and Manchuria. The man was interested in nothing but machine-guns. He seemed to know all about every one that had ever been built, and he spoke of them as a horseman would speak of champion racers. This gun had this advantage and another had that. But all of them were good. 'Give me a dozen good American gunners and the right kind of "machines",' he said, 'and I'll lick all the armies in China.'

I got to Kamakura late one cold, rainy afternoon and decided to have a short swim before dinner. I plunged in and swam out a hundred yards, and then started for shore. The current was racing out to sea, and I could make no headway. I paddled around a time, and then managed to swim to a breakwater, far to the left of the beach, and walk on the rocks back to safety. When I reached the pavilion behind the hotel I met Linehart.

'Better not go in,' I said. 'There's a terrible current. I nearly got drowned—had to swim over to the breakwater and walk back across the rocks.'

The machine-gunner laughed bitterly. 'I'll never be lucky enough to get drowned,' he said, and plunged into the surf.

I went out for dinner that night, and had forgotten the incident when the hotel manager called me early next morning.

'General Linehart has been drowned,' he said. 'Some boys have just found his body on the beach.'

I dressed hurriedly and ran down to the shore.

Two policemen were standing by the body. It was terribly cut from hammering on the rocks of the breakwater. There was a hole in the top of the skull as if the man had been hit with a tomahawk. It was that hole, I imagine, which caused the story to be circulated that Linehart had been killed by agents of Chang Tso-lin. What really killed him was 'squeeze'.

The open dishonesty of many of the foreign business-men and adventurers in China shocked and amazed me during my early years in the Orient. It seemed inconceivable that men who had got their early training in Occidental nations, where standards of honesty and good faith are comparatively high, could revert to open bribery and boast about it.

As the years passed, however, I came to realize that honesty, after all, is a comparative thing—that what is dishonest in one country may be perfectly honest and normal in another.

'Squeeze' and bribery are simply institutions in China; they are a part of business as much as discounts are in the United States. I do not mean to imply by all this that every foreigner doing business in the Far East resorts to Oriental methods, for they do not. Many of them buy and sell goods much as they would at home; for in certain lines of trade Oriental and Occidental practices are not dissimilar.

The foreigner, however, must accept native customs, to a great extent, and if it is the custom to use methods which

may be considered disreputable in the Occident, he simply must forget his Occidental standards.

The Chinese are great gamblers—Shanghai was one of the greatest speculative centres on earth—and always anxious to try new games.

Thus dog-racing was introduced in the China port cities even before it became popular in the United States, and betting spread even to the coolies whose wages were only a few cents a day. The British ran the dog-racing racket, and many of them made fortunes from it. Roulette, baccarat, and the indoor gambling games were usually controlled by Americans.

One of the most picturesque of the American gamblers, a man who won and lost several fortunes while I knew him, was a provincial lawyer from the Middle West. He came out to Shanghai to practise law, but found games of chance more profitable, and soon started in gambling as a business.

We will call him Smith. He was known throughout the Orient as 'Smith the Gambler', a man who would bet on anything, and who was ready to back any gaming proposition that offered an opportunity for profit.

I first met Smith at a big stag luncheon party he gave in Shanghai in honour of the United States district attorney (in line with jurisdiction of the United States Government over Americans living in China, we maintain a district court and an attorney in Shanghai) who was under indictment for accepting bribes in connection with the activities of American drug-smugglers.

It was a gay party. Smith poured cocktails for an hour and then served a long luncheon, at which the leading guests made mock speeches commiserating the attorney on his impending trial. All the speakers assumed, in jest, that the attorney would be convicted and sentenced to McNeil's Island, off the coast of Washington, to which United States felons from the Orient are sent.

Smith himself said nothing; merely passing among the guests and instructing his Number One boy in the serving of food and drink. He looked and acted exactly like a meek

little preacher I used to know in Kansas. He did not drink, he did not smoke. I was almost surprised that he did not ask us to bow our heads while he said grace when we sat down at his table.

The attorney was a close friend of Smith's, and I learned later that he had spent all the money he could, judiciously, in an effort to secure the man's acquittal. He failed, however, and the attorney was sentenced to McNeil's Island just as the jesting luncheon guests had predicted he would be.

I never could feel quite comfortable among these groups of American adventurers. The matter-of-fact way they talked of opium smuggling, gun-running, the white-slave trade, and crooked gambling, always made me want a cold bath and a walk in the fresh air.

Smith's greatest triumph while I was in China was the opening of a big gambling casino in the Bubbling Well Road. The place was as elaborate as any of the casinos at Monte Carlo. Protection was assured by putting ownership of the establishment in the names of two Americans who had obtained Mexican citizenship. Technically, this placed the gaming-house under Mexican law, and at that time gambling of any kind, apparently, was legal in Mexico.

When the establishment first opened, the police of the International Settlement raided it several times, but the case was always dismissed when brought before the Mexican consular court.

Chinese were not admitted to the establishment, a fact which contributed to its long life, for had they been allowed to come there would have followed those inevitable thefts by Chinese clerks which always caused trouble for the foreign-owned gambling-houses in the French Concession.

Not all of Smith's ventures turned out so well as his place in Bubbling Well Road, and he lost more than two hundred thousand taels (at that time almost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in United States money) on a big place he opened in the Chinese City. The house ran just one night. Smith had a concession to operate it from the Chinese war-lord who controlled the region, but the war-lord was ousted

by a rival who believed in running his own rackets without the aid of foreigners.

One of the reasons for the great wave of gambling which swept Shanghai and China generally during the worst periods of the Kuomintang Revolution was the extreme uncertainty of existence.

Men knew they might have fortunes one day, and if the war went against the particular general upon whom their business depended, nothing the next. The result was a reckless spirit summed up in the common advice to newcomers: 'The thing to do in China is to clean up quick, send your money home, and get out.' The Chinese were even more at the mercy of the chances of war than foreigners, for the bulk of their business was in the interior, which was constantly swept by contending generals who confiscated property as they desired, and who issued worthless new paper currency every few months.

New rackets sprang up during the civil war period with startling rapidity. One of the most lucrative of them—and one which I may have had an unintentional part in starting—was the looting of old tombs.

It was the custom in olden China to bury many of a man's possessions with him. This was particularly true of the members of the Imperial Family in Peking and of persons of great wealth.

Records of the funerals of this or that emperor, or mandarin, or general, or merchant, listed the gold, silver and jade ornaments which were buried with him and their value.

I suppose tomb-looting would have been started at a far earlier time had it not been for the traditional Chinese respect for the dead and the fear of providential wrath to be visited upon those who disturb old bones.

Famine, however, will turn even the most timid of men to crimes which would be unthinkable in normal times.

The first important tomb robbery happened outside Peking, where members of the Court had for centuries been buried. My small part in it came about in this way.

I was travelling from Kobe to Tientsin on a little coaster,

the *Nanrei Maru*, and had only one foreigner for a companion. We will say he was a Russian. The man was chief buyer for a dealer in Oriental art objects who had branches in all the important cities of Europe and the United States. He knew as much about Chinese curios, their age, value, and marketability, I suppose, as anybody on earth. But, like many specialists, he knew absolutely nothing else.

The *Nanrei Maru* is a slow little ship, with two tiny first-class cabins off her dining-saloon, and after the first day out I got tired of hearing the Russian discourse by the hour on Ming vases and bits of dirty bronze three thousand years old which were worth thousands of dollars.

I tried to get the man to talk politics and to tell me stories of his travels, but it was no use; he stopped every conversation by bringing forth some huge book and reading paragraphs aloud about things of which I knew nothing and cared less.

He wouldn't even play 'bet on the fly'—a pastime I had originated in travelling on the little coast ships, and of which I was extremely fond.

The game was played this way: All the ships had fly-catchers—strange little Japanese machines consisting of a cylinder which revolved at snail's pace in a box of sugar water. The cylinder was arranged so that its lower half was constantly submerged in the water and was flanked by a bit of wire screen, forming the top of the box. The screen was set just far enough from the cylinder to permit the body of the feasting fly to pass. If the fly, attracted by the sugar on the slow moving cylinder, allowed himself to be carried under the screen, he was trapped.

The game was to bet on every fly, whether or not he would allow himself to be carried into the trap. The Russian thought it was silly.

I began ragging him on the second day out, and as the *Nanrei Maru* slid between the sun-flecked islands off the coast of Korea, suggested that I had a scheme which would net millions.

It would be easy, I explained, to buy from the Chinese war-

lord who then controlled Peking the right to open the old Imperial tombs for 'historical study' of the objects in them.

A 'go-between' would have to be found—I suggested a Chinese Army officer whom I knew—and foreigners would have to be hired to do the work since no Chinese could be induced to do it for all the gold in Christendom.

To amuse myself I worked out the plot in detail. The Russian took it in with open ears.

He bothered me with questions until the very moment we docked in Tientsin, and came to my hotel that night to ask me to arrange an interview with the Chinese officer I had mentioned.

I laughed. 'Listen,' I said, 'I was just joking, making fun, kidding you, as we say in the United States. The Chinese would tear any man limb from limb who bothered those tombs, and anybody who has visited China as many times as you have ought to know it.'

Six months later, while I was in Japan covering the enthronement of Emperor Hirohito, we got news that the tombs had been robbed. The art objects taken from them—some of the finest ever to come from the East—were hawked in exclusive shops from Berlin to Buenos Aires for years afterwards.

CHAPTER XI
TROPIC ISLES

THE 'Old Timer' banged his fist on the table for emphasis. 'Goin' to hell,' he said, vigorously; 'yes sir, goin' to hell—that's the story of the Philippines.'

I had asked the 'Old Timer' to lunch at the Tokyo Club, as I always did when he came through Japan from Manila on his annual trips to the United States, to hear his latest views on the question of Philippines independence.

'Washington is going to pass an Independence Bill,' the Old Timer said, sadly. 'You can be sure of that. The damned fools are going to let a handful of beet-sugar farmers talk them out of the greatest undeveloped paradise left on this earth. They're going to give away the best one hundred and sixty of the old family homestead just because Americans haven't got any guts any more. Thank God I'll probably be dead before it happens.'

'What's the history of American effort in the Philippines? Failure, sir, one damned failure after another. We're all to blame. We just tried to run a colony before we had learned how. I even made mistakes myself.'

'What's my story? Well, back in the 'nineties I was in the militia in Nebraska, and when they sent us to the Philippines to catch Aguinaldo I was the proudest boy on earth. I had a vision: an honest-to-God, sure-enough vision, just like the Saints used to have when they saw those blinding flashes in the night and knew that God had shown them a picture of the work they had to do.'

'My vision wasn't very accurate as to detail, for I hadn't any idea whether bananas grew on trees or under the soil like potatoes, but it was just right as to inspiration: for I saw

a job for me and for every other young American out to make his way in this world—a job of cleaning up a dirty mess left by Spain, a job of making swamps into blue-grass meadows, of building roads, of planting fields, of making those who had been slaves into free men who could hold up their heads before all the world.

‘A lot of us saw that vision, and that is why we stayed on in the Philippines when the insurrection was over and Aguinaldo was safe in jail. We stayed on because we knew the job was just beginning, because we didn’t want the Stars and Stripes to float over the Philippines unless it was a place we could be proud of. You’ve travelled through the Islands, and you know what I mean. You’ll find us Old Timers anywhere you go, many of us still wearing our old broad-brim Stetson hats and flannel shirts, just as we wore them in the Army, and all of us doing our jobs—running gold mines, building railroads or highways, raising hemp or coconuts, working right along with the natives. Maybe we’ve got a native wife and some half-caste kids, but by God, if we have you’ll find we’re not ashamed of them, and that we didn’t go home and leave them to charity like the young fellows do nowadays. We worked and we helped make the Philippines—and now Congress and the beet-sugar farmers are going to smash everything we did!

‘Yes sir, I’m going to Washington, and I’m going to tell them what I think; but it won’t do any good. They’ve made up their minds. They don’t want Philippine sugar coming into the American market to-day duty-free, and the God-damned pacifists don’t want to risk a war to defend what we Old Timers won. I’ve seen it coming for years.

‘The first mistake we made was in giving the Filipinos too much freedom too fast. We should have waited, and God knows why we didn’t, for we had plenty of examples to follow—the Dutch in Java, and the British in Malaya. But we couldn’t wait, we had to give the Filipinos a pretty good measure of self-government before they had learned self-discipline. That was what made the *politicos*. They sprang up like weeds, and at first they talked independence just be-

cause it's an easy subject to make a speech about, and a good platform from which to ask for votes. They found out that the fellow who yelled independence the loudest got elected the most times, and so, first thing they knew they were demanding "complete independence", and now they're going to get it the smart ones are scared to death, for they know Japan will come right down and eat them alive the moment the American flag comes down.

'It's downright funny to hear them come into my office now, after they've been screaming for full independence for fifteen years, and ask if I can't think up some way so this independence they're going to get won't be so complete after all—some way so that they can run everything they want to but still have duty-free access to the United States market, and the American Army and Navy to keep the Japs off. Well, maybe we'll find it for them, but if we do we've got to start undoing all the mistakes we've been making.

'What do we have to do? Well, first, we've got to make some kind of deal with England; a deal by which we'll have a defence line from San Francisco right through Hawaii, Midway, and Guam, to the Philippines, and join the British defence-line that starts at Hong Kong and runs to the big Singapore Naval Base and through India and Suez right to the North Atlantic. When we make that deal, when we know that we can play ball with the British right straight through and that they'll play ball with us, we'll be pretty safe. We can run our steamships across the Pacific without fear of Japan or anybody, and we can fly aeroplanes over the same route, make connections with the British airlines in Hong Kong, and build up a fast air service right around the world.

'Then we've got to start selling the United States to the Filipinos, and that means giving the Filipino a really square deal; above all, treating him as an equal. Did you ever realize how much racial prejudice there is in this complete independence propaganda? It's the basis of the whole thing. The Filipino is human, and he wants us to treat him as an equal. He wants the right to join our clubs, to mix with us

socially, to feel in his heart that we feel in our hearts that essentially he's just as good a man as we are. He wants equality, and if we had any sense we'd give it to him, and he'd be our best friend. But, no; we treat him as an inferior class, we refuse to allow him in our clubs except as a servant, we never invite him into our homes, and we never go into his except on a basis of master and servant. Well, that makes him mad clear through, and it's the one thing that makes some of the Filipinos ready to risk "full and immediate independence" right now—Japs or no Japs, come what may.

'Did I ever tell you about the old *insurrecto* I used to know? This old fellow was on Aguinaldo's staff, as I remember it, and since he was well educated, he was appointed to the Commission which went to the United States to discuss the future status of the Islands after the rebels had surrendered and agreed to live under the Stars and Stripes for ever. He was a good sport, just like Aguinaldo was, and when the war was over he wanted to call all past grudges quits and be real friends with Americans from there on. Well, he got to Washington, and he was wined and dined and treated as a full equal of everybody, and he got more and more enthusiastic about the United States. His idea was that the Philippines should be made a territory, eventually, and given a chance to become a state of the Union. He aired his ideas around Washington, and when the formal discussions about what should be done with the Philippines got started, he explained his scheme to Teddy Roosevelt and William Howard Taft. It was Taft, I think, who broke the old man's heart.

"Listen," Taft said, when the old man explained his dream of being a real American with a vote and everything, "we've got one colour problem in this country already (the Negro) and we don't want another. We can't have a state, or a series of states, with a solid coloured population."

'Well, the old man looked into the Negro question, and he found that Taft was right, and so he went home and started preaching independence, full and complete. He was

half-Spanish, this old fellow, and he was as proud as Lucifer. He didn't want to be considered the inferior of anybody.

' But I think that that angle could be worked out, that time would solve it. Americans are going to get over their colour-line complex some day, as the nation grows older and our people grow more tolerant, and when we do we'll look on the Filipinos just the same as any other people.

' The problem right now is whether we are going to give the Islands away and upset the whole situation in the Orient. Things are pretty delicately balanced out here, with Japan getting control of the north, and Britain, France, Holland, China and ourselves in control in the south. Now the Japanese want to expand southward—they are already in sight of the Philippines, literally, from the southern tip of Formosa—and if we move out of the picture they have their chance. Just look at the map. The Japanese islands, stretching from Saghalien in the far north to Formosa, form a screen right across the front door of Asia. Japan blankets the sea approaches to China absolutely, except for the narrow arm of ocean that stretches from Hong Kong to Manila, and if you give her control of the Philippines she'll dominate, beyond question of challenge, the whole of the western Pacific Ocean. The Chinese know that, and they know that behind the solid screen Japan could dominate all China at her leisure; the British know it, the Dutch know it, and the French know it. All of them want us to stay in the Philippines.

' And you may be sure that, if we get out, eventually we'll have to come back, for an independent Philippines sooner or later will mean war, and there'll be no possibility that we can stay out of it. So I'm going to tell them in Washington that the smart thing is for us to have a real Philippines policy; to stay in the Islands and continue to build up what we have got; to grant the Filipinos any degree of expanding self-government to which they may be entitled, as they earn it, but to retain control of foreign policy and defence. We are a world power, and we need an outpost in the Orient, a place where we can land and service our trans-Pacific seaplanes and

our steamers, a place where we can land our cables and maintain our radio stations, a place from which we can obtain Tropic products economically, and a market for our goods. We ought to be encouraging young Americans to go to the Philippines—there's no easier place on earth in which to earn a good living—and we ought to be developing our properties there.'

I had heard the Old Timer—all the Americans who went out to the Islands in 1898 and stayed are Old Timers in the vernacular of the Far East—make this speech, with variations, a dozen times, but I always liked to hear it anew because of the man's intense convictions. He had given the best years of his life to the Philippines, and he felt that his efforts, and those of thousands of his comrades, now were coming to naught.

The average American in the Philippines is a rank Imperialist, a hold-over from that era at the turn of the century when we were freeing Cuba, annexing Hawaii, and dreaming of the Panama Canal, and becoming a great world colonial power. He thinks in terms of the pioneers who brought Texas into the Union and carried the flag to California, Oregon, and the Pacific. He seeks in the Philippines our last 'great west'—a huge, undeveloped territory offering the possibilities of fabulous wealth, a land crying for the application of American energy and ingenuity, a land offering amazing opportunities for investment and work. He cannot understand the stay-at-homes who worry about the competition of cheap Philippines sugar and copra, and he has no patience with the pacifists who would get out of the Islands because of the difficulties we might encounter in defending them in event of a Far Eastern war. He fought to bring the Philippines under the Flag, and he would fight again to keep them there.

I made a dozen trips to the Islands during my stay in the Orient. I knew all the leaders, both Filipino and American, but I never came to any conclusion as to what the United States should do with the Islands. I would lunch with the Old Timers at the Chamber of Commerce in Manila, and

come away half-convinced that what the Islands really needed was a vigorous military rule and exploitation as a colony—as the Dutch exploit Java, the British the Federated Malay States, or the French their colonies in Indo-China. Then I would dine with Manual Quezon, Felipe Buen-camino, or Arsenio Luz, hearing the Filipino side of the story, and find myself half in sympathy with the native demand for immediate independence.

I met Quezon on my first trip to the Islands in 1925. I was arranging to bring in our news service from the United States for the Islands' newspapers, and spent much of my spare time with the President, who was campaigning for the election of one of his colleagues to the Insular Senate. It was a whirlwind campaign, and I was immediately impressed with Quezon's fiery energy and tremendous endurance. He would speak a dozen times a day in three languages—Tagalog, Spanish, and English—dash from meeting to meeting by motor-car, and then, when his day of electioneering was over at midnight, would sit for hours with a group of newspapermen and talk independence. A few hours' sleep, and then, at eight in the morning, he would be off again covering half a dozen towns a day.

General Leonard Wood was Governor-General of the Philippines at that time, and was constantly clashing with Quezon. The men admired each other, but they could never agree. The General felt that Quezon was inclined to exceed his powers. Quezon believed that the General was deliberately obstructing the political development of the Islands and attempting to hold back the independence movement. The men irritated each other to a point where they quarrelled over every issue that arose, even to the inscription to be placed over the entrance to the magnificent new building erected in Manila to house the Insular Legislature. Wood usually won, of course, but the strain on him was tremendous, and undoubtedly hastened his death.

My friendship with Quezon and his followers bothered many of the Americans in Manila, who associated with the Filipinos only in business, and I was warned frequently that

I could not expect to be popular in the American community if I spent so much time 'hob-nobbing with the natives'. My answer to the warnings was that I was a Press Association reporter and liked to know the people I was writing about, and I continued to go to the Filipino clubs, to their *bailes* and *fiestas*, and to lunch or dine with them in their homes when I had the chance.

One of my cronies was Arsenio Luz, manager of the Philippines annual carnival, who made me a member of his Black Cat Club, a very 'wet' organization of theatrical and amusement people, and even took me to the annual picnic of the Bachelor's Club in Antipolo. The picnic was an all-day affair in a park near the Antipolo Cathedral, and for it Arsenio decreed that I must wear the native costume: a pyjama-like shirt of translucent pina cloth, the tail of which is worn outside; tight trousers of white drill cloth, no socks, and flapping leather sandals which can be kept on the feet only by deft manipulation of the great toes. It was a grand party, with cock-fights, dancing, a dozen forms of gambling, gallons of strong Spanish brandy, and a long ride back to Manila along roads, at times lighted almost to brilliancy by the giant fire-flies which literally swarm on certain types of trees and turn on and off their candles in unison as if controlled by an electric switch.

The day had been so successful that Arsenio insisted we must have our pictures taken as a remembrance, so we routed out a Japanese photographer and were 'flash-lighted'. The result was a photograph which told in awful detail the condition of two active young men who had spent eighteen continuous hours in pursuit of pleasure over a lot of territory. It was so awful that I locked my copy in a trunk and vowed never to look at it again. I did, however, hundreds of times, for next afternoon one of the American newspapers published it on page one under a chaste caption: 'Visiting American Journalist'. A reporter had filched a copy from the Japanese photographer. That picture haunted me for years, but I was, at least, well known in Manila after it was published. Tony Timke, an amazing old American who

defied the blazing Manila sun with a huge and bushy beard, had it framed for his Poodle-Dog Bar; Mayor Brown, who weighed twenty-five stone and had a specially built chair in the cabaret of the Manila Hotel, sent me almost daily letters, enclosing the first page of the newspaper, to compliment me on my appearance, and Monk Antrim, who was then manager of the Manila Hotel, worked out a form introduction which included a two-minute speech about 'this-remarkable-young-man-who-has-his-picture-taken-for-the-newspapers-with-his-shirt-tail-hanging-out-all-around-all-around', and used it to present me to every tourist who registered in his hostelry.

I even heard about it from the Princess Tarhata, of Sulu, who had gone through an American university and then returned to Moroland, off Zamboanga, to marry a Datu and help fight a bloody war against the Philippines Constabulary. The Princess, whom I had met several times in Manila, suggested she could send me a Moro warrior costume, which, she said, was cooler and more dignified.

Respite from the ragging came only when I got orders from New York to sail at once for Java, by way of Hong Kong and Singapore, and install a news service we were opening to the Dutch East Indies newspapers. The cable came on Saturday, and I made reservations on a steamer sailing on Monday for Hong Kong, where I had to take a Japanese liner to Singapore and then trans-ship to a Dutch vessel from Europe to cross the strait to Batavia-Weltevreden. I was in the office on Sunday cleaning up correspondence when we got an urgent query from San Francisco, where our office had been tipped that a postal inspector had arrived in Manila and arrested a train robber who had been hunted throughout the world for more than a year.

We all went to work on the story but could find no scrap of information. The police and the Secret Service swore they had heard of no arrest, that no postal inspector had arrived in Manila, and told us that our San Francisco tip must be erroneous. By mid-afternoon we had tried every source of information we could think of, and San Francisco was still



The author (*left*) with two Philippine beauties

cabbling frantically that they were certain their tip was sound and urging us to get the story. It was then that one of our reporters had one of those hunches which good newspapermen get when they are under pressure.

'We might try the army,' he said. 'This train robber has been hunted by every law agency in the United States since the train was wrecked. The ports have been watched, and he could hardly have got out on an ordinary ship. My hunch is that he might have enlisted in the army and come here on a transport.'

The theory at least offered a chance for action, so we hurried to Fort Santiago and asked for the commandant. He was *en route* to Baguio, a junior officer who was in charge said, and could not be reached by telephone.

We told our story and asked the junior officer if he could give us any information. 'Sorry,' he said, 'but I can't. Nobody but the commandant could give out information of that kind.' The man acted as if he might know something but was determined not to tell. We quizzed him in vain.

Leaving the Fort, I stopped at a café for a glass of beer while I tried to think of some way of getting that story fast. At the next table was a little man sipping a glass of lemonade and holding a brief case bulging with papers. He wore heavy clothing, which made him conspicuous in a land of white drill trousers and thin alpaca coats, and seemed ill at ease when I attempted to engage him in conversation.

I followed him from the café to one of the smaller hotels on the Luneta, and entered the lobby just as he was taking an elevator. A Filipino clerk dozed behind the register. 'Yes, sir,' he said. 'I know who that gentleman is, but I cannot tell you, sir, for he isn't registered.' I took a two-peso note from my wallet and laid it leisurely on the desk. 'It would be a great favour,' I said, 'if a room boy should happen to show me what room the gentleman occupies. You need not tell me who he is, for I think I know him, and I should like to speak to him for a moment. If it proves a mistake I'll certainly not tell him you said a word, and, when I leave, there will be five pesos more here on the counter.'

The clerk took me to an upper floor himself, after pocketing the two pesos, and pointed silently to a door. I marched up boldly and knocked. 'Come in,' said a voice, and I entered to find the little man of the café, who had taken off his coat and collar, sitting on the edge of a bed and talking to a woman in a long chair. A dozen newspaper clippings were spread on the bed, and on all of them was the photograph of a rough-looking youth.

We had a long argument, which was settled by the Inspector's wife. 'Why not tell about it?' she said. 'You've done a great piece of work, and you deserve the credit.'

The Inspector had trailed his man all over the United States, had found that the criminal had enlisted in the army, and had finally caught up with him in Manila. The arrest had been made a few hours before, and the criminal was to be returned on the next army transport. Tired of the chase, he had decided that confession was the easiest way out.

I had my story, and an hour or two later it was in San Francisco, where other reporters added the facts they had and the history of the crime. It was all in next day's United States newspapers, and we had credit for a 'beat'.

I spent four months in the Dutch Indies, alternately negotiating with the newspaper publishers and the radio telegraph administration, and touring through the islands on a Government cutter with my friend W. G. N. de Keizer, of the newspaper *De Locomotief* of Semarang. We visited Bali long before it had become a tourist paradise, saw wild native dances where men slashed themselves with daggers and ate live doves which were thrown to them from cages by frenzied priests; put in to strange ports in Borneo, loafed for a weekend in Macassar, and finally made a hurried trip to Portuguese Timor, where a lonely Government agent from Lisbon received me with open arms because I could speak his language and exchange tales about Brazil where he once had served as a Consul.

In Weltevreden, the new city adjoining old Batavia where most of the foreigners live, I loafed at the Harmonie Club

which had the 'oldest bar in the world'. It was the boast of members that there had not been a moment for one hundred and twenty-eight years when one could not be served at the bar with anything one might want, from square-face gin to vintage champagne. Gin and beer were the standard drinks; beer for breakfast, gin pahits before lunch, more gin in the late afternoon, more just before dinner, and alternate gin and beers during the evenings. Never had I seen such drinking. One huge Dutchman, on New Year's Eve, drank seventy-three small glasses of gin with bitters to win a bet of a few guilders. And he waddled from the club as sober as when he entered.

For luncheon we had rice tafel, served in the dining-room of the Hotel des Indies by a crew of eighteen barefoot Malay boys, who followed a leader bearing a great bowl of rice. Each of the boys carried a platter with a different condiment, and the result, when one had heaped a huge plate with steaming rice and poured portions from each of the platters of condiments over it, was a mountain of food that would discourage any but the most courageous of trenchermen. There was no keeping up with the Dutch Colonials in their drinking and eating. I saw one American try it, and at the end of two hours he fainted, and had to be carried to his room.

The Dutch prided themselves upon their ability as colonial administrators. All Java was one huge garden, from the lowlands, where sugar, rubber, and rice were raised, to the highest plateaux where tea and tapioca were grown. I visited one huge tapioca plantation which exported its entire output to New Orleans. 'I raise the damned stuff,' the Dutch owner said, 'but I wouldn't eat it. Tastes like library paste. Nobody eats it, so far as I know, but you Americans.'

Java was booming. Sugar, quinine, coffee, kapok, sago, tapioca, rubber, and a score of other tropic products all were bringing high prices. Rubber was making scores of millionaires, and even had barefoot natives in Sumatra, who had never lifted a hand before, tapping wild trees for hours a day. Chinese buyers hit on a scheme which made the forest

Malays work. They discovered the natives cared little for money, but would do anything if promised a Ford motor-car and a pair of patent leather shoes. The Chinese delivered both for a fixed quantity of smoked gum, and scores of stories were told of the adventures of the forest men and their motor-cars. One of the best was of two warriors who had worked faithfully for weeks tapping wild rubber trees and then insisted on driving their car towards their kampong after a single day of lessons. The Ford was progressing jerkily over a rough forest trail, when it was suddenly confronted by a baby wild elephant, who trumpeted defiantly and refused to move. The Malays, confident their new machine could do anything, threw the Ford into top-gear and charged. They knocked the baby elephant from the trail, but what happened next nearly cost them their lives. The elephant's mother, aroused by her offspring's trumpeting, charged from the forest and butted the Ford through the jungle to a river bank and into the stream.

The Dutchman who told me the story swore that it was true, and volunteered to show me the ruins of the car if I wanted to accompany him on his next trip to Sumatra. I could not accept, however, for I had had a cable from Japan that Emperor Yoshihito's health was failing, and that I should get back to Tokyo if I wished to cover the accession of a new monarch in the line which has reigned unbroken, for ages eternal, over the land of Nihon—the base of the sun'.

CHAPTER XII

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

A CANNON boomed in the distance. It was the first roar of the 101-gun salute which announced to a waiting world that Hirohito, one-hundred-and-twenty-fourth emperor in the unbroken line, had ascended the ancient throne in Japan and taken his place as chief of the oldest of all dynasties.

The temple was incredibly quiet.

I looked at my watch. It was slightly past three o'clock—the afternoon of November 10th, 1928.

The Enthronement ceremonies had reached their climax.

I was standing with a group of half a dozen newspaper correspondents, who had been invited to attend the Enthronement, at one end of the Shishin-den—a temple-like structure which had been built especially for the ceremonies.

Emperor Hirohito and Empress Nagako were directly in front of us on ancient black-lacquered thrones over which were canopies, also of black lacquer, surmounted by figures of the mythical Phœnix.

A cherry-tree and an orange-tree stood on either side of the steps leading up to the throne dais.

The banners of the Sun and Moon, of the Chrysanthemum, the Golden Kite, and the Yata Crow, were ranged along an aisle leading back to the doorway where we stood. On our right were members of the nobility and high officialdom of Japan, in ancient Court robes, and on our left the ranking diplomatic representatives of the treaty powers, in uniform or evening dress, wearing their decorations.

At the top of the steps stood General Baron Giichi Tanaka, the Premier, as representative of the people of Japan. It was

significant, I thought, that the Prime Minister should happen to be a General, for we all knew that Japan was on the eve of troubled times, and that the army was to play a leading part in the great events with which the coming years were to be studded.

Gongs and drums sounded as the ritualists, the plenipotentiaries of the powers, the nobles and the chieftains of the armed forces, took their places. Then heralds blew a great blast, and the Emperor, in the dull orange robes of the rising sun, marched slowly forward with the stilted stride prescribed by the ritual, and took his throne. Attendants placed the Sword and the Jewel, parts of the holy Imperial regalia, beside him. They were the outward symbols of his power. The third item of the regalia, the Mirror, was too holy to be brought into the open, and besides there was a tradition that any living person who looked at it would be struck dead. The Minister of the Imperial Household took his place at the steps leading to the throne dais, and other high officers of the Court ranged themselves beside him. Then the Empress entered and took her throne on her husband's right. Princes of the blood took their stations before her.

There was profound silence as chamberlains drew back the curtains. Then the Emperor, holding a baton which symbolized his post as chief high priest of Shinto (the state religion, or cult, of Japan), rose, with the Empress, to receive the address of the Premier.

All of us bowed 'profoundly', as we had been instructed, as Baron Tanaka read his address, and we all joined in the three *Banzais*—'may you live ten thousand years'—when the address was completed.

I was keenly conscious that we were witnessing the oldest state ceremony in the world. For nearly two years, since the death of Emperor Taisho on Christmas Day 1926, I had been studying the Imperial Household and attempting to understand something of its origins, its practices, and its power. The task was no easy one, and I believe that every foreign newspaper correspondent in Japan would have had trouble in reporting all the vast detail of the Enthronement cere-

monies had it not been for a study of them published, early in 1928, by Dr D. C. Holtom, a student of Japanese history and customs, who had spent years collecting material.

It was Holtom who made it clear to us that the emperors of Japan are not crowned but 'enthroned', that there is no coronation 'but a series of enthronement ceremonies', and that the ceremonies represent the duality of the personage of Japan's ruler, who is, at once, head of Church and State and father of that great family of more than ninety million Japanese and subject peoples who constitute the unified inhabitants of the Empire of the Rising Sun.

I was in Java when the Emperor Taisho, known during his life as Yoshihito, was taken ill, and I hurried back to Japan to report his passing. It was late 1926, and Tokyo was cold and gloomy. The old Emperor was in one of his detached castles, at Hayama, and was being kept alive by injections of drugs and oxygen treatment.

Rumour had it that an old custom might be followed and the death kept secret until the body could be brought to Tokyo. The possibility worried me, for it opened the way for a scoop for one of my competitors, or, what would be equally bad, a chance for some correspondent to 'jump the gun'—to flash the Emperor's death on surmise before it was officially announced.

As it became more and more apparent that the ruler might expire at any moment, I went to Marquis K. Komura, head of the Intelligence Bureau of the Foreign Office, and asked if he could not obtain from the Imperial Household an assurance that the news of the death would not be withheld, and a statement as to how it would be made public.

Komura agreed, and the Household, after a day of study, promised that the news of the death would be given out at once, with a detailed official statement.

We kept a death watch at Hayama for weeks. On the day before Christmas, our reporters were certain the end could not be far away. I cancelled my Christmas Day engagements, had a cot installed in the office, and prepared to await the end. It came about 1.25 o'clock in the morning.

We had had a direct telephone line installed to a makeshift headquarters at the Palace gate, and the 'flash' came over this line. I had a dummy cable written, and simply handed it to a telegraph operator at my elbow.

The news was in every capital in the world in a few minutes, and our member-newspapers were able to release columns of advance material we had prepared on the life of the dead ruler and that of the new one, his son, Hirohito.

Hirohito had been ruler in fact since November 25th, 1921, when he was appointed regent because of the mental illness of his father, and he had already known the trials of his high position. Efforts had been made to assassinate him, and he had been forced, while still only a boy, to deal with all the terrific pressure of work which is the lot of an Emperor of Japan.

I had seen the Emperor on many occasions, at Imperial garden parties, military reviews, and in the state processions held on notable anniversaries in Tokyo. What he was really like, however, was difficult to discover. It took me years to get a clear picture of the man, his background, his duties, and the strange history upon which his dynasty is founded.

The ceremonies of the Enthronement were important, in that they gave a visual demonstration of what the Imperial tradition of Japan means. They combined the public ceremony of the accession to the throne with the older rites portraying a priest-king, who enters into communion with the spirits of his ancestors stretching back to the mythical Jimmu-Tenno and the Goddess of the Sun, Amaterasu-O-mi-kami.

There were three parts to the Enthronement ceremonies. First, the scene at the bedside of the dead ruler, when Hirohito presented himself before the spirit tablets of his ancestors to prepare for reception of the Mirror, the Sword, and the Jewels of the Regalia; second, the Enthronement at Kyoto, which I have described; and third—the most primitive, solemn and mysterious of all—the ceremonies in Kyoto on the night of November 14th and through the early morning of the 15th.

The final ceremonies saw his Majesty in direct communion

with the spirit of the Goddess of the Sun. It was, in a sense, a food offering, and through most of it the Emperor was alone, in a plain, wooden hut, barefoot, and clad in a coarse hempen robe.

I received my invitation to the Enthronement ceremonies in mid-summer. With it was a detailed programme of the hundreds of events to take place. I remember one in particular, for it impressed me with the meticulous detail with which the Japanese make their plans.

‘The Emperor will cross the Niju-bashi (a bridge leading into the main entrance of the Imperial Palace in the centre of Tokyo) beginning at 7.31 o’clock in the morning.’

I wondered why the exact time was put in, why times were given to the minute throughout the long programme, and determined to check to see how the time-table worked out. It seemed to me impossible that the hundreds of events in Tokyo, Kyoto, and elsewhere, could be carried out exactly as pledged. But they were—to the fraction of a split second.

We were ordered to take positions in the great plaza fronting the Chiyoda Castle, or Kyujo—the Emperor’s residence in Tokyo—at five o’clock on the morning of November 6th to see his Majesty and the Empress attend the departure of the most sacred of Japanese shrines, the Kashikodokoro.

It was dark and cold when we arrived. We were escorted by soldiers to the spot where we were to stand. We wore silk hats and Prince Albert coats, as ordered, and one of the correspondents proudly displayed an old United States army shirt as a triumph over convention.

‘There was nothing in the orders about boiled shirts and high collars,’ he said, ‘and I’ll avoid pneumonia.’

The shrine, containing the sacred Mirror of the Regalia, finally appeared, carried by sixteen youths of the village of Yase, who have this hereditary privilege. It was simply a large, highly decorative box, carried on wooden poles which the boys of Yase had on their shoulders.

Four priests on horseback rode before it and four behind. They were escorted by Lancers of the Imperial Guard. Hundreds of thousands of people banked the streets along the

brief march to the Tokyo central railway station, where the Shrine was placed in one of the Imperial coaches, refinished inside in plain white wood, for its journey to Kyoto—the ancient capital. The Emperor and Empress followed in a state carriage, escorted by more Lancers, and after them came dignitaries of the Court.

The day-long journey to Kyoto was a triumphal procession. People were all along the route, and dense crowds at every crossing and station in the towns and cities.

Our little group of foreign newspapermen was in charge of an official of the Foreign Office who quartered us in a small hotel near the Kyoto railway station, and then took us for a pre-view of the buildings and grounds where the Enthronement ceremonies were to be held. The ground was covered with coarse sand, which had been raked and swept smooth as velvet. Every line was meticulously straight and impeccably clean.

We had a gay time in Kyoto for the next few days. There were garden parties and dinner parties, hundreds of geisha, and a great round of visiting and sight-seeing. The culmination was the public ceremony on the afternoon of the 10th.

On the 11th there was ritual dancing and music in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, and then the ceremonies of the Daijo-sai, or 'Great Food Offering', in two small huts such as those in which the Japanese lived when they first came to the islands in the dawn of history.

The huts were demolished when the ceremonies were over. They were of plain pine, with the bark left on. The roof-tree was a rough-hewn log. No nails were used. The buildings were held together with vine-ropes made of the wild fuji, or wisteria.

Early in the evening of the 14th the Emperor took his purification bath in a large wooden boat, donned his hempen robe, and was handed his priest-baton. He was ready 'by all the high and ancient rites of Shinto to enter, as high priest of the nation, into communion with the great spirits of the food ritual.'

Harvest songs of the olden days were sung, and virgins

did slow dances in imitation of the pulling and cleaning of rice—the cultivation of which the men of Yamato presumably introduced into Japan when they invaded the islands from the Malay archipelagos to the south.

Offerings of food were placed on tables outside the hut under the guardianship of torch-carrying warriors.

Then the Emperor and his attendants entered. The Sword and the Jewel were carried on the ruler's right and left, his Majesty walking alone, barefoot, in a corridor reserved for him, 'between Heaven and Earth'. The rush mat upon which the Son of Heaven trod was rolled up behind him, to be destroyed before it could be defiled by another presence.

An attendant held an umbrella of reeds, suspended from the beak of a phoenix, over his Majesty's head, so that no breath from the evil forces of the sky might contaminate him.

The Empress, the princes, and the musicians withdrew as Hirohito entered the hut and received the offerings of food which were placed on dishes made of oak-leaves sewed together, a fresh rush mat for the food of the Sun Goddess, chop-sticks, rice and millet, and wine.

Then the curtains were drawn, and Hirohito was left alone.

The ritual provided that he should make an obeisance before the high seat of the unseen Goddess, and then, after a few minutes of contemplation, put the offerings of food before her.

'He waits on the Invisible Presence, and partakes of food and drink with her.'

The utensils, furniture, even the hut itself, were designed to take Hirohito back to the very beginnings of his race.

He remained four hours in communion with the soul of the Goddess. Then he retired into a second room to repeat the sacrament and await the coming of dawn.

It was, the late Dr Inazo Nitobe explained to us, 'ancestor worship, pure and simple; fidelity to the past pledged to the duties of the present and the services of the future. Call this process by whatever name you will, it is a solemn form

of oath by which the new sovereign binds himself to observe the laws of his fathers.'

There were more banquets in both Japanese and foreign style, after the strange feast of the Emperor with his Ancestress, and at all of them the decorations were in black and white—indicative of the passing of one ruler and the accession of another.

At one of the banquets five daughters of Court nobles did the *Gosechi-mai*, or five-fold dance, the motif of which was a posturing of the arms in five movements. This dance, it was related, grew from a dream of the Emperor Temmu (A.D. 622–686). Temmu was playing the flute in his garden one evening when five beauteous maidens appeared from heaven and danced for him. He remembered the movements perfectly when he awoke, and hurried back to his Court to teach them to his dancers.

The Emperor returned to Tokyo on the 27th, and Hirohito prepared at once to review the army and the navy.

I was invited to both reviews. They were as impressive of the might of modern Japan as the strange symbolism we had seen at Kyoto was of ancient traditions of this national family—which, a few years later, at Geneva, was to defy the world, and announce to the League of Nations that it had taken Manchuria and would hold it in the face of anything the combined arms of all mankind might do.

The military review was held at the Yoyogi parade-ground, Tokyo, on the morning of December 2nd. I went with my friend, Roderick Matheson of the *Chicago Tribune*. We had to be in our seats by seven o'clock. It was cold and foggy as we motored to the parade-ground, and I believe it was the cold Matheson caught that morning that led to his death from tuberculosis.

Our motor-car was stopped far from the stadium. We walked, uncomfortable in silk hats and Prince Albert coats, a mile or more to the gate, showed our credentials, and were taken to seats in a temporary grand-stand.

Great masses of troops loomed through the mist as the sun rose. There were units from every prefecture and every pos-

session of the empire, massed as far as one could see. The Emperor, on a white horse, rode in shortly after dawn and inspected the massed men, unit by unit, and then took his place in the reviewing stand for the march-past.

Regiment after regiment, some of the standard-bearers carrying battle flags which had been through the Chinese and Russian wars, clumped by, to be followed by mechanized artillery, tanks, and then squadron after squadron of aeroplanes in perfect formation.

I thought of the Emperor of the month before when, barefoot and alone, he had entered the hut in Kyoto to commune with the Goddess of the Sun. 'Do you suppose we'll ever understand these people?' I asked Matheson.

He laughed. 'Of course you will. There is nothing difficult about it. They are just like anybody else—just like the people you used to know back in Winfield, Kansas.'

'Don't think I am ignoring, or belittling, what we saw in Kyoto. That would be a mistake. But, equally, don't think that the Japanese are going to place more importance in the strength they have inherited from their ancestors than they do in a battery of field guns.'

'These people are intensely practical and realistic. They have sense enough to cling to all that is best in their past, but they want even more to carve out for themselves a better future.'

'You will note that, year in and year out, more emphasis is placed on science and invention, on organization, on industrialization, on "modernization", than on dinners for invisible gods and goddesses, and displays of a mirror so sacred that nobody may see it.'

'Ask an Englishman what he thinks of the funny practices of his country's Coronation. If he is honest, he'll tell you that he doesn't think much about it. That same thing is true of most of the Japanese. They are looking ahead, not backward; and, while ritualistic symbolism of the Enthronement is important, just as were the mental processes of your great-great-grandfather, it is not as important as many people believe it to be right now.'

Matheson was obsessed with the belief that Japan was to dominate most of Asia. He pointed to the great mass of soldiers before us. 'There is the thing that is important,' he said. 'There is the instrument on which the Japanese know they must rely. There is the force which, some day, you will see on the march.'

I was to remember Matheson's words three years later when I saw regiments of these same soldiers spreading across the plains of Manchuria in the greatest conquest of the century.

We attended the naval review in Yokohama harbour two days later. It was even more impressive of martial might than had been the army spectacle. Fighting ships were drawn up in great lanes—186 of them—the bulk and pride of the Imperial Navy, which had been built so ably by Admiral Count Heihachiro Togo and his officers after Nippon had established herself as a mighty sea power by annihilating Tsarist Russia's Baltic Fleet in the battle of Tsushima Straits.

The review lasted from nine o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon.

Hirohito was on the battle-cruiser *Haruna*, surrounded by his nobles, ranking officers of the fleet, foreign envoys, and naval attachés. He beamed with pride as vessel after vessel, in the eight long sea-lanes, roared in salute.

The Emperor had reason to be proud. This fleet, one of the mightiest on earth, had been built in his own shipyards, by workmen many of whom, in their childhood, had seen the shelling of Kagoshima by a few wooden ships of France, Britain, and the United States—an attack by a mosquito, which Japan then was not strong enough to withstand.

I remained in Japan through much of 1929, and devoted my spare time to a study of the Emperor as an institution and as a person.

At the end of the year I entered these conclusions in my diary: Most Japanese consider the Emperor as a symbol of power rather than a person. Theoretically, of course, he is the father of a great family, and his word, when it is given,

is one to be obeyed without question. But he is not supposed to give orders except upon the advice of his trusted followers, and there is an undertone of disagreement among these followers as to who shall have the right to be nearest him.

Etsujiro Uyehara, in his *Political Development of Japan*, thus describes his ruler: 'He is to the Japanese mind the Supreme Being in the cosmos of Japan as God is in the universe of the pantheistic philosopher. From him everything emanates, in him everything subsists, there is nothing on the soil of Japan existent independent of him. He is the sole owner of the Empire, the author of law, justice, privilege, and honour, and the symbol of the unity of the Japanese nation. He is supreme in all temporal affairs of state as well as in spiritual matters, and he is the foundation of Japanese social and civic morality.'

This is a sweeping statement, and one I could not accept as entirely true on the basis of what I could see. The Emperor is limited by the constitution. It is true that he holds his throne by divine right, in a peculiar and purely Japanese version, and that he is the head of the Church as well as the State. But can he exercise real power? Could he embark the nation on a war, if he wanted to, without the support of public opinion? Or could he prevent a war if public opinion wanted one?

The answer is probably 'no'. In the first place, it is not likely that any Japanese ruler, because of the strict training each is given from babyhood, would ever want to fly in the face of public opinion; and secondly, it is not likely that any ruler would forget the eras of the *shogunates* when the Imperial family, for periods of time running into the hundreds of years, was held prisoner by military rulers who ran the country to suit themselves.

What we are seeing in these days in Japan is an evolution in the status and the powers of the ruler. The Court is making a steady and well-planned campaign to increase and regularize the powers of the Emperor and his family. A new Imperial tradition is in the making.

If the rule of Hirohito—the era of Showa, or 'enlightened

peace'—is a long one, it well may embrace a great change in the status and power of the ruler. He will be able to retain the hold he has upon the people because of the universal practice of ancestor-worship and his position as father of the national family. He should be able to wield greater power than any ruler who has gone before him, because of the opportunity he has to break down the old belief that the Emperor must not exercise power himself but remain merely a symbol.

Whether these conclusions are correct, only time will tell.

In some respects the position of the Emperor has been strengthened in recent years, in others it may have been, temporarily at least, weakened.

It has been strengthened in that Hirohito has steadily resisted the thesis of the military classes that they are the 'supreme repository of the Imperial tradition'—that they have the right to dictate national policy in times of great stress—and in that Hirohito has overcome two plots to establish a military dictatorship: the rebellion of May 15th, 1932, in which Prime Minister Inukai was assassinated, and that of February 1936, in which several Government leaders were murdered and others escaped only by the narrowest margin.

It would appear to have been weakened in that the army executed the Manchurian *coup* of September 1931, which resulted in creation of the Empire of Manchukuo without the Emperor's knowledge, and forced him, by presenting him with an accomplished fact, to approve a campaign of conquest.

Japanese history since 1930 has been, in one view, a struggle to influence the Emperor. The militarists have gone to lengths of open defiance to convince him that he must permit them to dictate all important national decisions. The advocates of parliamentary government have gone as far as they dared in advising the ruler to cling to a programme of representative government based on public opinion.

The struggle between the two factions would be more serious if it were in the Occident, where men are not prone

to compromise, but in Japan compromise is the almost invariable rule.

I arrived in the Far East with a fairly accurate idea of the person and powers of the Japanese ruler. So strong, however, was the influence of Gilbert and Sullivan that I was rather surprised when I did not find a flowery-kingdom Mikado sitting under a plum-tree composing doggerel.

Most of the books I had read dealt with the life of the great Emperor Meiji, known during his lifetime as Mutsuhito, and particularly with his exploits during the Russo-Japanese war. That much I knew of the real, modern Japan. The rest of my information—there still is a dearth of common-sense literature on the Japanese Empire—had to do with rather vague pictures of personages in kimono who wrote poems and rested behind silken screens in attitudes of profound meditation. I imagine the ordinary schoolboy has still something of that impression to-day.

Nothing could be farther from the truth, for Japan's present-day Emperor is an exceedingly busy young man, who wears a Western lounge suit just like any business man in New York or London; rises at six o'clock in the morning, has orange juice, bacon, eggs and toast for breakfast; a lamb chop for lunch and, as likely as not, roast beef and mashed potatoes for dinner.

The Emperor and Empress have breakfast together just like Mr and Mrs Jones in Manchester or Leeds, take a look at their children, and then get to work.

Ordinarily Hirohito, when he has finished his coffee, first reads the newspapers. They are the ordinary Tokyo dailies, not clipped or censored, as so often reported. His Majesty frequently reads B. W. Fleisher's American daily, *The Japan Advertiser*, in addition to the vernacular newspapers, and from them gets his best picture of the daily life and doings of his subjects. When he has finished the newspapers, which he reads carefully, his Majesty may take a turn about the gardens of Chiyoda Castle. He is always at his desk in his office by ten o'clock. That is when his business day begins.

If there are no papers that require his immediate attention,

Hirohito devotes an hour or more to study. The changing duties of his own position require constant attention, and as head of the Imperial family, he has a host of family chores to attend to. He must keep abreast of all the laws and regulations of the Imperial household, rules governing his own prerogatives and functions, and reports on the conduct of the Shinto faith, of which he is high priest.

At eleven o'clock, sometimes daily and sometimes not more than twice a week, he calls in an expert on some topic of interest, and asks for a talk. The expert may be a returned ambassador, or a scientist, or scholar.

Hirohito is a keen student of history, foreign affairs, and the social sciences. His great hobby is biology, and his favourite photograph of himself is one in which, clad in a business suit, he is sitting at a desk with one of his microscopes.

Audiences with his ministers, foreign diplomats, or other personages are usually held at eleven-thirty, after which the Emperor may snatch a few moments' rest before luncheon, which is served shortly after noon. Lunch may be either Occidental or Japanese food, but it is certain to be frugal. Guests frequently are surprised at the simplicity of the fare.

Both the Emperor and Empress like 'foreign style' and Japanese food equally well. They usually have at least one Japanese meal a day—soup, fish, vegetables, rice, and tea.

After lunch there is a brief rest. The Emperor may then play a round of golf on his private links—he is devoted to the game, but is only a mediocre player—or go for a brief canter on one of his horses. His favourite horse during most of the years I was in Japan was Shiro-yuki [White Snow], a magnificent snow-white charger. The Emperor's riding is like his golf—satisfactory but not sensational.

The afternoon is taken up with state affairs, the signing of documents, studies of reports, audiences with officials, and reports on his property—which is extensive. The wealth of the Emperor includes forests, a number of palaces and country places, farm and grazing lands, cattle- and horse-ranches, city real estate, and shares in industrial companies.

Much of his business is attended to by special departments in the Ministry of the Imperial Household.

Desk work in the office continues until six or seven o'clock, and frequently is resumed after dinner. If there is no urgent business, the Emperor and Empress usually retire between ten and eleven.

His duties require the Emperor to travel considerably. He must attend the army and navy manœuvres at least once each year, exercising his duty as Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, and he has a host of work as Chief High Priest of Shinto and head of his family. Every family head in Japan must attend certain duties of ancestor-worship.

Hirohito idolizes the memory of his illustrious grandfather, Meiji, who set him the example of simplicity and hard work which are so characteristic of him. Unlike Meiji, however, Hirohito is not given to violent exercise, and does not drink or smoke. The name he chose for the era of his reign, Taisho, or 'Enlightened Peace', undoubtedly represents the kind of life he would like to lead—a life of service to his people with sufficient leisure for the study of biology, play with his children, and a little golf and horse-back riding.

The Emperor's public utterances are confined largely to his stereotyped addresses to Parliament and his infrequent 'rescripts'. The rescripts are literal rules of conduct for the Japanese people. One of the most significant of them was issued when Hirohito consented to Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations in 1932. In it he pledged Japan to a policy of peace and international co-operation, and ordered his subjects, in their efforts to improve their position, 'not to stray from the path of rectitude'.

I believe that the Emperor's desire for peace and the friendship of all men cannot be questioned. He is a plain, rather timid little man, somewhat stooped, and given a scholarly appearance by his thick eye-glasses. It is probably a major tragedy of his life that he has been cast to play a difficult rôle, to be a symbol for which ruthless men may strive that they may control the destiny of a great people during a trying period in world history.

CHAPTER XIII
FOR BETTER OR WORSE

I STAYED in Tokyo all the autumn of 1928 after the enthronement of the Emperor. Frank Hedges, who was correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, had taken a Japanese house in one of the nice residential districts towards the Meiji Shrine and asked me to share it. It was a pleasant existence, and I enjoyed it the more because I was tired of years of travelling and living in hotels.

I had picked up a young Japanese, Sanzo Kiuchi, who had served as a cabin-boy on one of the N.Y.K. ships running to Europe, and trained him to be a sort of secretary-valet. He was invaluable.

Hedges' house was set back in a big Japanese garden, which had a carp pond, a miniature mountain, old stone lanterns, and a little stream over which was a tiny arch bridge.

Frank told an amusing story about the carp pond. Some years earlier, he said, a number of the fellows who worked on *The Japan Advertiser* were living with him, and like many bachelors in the Orient, they did a lot of drinking. One of them couldn't carry his liquor. The chap would disappear for days. Hedges decided to cure him. He got a big dead carp in a fish market, cut a jagged chunk from its back, and laid it on the stoop at the front entrance. Then when his drunken friend awakened, in that state of nervous depression which follows prolonged bouts with the bottle, he led him down to the stoop and showed him the carp.

'You're carrying this thing too far,' Hedges said. 'Do you know what you did last night?' The drunk hadn't the faintest idea. 'Well, I'll tell you. You came home raving

drunk, dived into the pond, caught a carp in your teeth, and were eating pieces out of its back when the house-boy caught you and dragged you to bed. Now, that carp was dead or you wouldn't have caught him, and from the smell he must have been dead for some time. You'll be lucky if that poisoned meat doesn't kill you.' The drunk went to hospital, but started drinking again as cheerfully as ever when he was discharged.

Our cook was O Hana-san, a gnarled old woman who had once retired on her savings and who had gone back to work only after she had lost all her money playing the flower game—a sort of Japanese poker, in which the pictures of flowers are used on the cards instead of the conventional ace, king, queen, and jack. The cooks employed by foreigners had a club, it seems, and met on holidays to gamble and exchange gossip about their employers. Poor O Hana-san was uniformly unlucky. She lost the savings of a lifetime in less than a year.

The house-boy, a big, burly fellow who looked like a wrestler, called himself 'Mr Hedges' retainer'. Frank had picked him up in Kyushu and kept him because he was loyal, honest, and amusing. He was the worst servant in the world. Like all the Japanese who get a chance, he was trying to perfect his English, and continually practised it on us with most amazing results. Once, while on a visit to his native village, he wrote Frank a letter which ended with this paragraph: 'Please allow me to present my compliments to Mrs Hedges. I hope she is well, and that your children are all in good health.' Frank, a perpetual bachelor, thought the boy had lost his mind. But Hiromori-san explained, when he came back a week later, that he had copied a form-letter out of a book.

My own boy, Kiuchi, or Kelly, as he was known to Americans, was much cleverer. He spoke and wrote English well, and had a keen sense of humour. An orderly soul, he listed all my possessions the day he went to work for me, and kept neat accounts in a little black book. Each item was set down with a bit of realistic description. There was 'The-

Going-to-the-Enthronement-Trunk', the 'Purchased-for-His-Imperial-Majesty's-Reception' silk hat, a 'Strangely-Discovered-in-Arashiyama' porcelain dog, and a 'Bought-for-Your-Sister-but-Never-Delivered' brocade obi. Once, years later, while my wife and I were travelling in China, Kelly included this item in his daily report on the 'state-of-your-household-in-Tokyo':

It is my painful duty to inform you of death of your favourite house companion, Black Cat. She was too young to become a mother. P.S. You owe the Cat Hospital Five Yen. Your Companion was properly interred with Buddhist animal Ceremony. P.S. You owe the Priest Eight Yen.

Your obedient Servant,

SANZO KIUCHI (KELLY)

Ole Russell, later on *The World Telegram* in New York, was responsible for the wave of Irish names adopted by Japanese boys in the service of Americans. Russell couldn't remember Japanese names when he first came to Tokyo to work on *The Japanese Advertiser*, so he re-named all the boys with whom he came in contact. Kiuchi became 'Kelly', Horiguchi became 'O'Halloran', and Mako became 'Murphy'. The boys all liked the names, and referred to themselves as 'Japanese-Irishmen'.

Hedges was extremely proud of his garden, and in the autumn decided the trees and shrubs must be properly clothed in straw wrappings for the winter. He asked the gardener for an estimate of costs. 'It will be about thirty days' work,' the man said, and that was all we could get out of him. Next morning we were awakened by an army at our doors. There were tall gardeners and short gardeners, fat ones and lean ones, old ones and young ones. Frank yelled for Hiromori-san. 'What the devil is all this?' he asked. 'They are the gardeners,' said Hiromori. Then he explained. Our gardener had told us that the winter preparations were thirty days' work. Since there was not time before freezing weather for him to do the full thirty days' work himself he had got twenty-nine other gardeners and the job would be

done in one day. 'You understand,' Hiromori explained carefully, 'thirty men working one day is just the same as one man working thirty days, so you are not being cheated in the least.'

Hedges was an inveterate student, and he insisted that we should stay at home at least three nights a week for reading. We ploughed through J. W. T. Mason's *Creative Freedom*, with the aid of a dictionary, and waded into some of the most abstruse works of Oriental philosophy. They were pleasant evenings. We had long chairs in the big living-room, with call bells at our elbows. We would come home at sunset, soak for half an hour in the big wooden Japanese bath-tub, then don kimonos, and dine in the garden if the weather was warm. The cook always insisted on preparing our bath. She would put bits of the peel of a bitter orange in the water. It gave the whole bathroom a clean, aromatic odour.

There were servants for everything: a boy to scrub one's back before one entered the steaming wooden tub, a boy to fetch whisky and soda, a blind old ammah, who could massage away the most recalcitrant pain in ten minutes of skilful rubbing. Our chauffeur was a big, husky fellow, who had been an army motor mechanic. He had a passion for machines and, when Hedges had a new Marmon-eight sent out from the States, horrified us by taking the thing entirely to pieces and re-assembling it. Hedges was worried when he saw his fine new car scattered all over the garage and the lawn. But the man got it together again and it ran perfectly. He explained that he couldn't drive a car unless he was 'personally acquainted' with all its parts. Frank lost him when he married a barmaid from one of the beer-halls. The woman wouldn't let him take us on week-end expeditions. She feared he would waste his money on geisha. Frank replaced him with a dolt who eventually wrapped the new Marmon round a telephone pole.

Our week-ends were delightful. Both of us were fond of walking, and we explored every mountain trail within a hundred miles of Tokyo. One of our favourite retreats was

an inn, on a mountain-top in the Boshu Peninsula, near a snake temple. The inn was called the 'House of the Seven Circles'. It could be reached only by a narrow pack-horse trail, and we were usually the only guests. Its roof was a great thatch of straw weathered to silver grey, the only lights were candles, and the owner's daughter was very beautiful. The old man wanted to sell her to us for fifteen hundred yen. 'She is a good girl,' he said, 'not like those wenches you see in the city. She will work hard day and night.' We understood. Poor Japanese often have to sell their daughters. In a crowded land, where taxation was constantly increasing, the peasants had to take advantage of every possible source of revenue to retain their tiny holdings of land. And to lose one's land was to lose everything; to become a 'lumpen'—a beggar.

We sympathized with the old man, and always tipped him liberally when we left the inn. It is the custom in such places for one's bill to cover only the expense of entertainment. The proprietor depends on his tip for his profit. The tips are called 'Ô Cha Dai', or tea-money. If one has good manners he delivers the money in an envelope, or wrapped in a paper handkerchief. Old-fashioned Japanese still consider the exchange of naked money to be ill-bred. Once, when *The Japan Advertiser* building was damaged by fire, B. W. Fleisher, the owner, was embarrassed with a perfect flood of money, neatly wrapped in ceremonial packages with appropriate expressions of sympathy, from scores of people with whom the newspaper had done business. Fleisher had to assign two men to receive the packages, list them, and see that they were returned at the end of an appropriate time. According to Japanese custom they were gifts, or loans, to one who had suffered a misfortune, to be used if needed, and if not, to be returned. Fleisher, fortunately, did not need them.

One of the most pleasant of our walks was a mountain trail that led through a gorge over a range of pine-crested hills, into Kamakura, one of the old capitals of Japan. There was a temple at the head of the gorge called the Imaizumi-

fudo. It was famous for its two-sex waterfall, which was said to cure insanity. The right side of the fall, which was divided by a great rock at the top of a precipice, cured men, and the left side cured women. Often have I sat for hours on the veranda of a little guest-house and watched naked and raving maniacs dragged into the pool at the foot of the fall by priests, who doused the unfortunates repeatedly in the icy water while they chanted sutras and magic formulas. The patients, between treatments, were kept in iron-barred cells. Peasants told me of scores of cures the holy waters had effected.

There was a fox shrine, too, with scores of little porcelain images of the fox god. Geisha often came there to pray.

As in most big Buddhist temples in Japan, the priests had rooms for guests, most of whom were relatives of the mentally ill who had been brought to the falls for treatment. I once stayed overnight at the temple. It was a horrible, sleepless experience. The maniacs howled continually in their cells, and the mosquito net over my *futan*, or floor pallet, had great rents in it through which clouds of the most ravenous mosquitoes I have ever seen descended upon me. I fled from the temple before dawn.

Another walk we loved was from Atami, on the Idzu Peninsula, to Numadzu. It was a long hike, more than a hundred miles, but we usually managed it in less than five days. One follows the Shimoda-kaido, a centuries-old trail built purposely, in the days of the feudal civil wars, up and down the mountain slopes so that it could be defended easily. It was over this trail that Townsend Harris, first United States diplomatic representative to Japan, was carried to old Yedo, now Tokyo, to conduct the negotiations which ended in opening hermit Japan to the Western world.

Hedges, Eddie O'Connor (then Japan representative for an American film company), Luther Huston (now a Washington newspaperman), and I took this walk one New Year's holiday. I was the dwarf of the crowd, and they nearly walked my legs off, insisting on doing twenty-five miles a day so that we could spend nights in inns where the food and

baths were desirable. We had two packs, and we were supposed to take turns carrying them. Eddie O'Connor did my share after the first few hours. It was all I could do to keep up with them unburdened. I could never have continued had it not been for the baths at the end of each day's trek in the hot springs which dot the peninsula. I would spend half an hour in the boiling water, and then have a massage. How I would sleep!

At one of the night-stops, in a village tucked away in a tiny valley by the sea, I was late in getting out of my clothes and down to the bath. It was full of Japanese, men and women, and the pool was small and jammed with humanity. At one end I caught sight of Hedges' bald head, gleaming in the steamy atmosphere. The rest of his body was obscured by two huge Japanese peasant women, each with pendulous breasts like the milk-bags of cows. The women looked as if they were sitting on Hedges' knees. I shouted with laughter, and when the Japanese saw what I was looking at they joined me in laughter. Fortunately Hedges was already turkey-red from the boiling water, so none could tell whether he was blushing or not.

The peasants one met through the country were grand people—lusty, rugged folk, with a prodigious capacity for work and play. They were uniformly courteous, cheerful, and honest—as peasants are in nearly all the countries in which I have travelled—and they would go miles out of their way when we were lost to direct us to the right trail. On one trip Eddie O'Connor, when we dressed one morning in a little inn, threw a discarded pair of golf stockings into a corner. Hours later, while we were climbing over a rough mountain path, we heard halloo's behind us, and looked back across the valley to see the chambermaid from the inn. She had walked nearly ten miles to give Eddie his socks which she thought he had forgotten!

I liked, on these trips, to spend as much time as possible at Kikuzaki, the village near Shimoda where Townsend Harris lived in the days before he was permitted to establish his legation in Tokyo. There a white-haired old priest would

show me the room where Harris had slept, and the relics of his stay—including an aged cigar-stub, carefully set in a box of cotton wool. Then the priest would tell tales of Harris's 'Japanese wife', O Kichii-san, a geisha who was presented to the American when he was permitted to take up residence ashore. Percy Noel, who was correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, wrote an opera about the romance. The *première* was in Paris. The State Department has always denied that O Kichii-san was Harris's mistress, but every Japanese knows that she was, and her tragic story has been preserved in scores of songs, dramas, and dances. Harris left her in Shimoda when he went to Yedo, and the girl, an object of scorn because she had lived with a hairy barbarian, took to drink and died.

On a hillside, beyond the temple where Harris had lived, were tombs of a group of United States Navy sailors who had died while Admiral Perry's squadron was in Shimoda harbour. Most of them were from New England, and died when an epidemic swept the old U.S.N. side-wheeler, *Mississippi*. The graves were well tended. Girls from the village would put flowers on them every day.

One of the trips I made to Kikuzaki was with the late Charles R. MacVeagh, while he was ambassador in Tokyo. Japanese admirers of Townsend Harris had organized a *fête* in the village and invited MacVeagh and a number of Americans to attend. The expedition went badly. We motored from Tokyo to Yokohama, and there went aboard one of the new destroyer leaders of the Imperial Navy. MacVeagh was late arriving, and the skipper had to order full speed to reach Shimoda on time. There was a brisk following wind, and the destroyer made nearly thirty-five knots. She heaved like a wild broncho, and the more the Ambassador complained, the worse the weather got. MacVeagh was white with rage when we reached Shimoda, and the sight of hundreds of dirty-nosed little fisher-folk children carrying home-made American flags at the dock did not improve the condition of his stomach, or lower the fiery temperature of his anger. He refused to await the serving of the

banquet and finally demanded that he be returned to Yokohama in time to motor to Tokyo for dinner.

The wind had increased while we were ashore, and was blowing nearly a gale as the destroyer nosed out of the harbour. I was on the bridge with the skipper and maliciously suggested that, since the Ambassador was in so great a hurry, the ship be let out to capacity. From then on the boat careered like a cork in a boiling cauldron. Even the oldest of the Japanese sailors had green faces. But we got the Ambassador to Tokyo in time for his dinner.

Hedges and I went about a lot—life in Tokyo is a constant round of cocktail- and dinner-parties during the winter season—danced at the Imperial Hotel, and took week-end walking expeditions into the mountains. Both of us considered ourselves confirmed bachelors (Hedges still is), and that made us especially popular with the younger married women of the Anglo-American colony. A bachelor past thirty, for some reason, always seems a challenge to young matrons. I was continually twitted about it, and worked out a formal explanation. ‘Newspapermen’, I said, ‘simply can’t marry. First, most of them never have enough money. Second, the nature of their work requires that they lead irregular, wandering lives that would drive any woman to drink or divorce; and, third, they don’t want to.’ A wiser man would have known better than to throw out such a challenge.

One night in December one of the matrons in Yokohama asked me to dinner a fortnight later. ‘A girl I used to know in Salt Lake City is coming in on one of the President boats,’ she said, ‘and I want you to meet her. She is travelling round the world with her mother.’ I accepted, intending to write her a note next day excusing myself on the plea that I had been ordered to make a trip into the interior, for I disliked making the twenty-mile drive to Yokohama in evening clothes.

Next morning Hedges awoke me early to announce that thieves had got into the house during the night and stolen most of our clothing. In the excitement I forgot all about my

dinner engagement and the excuse I had intended to write. So, a fortnight later, there was no getting out of the dinner when my hostess telephoned to remind me of the engagement and to tell me I need not dress.

The dinner was not much of a success. I was introduced to Mrs Samuel Henry Sharman and her daughter Inez, listened politely to talk of people in Utah of whom I had never heard, and then sat down with Bill Brown, my host, to drink brandy and coffee.

A week later I knew I was in love, and that Inez and her mother were leaving next day for Manila. I decided to go along. Fortunately I had some business to attend to in Shanghai, which made it easy to obtain the consent of the New York office to the trip, and I knew that once I got to Shanghai, New York would readily consent to my continuing to Manila, as it was the custom to have me visit that office every few months.

We went by railway from Tokyo to Kyoto, where I was able to make a good impression by recalling the enthronement ceremonies of a few months before and act as personal guide for Inez and her mother. From Kobe we motored to Nara, another old capital of Japan, and spent a day wandering through the temples, gazing at the giant image of the Buddha, and feeding the deer which abound in the temple park. I felt I was getting a break in my courtship. We were going over ground I knew well, and I was in a position to make the trip interesting.

From Nara we drove to Kobe and took the *President Jefferson* for Shanghai. I knew the officers, and we got good treatment. I had visions of inducing Inez to return to Tokyo—she and her mother planned to continue on to Europe from Manila—to be married.

We went up the Whangpoo to Shanghai the night before Christmas. I had had a telegram during the day from Sid Moss, a college mate and fraternity brother who lived in Shanghai, asking me to a Christmas Eve party at his parents' home, and had replied that I could not come as I was with friends. That telegram nearly wrecked my romance. Inez

and her mother insisted that I should go to the party, and I (men never learn anything about women!) supposed they meant what they said.

Sid and his wife May met us at the dock, and announced that I simply had to go to the dinner. It was a big, formal party, they explained, and the seating arrangement would be thrown out of gear if they were a guest short or added two extra women. Against my better judgment I finally consented.

I got back to the ship—we had decided to stay aboard as we were to sail before noon—shortly before dawn of Christmas morning. It was late when I arose, but I found Inez in her cabin and asked her to sit with me at breakfast. Dense as I was, it didn't take long for me to see that something was wrong. The air didn't clear until we got to Hong Kong. Had it been any other city I imagine my romance would have been over. But nobody could stay in a bad humour long in Hong Kong in brilliant winter weather.

The bay is the bluest blue in the world; junks, which look like pictures of a thousand years ago, float by giant ocean liners and trim white British warships; Victoria Island pops out of the sea in a cone of brilliant green; the place reeks with romance. And, in addition, it is one of the greatest spots in the world in which to shop. Jade and cornelian, Spanish shawls and ivory had put us all in a good humour as we sailed for Manila.

The year ended the night before we docked, and the captain gave a dress ball. It was a gay party, and nobody had gone to bed at sunrise when the shore officials came out, in launches, for medical and passport examinations. We stayed in the Manila Hotel a few days while I did some work at our office, and then went on to Baguio, the mountain resort high in the pine forests, which is the summer capital of the islands. I had made arrangements to stay at the country club's guest quarters. The manager was a friend of mine, and I knew he would make things pleasant for us.

Then came another disaster. Inez announced we had to play golf! Golf-clubs to me were something people carry

around who have nothing else to do and who never go to places where there are no porters to carry their luggage. I evaded the issue for a few days, pleading that a Press Association man caught playing golf would be certain to lose his job.

Next day we played golf. I hit balls all over the landscape, and nearly ruined half a dozen little bare-legged Igorote caddies. Inez was delighted. 'You're the nicest person I ever knew,' she said. 'I've looked the world over for a man I could beat at golf. What'll I ever do without you?' That night we became engaged. 'Subject, of course, to my parents' consent,' Inez qualified. That angle didn't worry me a bit.

I wrote Inez's father, and then cabled every prominent man I knew in the United States asking him to write to my prospective father-in-law and vouch for my character and responsibility. I asked that the letters be timed to reach Mr Sharman shortly after my own plea had got into his hands.

Meantime, in Baguio, we played golf and more golf. Fortunately the more I played the worse I got. By the third day I was really trying to hit the ball, and consequently missing it altogether. Inez sat on the tee benches and rested, becomingly, while I knocked balls into water-hazards, forests, weed patches, and clear over hill-tops. We eventually got round, however, and the mint-juleps usually restored my good temper.

They made the best mint-juleps in the world in Baguio. A British liquor dealer in Hong Kong provided the Bourbon. He had had it in stock more than a quarter of a century. After Admiral Dewey won the battle of Manila Bay the whole Orient got ready for a great movement of American troops to the United States' new possession. The Hong Kong liquor dealer was warned there would be a tremendous demand for 'American' whisky. Assuming the troop transports would call at Hong Kong, on the normal steamship line from San Francisco to Manila, he bought a ship-load of Bourbon and waited for business. It never came. The Army sent most of its transports direct from California to the Philippines, coaling them at Honolulu, and the Bourbon stayed in a Hong Kong cellar. Somebody discovered the

supply a year or two after I had been in the Far East, and soon every club frequented by Americans was stocked with it. At Boguio the country club management bought it by the barrel; served juleps in huge silver goblets with frost half an inch thick on the outside; and became famous. The last of that Bourbon was consumed only a few years ago. Baguio will never be the same without it.

What with the golf and the juleps, I felt my marriage was virtually assured. Mrs Sharman liked me, and approved of the match. My golf got worse and worse, and the juleps got better and better. I saw a lifetime of successful marriage ahead.

Then came an earthquake. I was awakened one night by an unholy pounding on the door of my room and scrambled to the door to find Inez, in kimono and white with fright, demanding protection.

'What's wrong?' I asked sleepily.

'Didn't you feel the earthquake? It nearly knocked the building over.'

I hadn't felt a thing. Inez was furious.

'And you expect me to marry you and live in Japan, where there's a bad earthquake a month,' she said, sarcastically. I promised to wake up without fail the very next earthquake that came along, and explained how I'd do it. Matheson had shown me the trick when I lived with him in Tokyo. He had been through the great earthquake of 1923, which killed more than a hundred and fifty thousand people in Tokyo and Yokohama, and wanted to be sure he was never caught asleep when one started. So he invented an 'earthquake detector'.

The invention was a large cow-bell on the end of a string. Matheson tied the string to a picture-hook over his bed, and propped the bell a quarter of an inch from the wall immediately over his head. At the first earth tremor (or when anybody walked into his room) the stick-prop would fall and the cow-bell would jangle against the wall. Matheson's technique was perfect. The second the bell jangled he would dive into a kimono and slippers and plunge through a

window into the open. Inez didn't think much of the invention, but the story served, in that its telling enabled her to stop shivering and get back to her room.

We were back in Hong Kong late in January, and I set forth to buy an engagement ring. A Chinese sold me one I thought was perfect (Mikimoto, the Japanese jeweller in Tokyo, later showed Inez a flaw in it which looked, through a microscope, like a crevasse in a glacier), and we all had Martinis before luncheon to celebrate the occasion. My luck, I thought, was running high. And it held in Shanghai, where I made tentative contracts for United Press news service to a Chinese news agency and a new group of newspapers. At Kobe, however, with the date we had set for our marriage only a week away, things went wrong.

I had scores of acquaintances in every city in the Orient, and the news that the confirmed bachelor was pursuing a girl from Tokyo to Manila and back had begun to get round, as those things always do in the Far East. I had a wireless message from the gang in Kobe some hours before the boat dropped anchor in the port.

'Will meet you at the dock,' it said. The names of a dozen of my cronies were signed. Every one of them was that of a chap who would stop at nothing in the way of ragging. I thought fast after I got the telegram, and decided that the best plan would be to take Inez and her mother into my confidence. I warned them that if I appeared to be kidnapped the moment the gangway was let down they were not to be surprised, and explained that some of the boys were inclined, at times, to be a little exuberant.

The boys showed up the minute the gangway touched the dock, and I introduced Mrs Sharman and Inez, for I knew there was no use trying to escape. A spokesman eloquently described my 'long and ignoble career in the Far East as a bachelor', and then announced that I was to be fined for leaving the ranks. 'The fine', he said, 'is that this prisoner shall keep open house at the bar while the ship is in port.' I managed to get a change of venue by paying the fine in the Oriental Hotel lobby. Harvey Street, the hotel's manager,

induced the crowd into the bar on some pretext, and I ducked into the street and caught a taxi back to the ship. There was a guard at the gangway, and I gave him ten yen to swear I had not returned. Then I found Inez and her mother and soon had them in a bridge game in one of the upper recreation rooms.

I did not go back to my cabin until the ship sailed at midnight. When I did reach it it was a wreck. The door lock was broken; shaving cream, razor blades, and broken glass were smeared on the bed, all my clothing was in knots, and on the wall was a big sign, done with an ink-stopper. It read: 'Don't attempt to get married in Japan.'

We had some lively bachelors in the Orient.

I did get married, however, with the aid of gallons of black coffee, the United States Embassy, and the Japanese police. The Embassy took care of the American end of it and the police did the rest—so that the marriage would be legal in Japan. I liked the Japanese ceremony best.

Hedges came along to be best man. We simply took a taxi to the metropolitan police headquarters, walked to the marriage window, signed a paper, and paid fifteen sen—which was the equivalent of five cents. Hedges paid the fifteen sen.

We motored to Atami for our honeymoon. It is a beautiful hot-springs resort, about sixty-five miles from Tokyo, and has two excellent hotels in foreign style. Inez got her first shock when we were assigned to our rooms. 'The taps to the bath tubs are wired tight so they can't be turned,' she called. I explained that that was because many Japanese who used the hotel were unaccustomed to taps, and would turn on the water and leave it running. A boy came with pliers and took off the wire.

We decided, however, to bathe in the big hot-springs pools. I was anxious to show off my knowledge of the things, and urged Inez to try them. She got into my kimono and *zori*—a sort of sandal, and I led her past grinning Japanese to the section of private baths reserved for women. 'I'll go in the big public pool, where I can have a swim before dinner,' I told her.

I had been in that pool a hundred times and had never found a woman in it, but I might have known that this time my luck would be out. The room was steamy when I went in, and I thought it empty.

I called for an attendant, sat on a stool while he poured water over me and scrubbed me vigorously with his big soap brush, and then plunged in the hot pool. I came up in a cloud of steam, scraped somebody, and turned to apologize—for it is bad form to touch anybody in a mixed bathing establishment. A Japanese girl, whose fair skin indicated that she was of the aristocracy, accepted the apology blushing. I got out of the pool as fast as I could.

Dressing hurriedly, I called the attendant and asked him to take me to the door of Inez's bath in the women's reserved section. 'The foreign lady in there is very peculiar,' the man remarked as we walked down the corridor. 'She has locked the door, and my assistant can't get in to scrub her back. He's been knocking for ten minutes.' I found Inez, her kimono held round her in a death-grip, sobbing with rage.

'A fine place you've brought me to. Water so hot nobody could possibly stand it, and a man trying to break in the second I got off my clothes.'

I tried to explain, but the spectacle of the determined bath attendant, still gripping his soap and brush, was too much. I howled with laughter. Inez stamped her feet in a rage. And just then the pretty Japanese girl I had seen in the pool tripped out of the door behind which I had disappeared a few minutes before. That finished things for Inez.

'You take me straight back to Tokyo!' she demanded. 'I hate you and everything in this country and everything in the Far East, and I wish I'd never seen you! I'll get mother and we'll go straight home.'

Troubles certainly always come to me in bunches. Next day we went to see the Imperial Plum Grove—one of the show-places of Atami. The blossoms are at their best early in February, and the park is superb.

As we were starting back to the hotel someone called to

me. I turned to be confronted by Hana-ko, and saw that she was very drunk. 'This,' I thought 'is probably going to be the last straw.' But I knew better than to try to get away.

'Seems to be a drunk geisha,' I told Inez hurriedly. 'They like to drink when they come to see the plum-blossoms. Just be polite to her and we'll walk on in a few minutes.' Inez could speak no Japanese, and I assumed she would not realize that Hana-ko knew me. I turned to the geisha and said hurriedly: 'This foreign lady is very ill—she has eaten something that didn't agree with her. I hope you'll excuse us if we hurry back to the hotel.'

Hana-ko reeled towards a gallon *sake* bottle she had left on a bench with her companion. 'Oh, Vaughn-san! oh, Vaughn-san!' the woman giggled. Inez was frigid.

'Please go and see your friends,' she said, icily. 'You seem to have them everywhere. I'll be able to get back to the hotel alone quite easily.'

I spent the next five years trying to explain that incident.

We motored to the Fujiya Hotel in Miyanoshita that afternoon. It is high in the mountains and was little frequented by Japanese in the winter season. I knew we would find no geisha there. What I did find, when I telephoned the office in Tokyo, was that our Shanghai office had cabled me requesting that I travel there immediately. A new war had started up the Yangtse, and some of our news service contracts required immediate attention. That was the end of our honeymoon.

Inez's mother had remained in Tokyo while we were away, and had planned to stay until we found a house and got settled. My Shanghai trip, however, upset things. It was finally decided that Inez should remain with her mother until Mrs Sharman could get a ship for the United States and that I would go to Shanghai at once, since our office there needed me immediately. Inez was to join me as soon as her mother sailed for home.

We stayed in Shanghai for some months. Inez spent her time purchasing things she wanted for the house we intended to rent when we got back to Japan. One can buy beautiful



The author's home in Tokyo
Mrs Vaughn and son, with cook, nurse and maids

hand-made teak-wood furniture, Oriental rugs, screens, old pictures, and all the things that delight a bride, in Shanghai, and Inez made the most of her opportunity. We had dozens of huge bales and boxes the day we were to sail. I got the office cashier to take them to the *Empress of France*, which was to weigh anchor at midnight.

There was the usual wild last-day rush, ending with a big cocktail-party and a dinner. I was called to the telephone in the middle of the party. It was our cashier. He announced that the Chinese authorities would not allow our boxes to be loaded until they had been opened and examined. 'Those boxes are all nailed shut,' he complained. 'You should have had hinges and padlocks put on them. The regulations are that nailed boxes are export cargo for re-sale and subject to duty. Hinged boxes are classed as baggage and not subject to inspection.'

I suggested that I'd pay the export-tax, which I knew would not be large, but that could not be done because it was after hours. The problem was finally solved by finding a friendly Chinese official and a hardware store. We put hinges on the boxes. I am sure the man never lived who could keep up with Chinese regulations. I have travelled up and down the country for nine years and found new rules every trip. Basic customs in China, however, never change. I was to find that out just before our ship sailed.

After disposing of the matter of our furniture cases, I went back for Inez and found her in the middle of a new pile of packages—the final 'going away' presents which Occidentals who live in the Orient give each other on the slightest excuse. We had to go to the ship, which was anchored down the river, in a tender. I got coolies to carry the packages. The standard price for a porter in China is ten cents 'small money' per package. I knew that, and that is the amount I should have paid. When we got to our cabin, however, I found my pocket filled with small change and gave the lot to the coolies. It was three or four times the correct amount, and the coolies, assuming, in Chinese fashion, that they were dealing with an ignorant person,

howled for more. I chased them off the ship with my stick, yelling the few Chinese curses I knew at them to indicate I was no greenhorn.

An hour later I was awakened by somebody pounding on the cabin-door. I opened it, sleepily, thinking it was a cabin-boy with a telegram. In a second the cabin was full of coolies. They were the porters who had carried our baggage to the ship, back with a spokesman who knew a few words of English, demanding more money. I was in pyjamas and a thin pair of bedroom slippers, but I kicked the nearest coolie as hard as I could. The men ran out the door laughing. The kick was a sign they understood—they knew I was no tourist.

Back in Japan we took rooms again at the Imperial Hotel (I am sure I lived on one visit or another in every room in that estimable hostelry), and Inez spent her days house-hunting. In the evening I went to look at the day's find. It was a discouraging business. There were only a few foreign-style houses in Tokyo, and all the desirable ones were tenanted.

The first house Inez inspected was an ancient, ramshackle affair near the United States Embassy, which, she told me that night, was not fit for a barn. A month later we rented it, for it was the best that was to be had. The landlord made extensive repairs and, re-decorated, the place looked perfect to us when we moved in. Inez arranged the teak-wood furniture, the Oriental rugs, and all the possessions she had accumulated in China. The day we moved in, I believe, was the first time I had realized that I was really married; that moving henceforth was to be a matter of vans and freight cars—instead of a taxi-cab and two suit-cases—and that sooner or later I would have to abandon a roving existence.

Inez went to Karuizawa, a mountain resort near Tokyo, for the hot months, soon after we had opened the house, and left me alone with Chiyo-san, the cook, house-keeper and general manager of the establishment. In China one always has a man cook; in Japan the cooks are women: why, I never could discover. Chiyo-san was excellent. She attended

to everything, and our bills were less than mine had been as a bachelor. I felt that marriage was a great institution.

Inez came back to town as soon as the weather cooled, and it was then we discovered the first flaw in our house. The thing had no chimney and no heating plant. I asked the cook about it. 'How will we keep warm in winter?' She showed me connections for gas grates, but recommended us not to use them. 'Hibachis are better,' she remarked.

I had lived in enough Japanese houses to know about hibachis. They are big metal or porcelain bowls which the Japanese fill with white wood ashes in which burning charcoal is buried. A big hibachi will heat one square foot of space and no more and, unless the thing is carefully tended, it gives off enough carbon monoxide to asphyxiate a regiment.

The landlord explained that an Englishman had built the house and that it was his fault the place had no flues. 'Japanese houses have no chimneys, you know,' he said, 'and this man had lived in Japan a long time. I guess he didn't like them.'

We solved the problem by buying a big coal stove—a giant apparatus that looked like an old-fashioned wardrobe encased in a vitrified metal skin—and running the pipe through a window. Outside the window we fitted an 'elbow' and then ran a vertical stove-pipe along the house and well above the roof level. The thing had to be put next to our front door, and it gave the entrance to our palace something the appearance of a factory, but it worked. When we opened the draughts of the stove in cold weather the outside pipe would get red-hot. We solved that by having it wrapped in asbestos, and hiring an extra watchman to see that the house did not catch fire.

There are adventures in plenty for Americans who get married and establish a home in Tokyo—but most of them are a lot of fun.

CHAPTER XIV

SHADOWS BEFORE

THE shadow of Manchuria, that fabulous land of broad prairies, dense forests, and wide, deep rivers, was projected over all Asia during the entire decade I was in the Far East.

Russia wanted it; Japan wanted it, and felt she had won it in the Russo-Japanese war; China wanted it. But Chang Tso-lin, that strange, shy little war-lord who could be at once the most ruthless of dictators and the tenderest of fathers, had it.

It was a land of plots and counter-plots; a region much like the American northern plains states, crying for population and development.

The series of civil wars which ravaged China following the Republican Revolution of 1911 caused the greatest population movement of our times. Millions of Chinese, despairing of ever seeing order in their homeland, packed their goods on their backs and turned north. They streamed into Manchuria every spring in an unending procession. More than ten million entered the 'Three Eastern Provinces', as the region was known throughout China, in the decade ending in 1929.

Conditions in Manchuria might be bad, but those in war-torn China were worse. There was, at least, new land to be had, and Chang Tso-lin's tax-collectors never went the lengths of the Chinese war-lords, who kidnapped young girls and sold them into slavery in desperate efforts to replenish their treasuries.

I was in Dairen, terminus of the Japanese-owned Manchuria Railway and chief city of the Japanese Kwantung

Leased Territory, which forms the southern tip of Manchuria, during some weeks in the spring of 1928. Chinese settlers, chiefly from Shantung Province, were arriving on every ship. All of them were fleeing from the horror of continuous civil war.

Chang Chung-chang had held most of Shantung, and the extortions he practised were beyond belief.

We talked to some of the settlers through interpreters furnished by the railway company. One old man from a village not far from Tsinan-fu, accompanied by his sons and a host of relatives and their children, told me this story:

‘My ancestors have lived in Shantung for ten thousand years’—(Chinese sometimes use the expression ‘ten thousand years’ in a loose sense, generally meaning as far back as their family history goes)—‘and in the days when the Son of Heaven sat on his Dragon Throne in Peking, were rich.

‘We owned many farms, and tended them carefully. There was land enough for all my children and to spare. We had our troubles, but during most years we could add something to our wealth. Our rice bowls were always full. We made good marriages for our daughters.

‘We were not even bothered when the Germans came and built their city of red roofs in Tsingtao. They taught us to raise peanuts, and paid us well for them. A great crop, peanuts. We grew them on land which had never been fit for anything. The missionary fathers showed us how, and helped us to get the seeds. The merchants paid us for the crop in good silver, never in that paper money which is now passed round and is not worth its weight in copper.

‘We had no part in the Republican revolution. That was a movement of the south.’ The old man spat on the ground to indicate his contempt for Cantonese. ‘But when it came we were not afraid. We only asked to be left alone to work in our fields and to govern ourselves through our village elders. We always paid our taxes without complaint.

‘The taxes were getting worse when the white barbarians started their great war in the lands beyond the eastern moun-

tains, and then the Japanese came and chased away the Germans who had been buying our crops. We had to start sending our produce to Peking and Tientsin, as my father used to do.

‘After a time Japanese merchants came to Tsinan-fu and bought from us. They did not pay so well as the Germans at first, but the prices got better when we organized a union and bargained.

‘I think we might have prospered if the Japanese had stayed, but they were driven away, and the tiger, Chang Chung-chang, sent his men to our village. They made us pay three years’ taxes in advance the very first month they were there. Soon they were taking all the money we could get, and when that was gone they took our crops.

‘They impressed our sons to work for their armies, or to fight for them. They took all our coolies and field hands, and then they beat us because we did not raise crops. Some of our best fields they took themselves, and made their strange coolies grow opium.

‘Finally we had nothing left. I had to borrow money from a Japanese to come to this land. And I will have to borrow more, as soon as I can, to send home for the bones of my ancestors.’

This story, as it was loosely translated to me, was typical of that of nearly all the emigrants. They had reached that state of desperation where anything was better than life under the war-lords.

Most of the emigration was arranged, and financed in part, by the S.M.R. The railway company wanted settlers so that it could have crops to move, and Chang Tso-lin wanted them because they would add to his tax revenues.

The emigrants were treated fairly well during the first years I was in Asia. They were given land cheaply; tools and seeds were lent to them by the S.M.R., and Chang Tso-lin’s soldiers provided them with a measure of protection from bandits.

As time passed, however, and Chang became more and more embroiled in the wars in North China, conditions in

Manchuria got worse. The currency was debased, and when tax collections failed to provide money for the old war-lord's armies in Peking, a system of forced crop sales to the government, which paid for grain with nearly worthless paper money, was instituted.

Both Russia and Japan resented Chang's ruinous policy—Russia because she owned the Chinese Eastern Railway in North Manchuria, and Japan because she owned the S.M.R. Neither line could be made to pay when the population was being bankrupted.

Things drifted from bad to worse after Chang Tso-lin was assassinated in the summer of 1928 and was succeeded by his son, Chang Hsueh-liang. The 'Young Marshal' was helpless in the hands of the oligarchy his father had left behind. The provincial governors ran their own territories to suit themselves and had their own armies.

This situation, I believe, had much to do with his decision to cast his lot with the Kuomintang Nationalists. The revolution had swept most of China proper by 1920, and many Chinese leaders, the 'Young Marshal' among them, believed that there was a fair chance for a real unification.

Had Chang Hsueh-liang been well advised, of course, he would have known that neither Russia nor Japan would permit Manchuria to remain long under the Kuomintang, which, by 1929, was almost entirely in the control of Chiang Kai-shek and his followers.

Russia hated Chiang Kai-shek because he had kicked the Soviet advisers out of Hankow, taken the whole Chinese revolution away from Moscow, and ruthlessly slaughtered all the Chinese converts to Communism that he could capture. Japan distrusted him because of his frank platform of repudiation of treaties, including the treaties upon which Nippon's vast trade structure in Manchuria rested. It was obvious that a blow-up must come.

The first move, unexpectedly, was on the part of China. Chang Hsueh-liang, acting on the instructions of the Nanking government, seized the Chinese Eastern Railway early in July. The railway, which crosses North Manchuria from

Manchouli to Pograditchnaya, built by Tsarist Russia with money borrowed in France—and, incidentally, never repaid—had been inherited by the Bolsheviks, who had moved heaven and earth to regain control of it after it had been seized by the American and Allied forces during the post-War expedition into Manchuria and Siberia at the end of the World War. It was an integral part of Russia's trans-Siberian lines, and constituted the short-cut from Vladivostok, the great Soviet seaport in the Pacific, to the long line leading to Moscow.

By a treaty between Soviet Russia and China, signed after the Allied-American expedition had left Asia, ownership of the Chinese Eastern was vested in Russia, but operation was to be a partnership, and the earnings of the road equally divided between the two countries.

The Russians were the real operators of the road, of course, and controlled the lands, mines, shipping lines, municipal services, and other departments which were its subsidiaries. All the officials and employees were trusted Bolsheviks.

That this great Soviet organization should be used for purposes of propaganda was inevitable. It was equally inevitable that Chiang Kai-shek and Chang Hsueh-liang, who had made the stamping-out of Communism in China a cardinal principle in their programme, should try to gain control of it.

Quarrels over the operation of the road began early in 1929 and ended with its occupation by Chang Hsueh-liang's troops, who arrested the leading Soviet officials and deported most of the Red employees.

I imagine that Chang expected support from the Japanese, for he knew that they hated Communism as much as he did, and I know that he expected all the military support Nanking could give him. He got neither.

Moscow demanded that the operation of the railway should be returned to its old basis immediately, and when Chang delayed sent an ultimatum. The note was followed with guns and bombing-planes. A few hundred of Chang's

soldiers were killed before Russia took the railway back by force.

Moscow insisted on conducting all diplomatic negotiations in connection with the incident with Nanking, and when things went badly severed relations with China on July 18th. All Russian diplomatic and consular representatives in China, except those in Manchuria, were ordered home, and the Chinese representatives in Russia were expelled.

I was in Tokyo throughout most of the crisis, and kept in close touch with Alexander Troyanowsky, the Soviet ambassador (who was later to serve in Washington), and with Baron Kijuro Shidehara, the Japanese Foreign Minister.

Both of them were confident that the trouble would be 'localized'—a diplomatic way of saying that Japan would not intervene, and that Russia would not move farther in North Manchuria once her railway rights had been regained.

I was not sure, however, that this optimism was justified, and kept close watch on the Japanese military through our correspondents in Manchuria to see what they intended to do about things. To my surprise none of them had much to say.

I thought for a time that Moscow and Tokyo had made a deal, and that Japan had agreed to leave Russia alone in the north, giving the Bolsheviks a free hand to exploit the regions along the Chinese Eastern as they might see fit. I think Russia would have welcomed such a proposal, and it is possible feelers may have been put out to obtain the Japanese point of view. Nothing developed, however, and in the middle of the crisis our thoughts were diverted by the action of Henry L. Stimson in calling the attention of the signatories of the Kellogg-Briand treaty, outlawing war, to the North Manchurian situation.

It was the first real test of the Kellogg Pact, and we watched for the reaction of the signatory powers with interest. Both China and Russia, as well as Japan, had signed the agreement, and if it was to mean anything it seemed to me that it should show its force in the Chinese Eastern quarrel.

Herbert Hoover was just getting into his stride as President in Washington, and for domestic political reasons wanted to effect a brilliant stroke of foreign policy. He was careful, however, not to permit his Secretary of State to go too far, and all that Stimson did was to call attention of the Powers to the anti-war treaty and propose an exchange of views among the signatories principally concerned.

Russia interpreted the Stimson move as meaning a desire for mediation, and rejected it, asserting that there was nothing to mediate.

Stimson called in the Japanese ambassador in Washington, Katsuji Debuchi, on July 18th, and made known the views of the United States Government to him. Simultaneously Baron Shidehara, in Tokyo, summoned the Chinese and Russian ambassadors, and advised them to seek a peaceful solution within the spirit of the pact. His action, while it coincided with that of the American Secretary of State, was not a consequence of what had happened in Washington. Shidehara had acted independently. Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, had made a similar move in Paris in a conversation with the Russian ambassador. In the end, however, the Pact failed.

That, I believe, was the first real indication that the whole structure of the post-War international agreements for the preservation of a peace based on the *status quo*—the 'haves' to retain what they had, and the 'have nots' to be content to remain in a position of inferiority—was to collapse.

Matheson, Hedges, and I debated the situation at length, and Matheson finally convinced me that the peace machinery could not be made to work.

'It must be a truism in international as well as in domestic practice,' he asserted, 'that laws have the support of a majority of the governed. But are we to expect a majority of Japanese to be content for ever to remain cooped up in these tight little islands?'

'They cannot.'

'The population of Japan proper is increasing at the rate of nearly a million a year. The country already is, with the

possible exception of Java and some parts of China, the most densely populated in the world.

‘Japan’s effort to solve her troubles through a programme of government-supported industry is meeting with only a measure of success, because of the continuous Chinese boycotts of Japanese goods and the closing of other foreign markets in this general post-War wave of “self-supporting nationalism”.

‘We see Britain, France, Germany, and the United States establishing a “quota system” which limits imports and dams many of the most promising channels of international trade.

‘Now, the Japanese are not going to sit idly and wait to be choked to death. This country has been continuously on the march since the energy of the people was released by the ending of the feudal *shogunate* some eighty years ago.

‘The most childish student of history ought to know that no system which envisages a world of people frozen into fixed boundaries by immutable laws, limited in opportunity by the territory they may possess, no matter how sterile it may be, can hope to endure. We are sitting on a volcano here; it may explode under our feet any time.

‘China is daring Japan to take Manchuria every day. Nanking persists in allowing the anti-Japanese boycott to continue, Chang Hsueh-liang is deliberately building his own network of railways in Manchuria, paralleling the South Manchuria lines, and designed to stifle them; Soviet Russia is tightening her hold on Outer Mongolia, which has been made a Bolshevik protectorate, in fact if not in law. Russian agents are in Sinkiang (the great, sparsely-settled region to the north-west of Peking), and are preparing to close it to Chinese and foreign traders just as they have closed Mongolia.

‘Now let us look at history. We find that when China tried to seize Korea, in the years before 1894, Japan went to war and drove the Chinese out, opening the way for her own annexation of the old Korean Empire.

'We find that when Russia tried to seize Manchuria, through a secret treaty she had made with China while the Peking mandarins still were smarting from the drubbing they had been given by Japan, Japan again went to war, and astounded the world by defeating the Tsar in successive battles on land and sea.

'In the light of these events, can anybody believe that Japan will not fight again? She took Korea because it is literally, as the Japanese always have maintained, "an arrow pointing at the heart of the Japanese Empire". She drove Russia from south and central Manchuria because these regions are contiguous to Korea, and must be in friendly hands if Korea and Japan are to be secure. She would have taken Vladivostok and Kamchatka during the period of intervention after the World War had not Britain and the United States sent troops to stop her.

'Japanese policy has never deviated in its essential aims one iota. It has been to expand in northern Asia towards Siberia and into Outer Mongolia.

'Our job is to get ready to report the greatest struggle since the World War. The story is in the making right now—right in front of our noses.'

I had the greatest respect for Matheson's knowledge and judgment, and I came to agree with most of his conclusions. It seemed to me that those who controlled Japan were ready to risk all the tremendous pressure which Europe and America could bring to bear on her if world statesmen really made up their minds to 'crack down'.

I believed that the test the Kellogg Pact had met in Russia's invasion of North Manchuria was proof that the whole idea of the Pact was wrong.

By 1930 I was convinced that the North Asian issue could only be settled by force, and that the only power which was likely to oppose Japan with any effective force was Soviet Russia.

Galen, with whom I had talked so often in Canton during the early days of the Chinese Revolution, was back in Moscow, and had resumed his service in the Soviet Army

under the name of General Vassili Bluecher. I knew of his hatred of Japan, and when I heard that he might get a high post in Eastern Siberia (he later became commander of the Red Far-Eastern armies) I suspected that Russo-Japanese tension would increase. The Japanese militarists hated Galen as much as he hated them.

'The fact is,' a Japanese army officer told me as early as 1926, 'there is not room in Northern Asia for both Russia and Japan. One or the other of us must get out.'

Year after year, from 1925 on to 1931 when the final blow-up came, I saw the fate of Manchuria drawing nearer and nearer.

The Washington Conference had just been completed when I went to the Far East, and I felt then, as did most Americans, that its decisions meant a new deal for China and general stability in Asia.

The Nine-Powers Treaty clearly guaranteed China's territorial integrity, and the naval limitations agreements placed Japan in a secondary position which made it all but impossible for her to embark on any campaign of conquest.

The Powers were pledged to help China to put her house in order, and Japan was to forgo that campaign of interference in the internal affairs of China which had been exemplified in the 'Twenty-one Demands'. It looked, on paper, like a very pleasant and rosy world.

That spirit of peace, which was to be put on paper in the Kellogg-Briand treaty for renunciation of war, was abroad in the world.

American capital was flowing into all the Oriental countries. Henry Ford was putting a big motor-car assembly plant in Yokohama, and selling cars by the thousands. General Motors was preparing to open a big plant in Osaka to assemble Chevrolets in opposition to Ford. The Otis Elevator Company was building a plant between Tokyo and Yokohama, and was installing its 'lifts' in practically every new building that went up in the Far East. International Telephone and Telegraph Company was edging into the China market, and was soon to buy the Shanghai Telephone

Company and bring really good telephone service—the first ever known on the mainland of Asia—to Cathay.

American bankers were active everywhere, and kept a series of missions in Tokyo which floated tens of millions of dollars in Japanese electric company debentures in the United States home market. American goods were on sale from Batavia to Harbin and from Bangkok to Osaka.

On the surface the brotherhood of man was coming into full flower.

There had been a terrible hubbub in Tokyo at the time of the Oriental Exclusion clause in U.S. immigration law, but Ambassador Masanao Hanihara, whose 'grave consequences' letter to Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes had so upset the Senate, had been recalled, and the Japanese, after a few anti-American demonstrations by the ultra-nationalist societies, had decided to make the best of it.

'If you don't want our people in the United States, we'll just keep them at home,' Foreign Minister Baron Kijuro Shidehara told me in an interview in 1925. 'In fact, I think the exclusion clause in your immigration law may prove a blessing in disguise. Japan must be the great industrial nation of the Far East, and the fact that we cannot send our people abroad—that we cannot export population—as Italy, Germany, and even England have done, will force us to speed up our industrialization. We will export the results of our labour rather than the labour itself, and in the end that will make us a greater nation.'

Japanese newspaper editors felt the same way. 'There is no Manchurian problem,' H. Motoyama, president of the *Osaka Mainichi* told me in 1926. 'Our interests there are guaranteed by agreements with China, and these agreements can be expanded and elaborated as necessary.'

'It is unthinkable that we should have to resort to force, for it is in China's interest even more than ours to carry out the arrangements we have made.'

The only dissident voices I heard were from the men of the army. When I talked with them, as I always did on my trips into China, I found the conversation veered, eventually,



The author with Baron K. Shidehara

to one question: 'What would the United States do if Japan should take forceful action in Manchuria?' My reply was, of course, that I did not know.

Many of the journeys I made into China were in company with Matheson, and it was usually to him that questions were addressed, since he was older than I and had been far longer in the Orient. Matheson was the soul of candour. An honest man himself—honest almost to the degree of fault—he assumed that others were equally frank and truthful.

Once we were entertained at a big geisha party in Dairen by the late Major R. Watari, a retired army officer in the employ of the South Manchuria Railway Company. The guests included a number of officers of the Kwantung army.

After we had gone through a twenty-course dinner and gallons of *sake* and come to the inevitable whisky-sodas, Watari made a little speech, told the guests who Matheson and I were, and said that we would be glad to answer any questions that might be asked us.

It was not long after the fighting between Chinese and Japanese forces in Tsinan-fu, capital of Shantung Province, during the drive of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist armies upon Peking.

American opinion had been disturbed at the action of the Japanese forces in holding up the Nationalists, and the Japanese were worried about it.

One of the Generals asked Matheson: 'Suppose we were to occupy Manchuria to-morrow by force of arms. What would the United States do?'

Matheson smiled. 'The Secretary of State', he said, 'probably would write notes to the signatories of the Kellogg Pact calling their attention to the incident, and asking them to express an opinion as to whether or not the Pact had been violated. Then there would be talk about the Nine-Powers Treaty. Eventually the whole case would probably be referred to the League of Nations, of which the United States is not a member. The League would appoint a committee, the committee would appoint a sub-committee, the sub-

committee would appoint a special committee, the special committee would report to the sub-committee, the sub-committee would report to the full committee, and then the full committee would agree to investigate.

‘The next year would be spent in investigation. The investigators would report to the sub-committee, which would report to the full committee, which would report to the Council, which would call a meeting of the Assembly, which would adopt a resolution.

‘By that time another year would have passed, and whatever had happened in Manchuria would be history and unimportant, because something of greater gravity would have happened somewhere else.’

I am quoting Matheson’s remarks just as I listed them in my diary when I got back to the hotel after the dinner. They proved almost uncanny in their accuracy.

An active person, of decided views, Matheson had little sympathy for the type of mind which envisaged and created the League.

‘The thing is a menace to peace,’ he often said, ‘because it has no power. Who ever heard of a peace officer without a gun? Who ever heard of stopping a soldier with a piece of paper?’

I did not agree with all of Matheson’s views, but the more I saw of the Japanese army and the more I travelled through Manchuria, the more certain I was that trouble was in the offing, and then when it came the Japanese army would be ready to act.

Early in 1931 I felt that the blow-off was getting near.

I was in Tokyo in early September when it came.

CHAPTER XV

DRAGON'S TEETH

I SPENT most of 1931 in Japan and Manchuria, and worked harder than I had ever worked before or ever expect to work again.

We had a large office in Tokyo in the building of *The Japan Telegraph News Agency* (*Nippon Dempo Tsushinsha*)—the Japanese news agency with which the United Press was then affiliated and which marketed our world news service to the newspapers of the Empire—and an excellent Japanese staff. It was my custom, however, to cover in person all news which had American or foreign angles. And throughout 1931 the news kept breaking out all over the map.

The Far East, in common with the rest of the world, had suffered severely from the universal economic depression of 1930. In China the depression had been particularly severe because of the collapse in the price of silver (China was then on a silver basis), and the exchange value of the dozens of varieties of silver currency in China had sunk to the lowest levels in history, making it virtually impossible for the Chinese to import anything. Exports, on the other hand, had increased, because Chinese products, if bought with American dollars or other gold currencies, cost practically nothing. This, of course, irritated the Japanese, who saw China taking many of their foreign markets.

All the signs in January indicated a troubled year. Friction between Japan and China was increasing in Manchuria, Communism was gaining ground in many of the Chinese provinces, and even in Japan itself; and the continual squabbling between the political factions in Tokyo had reached a state of open scandal. Russia was baiting Japan

on all fronts. The branch of the Japanese government-controlled Bank of Chosen (Korea), in Vladivostok, had been raided and forcibly closed as part of a campaign to force the Japanese to pay higher rents on the fishing areas they leased in Soviet waters off Kamchatka, and Russians were carrying on an active propaganda designed to convince the world that Japan was engaged in vast military preparations which were to end in an attack on Soviet territory. The Russians particularly were concerned about the development of the port of Tsuruga, on the Japan Sea, from which Japanese steamers depart for Vladivostok. A two-million-dollar improvement project was under way, and the Russians believed that it was part of Japan's preparations for war with them.

As much to get away from the gloom in Tokyo as anything else, Inez and I decided on a walking trip through the Fuji Lakes region, around the base of majestic Mount Fuji, during the New Year holiday. We went by railway and bus to Lake Yamanaka, high in the snows, and then tramped by easy stages to Lake Shoji, where there was an excellent hotel. The proprietor, bursting with pride, assigned us to a room once occupied by the Prince of Wales. It was bitterly cold, and Inez spent most of her time in that room, hugging a big wood stove, while I nearly killed myself in a snow-slide trying to climb the big mountain in company with a Japanese guide. I never have had a better time. The weather was crisp and clear on the lower slopes of the old volcano, while the peak of the mountain was shrouded most of the time in huge, swirling clouds of snow, which, at times, had the appearance of a succession of arctic rainbows gone mad.

There is a tiny village near the lake, and I ended each day's tramp there, stopping in one of the cottages for tea and a chat in my broken Japanese. The villagers were miserably poor, but it did not seem to bother them. The old men and women were busy making the white wooden chopsticks with which Japanese eat all their meals. They had a contract with a company which sold lunch boxes in the

railway stations—the nearest of which was twenty miles away. Big blocks of straight-grained white pine were in the cottage, and from them the old men, with sharp little hatchets, cut slivers about eight inches long. These the women, with curved knives, trimmed down to chop-sticks. The sticks were beautifully finished, and so carved that a bit of wood joined them at one end, holding them together until the user broke them apart.

‘We get one yen (then about fifty cents) a thousand pairs for them,’ one of the old men told me. ‘The four of us’—he pointed to another old man and two old women in the cottage—‘can make about two thousand pairs a day. It is good wages. We are too old to do anything else, and if it wasn’t for this work I don’t know how we could support ourselves. Praise Heaven, we own some land, and it has fine pine-trees on it. If we had to buy our wood I don’t know how we would get along. When there is no market for chop-sticks we make wooden reels for the silk filatures. Let me show you one.’ He brought out a beautifully-carved miniature reel, much like that we used to reel well-ropes on in Kansas. ‘There’s a piece of work for you. We get twenty-five sen each for these. If there was just enough of a market I could make my fortune building them. My wife and I have made as many as ten a day. That’s two yen fifty sen a day, and we can live on that much money for a week.’

The cottages were smoky, thatched, one-room wooden houses, and instead of the usual ‘hibachi’ fire-bowls had open fire-boxes sunk in the floors. In these log fires were kept burning for heat and cooking. The smoke escaped through a hooded hole in the roof. At night the fire was allowed to die down to a bed of coals, around which whole families, from great-grand-parents down to babies, curled under quilts on the rude floor-mats to sleep.

We got back to Tokyo just in time for the results of the Imperial New Year Versification contest. The contest is held every year and is open to all Japanese. The 1931 title was *Shato no Yuki*, which might be translated, loosely, as ‘Snow

in Front of the Gate of a Shrine'. More than thirty thousand verses had been submitted, including those of the Emperor and Empress, and about one hundred of the best of them were selected for reading before their Majesties, who appeared in state in the Phoenix Hall of the Kyujo to hear the verses intoned by Court ritualists. I have forgotten the prize stanza, but it makes no difference, as none of them makes sense, anyway, when translated into English.

I had to go to Kyushu, the south-westernmost of the main islands, in February, and had hoped to catch the *Kikusui Maru*, a fast inland sea steamer, at Beppu, on the return trip to Kobe. A late geisha party, fortunately, caused me to miss the boat, and probably saved my life. The steamer, running in an early morning fog, was rammed by the big French liner *Porthos* in Kobe harbour, and went down with the loss of forty-two lives.

Political unrest increased all through the winter. Premier Yuko Hamaguchi had been shot in November by a fanatic Nationalist youth, and was unable to attend parliament when the Diet was reconvened in January. There were continuous quarrels between the political parties, and repeated charges of corruption. Half a dozen sessions of the Diet broke up in fist fights, and in one of them a deputy was stabbed with a fountain-pen and nearly killed. The army was increasingly restive and disgusted. It was at this time, I believe, that I first heard talk of the need for a military dictatorship, or at least a government that would be largely under military control.

The quarrel with Russia was intensified during March by the shooting of a member of the Soviet commercial attaché's suite, one Anikief. The man, fortunately, did not die, and the police eventually proved that the attempted murder was the result of a personal feud. Anikief, it was established, was shot by a Japanese business man who had lived in Vladivostok during the period after the Allied occupation, and who believed he had been ruined by Anikief's persecution. The incident was settled without diplomatic complications, but charges in both the Moscow and Tokyo press made

it apparent that each nation cordially hated the other, and that Russia in addition was frightened to the point of hysteria.

The news was a bit enlivened late in February by the arrival of Aimee Semple McPherson and her daughter and Douglas Fairbanks. Aimee was in trouble. Her daughter, Roberta, she confided to us, had fallen in love with an officer of one of the Dollar steamers and was determined to marry. 'I'd die before I'd see that sweet lamb in the arms of a man,' the Four-Square evangelist shouted dramatically. But Roberta married the seaman just the same, and Aimee returned to the United States and to new adventures of her own. Fairbanks came on a tourist ship, the *Belgenland*, and took Japan by storm. Crowds running into the tens of thousands nearly mobbed him every time he appeared in the streets. It was adulation on a scale I had never seen before in Japan. The Japanese called him 'Dogurasu', and waited for hours in the streets outside his hotel for a glimpse of the great man. Doug loved it. Sessue Hayakawa, who had returned to Japan after some Hollywood scandal, showed him about, and saw that he met the prettiest geisha. One of the girls, to whom he had presented some trifling gift, had her picture in the newspapers for years. I suppose her press agent is still plugging her as 'Doug Fairbanks' sweetheart'. Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin were the most popular of movie actors.

I had a variety of jobs all through the spring. The Empress's third daughter was born at dawn, March 7th, and our people got into a terrible jam because of a wireless announcement that the child was a boy and consequently the long-awaited Crown Prince. We were cleared, however, when the radio broadcasting company admitted the error was theirs, and that their man had simply misread our dispatch, telephoned from the Palace, in his haste to get the news on the air.

The Premier, who had gone to Atami to recuperate, was operated on in April, and Nationalists were openly threatening that they would shoot him again if he appeared in

public. They hated him because he was opposing the army's programme of expansion in China. He died in August, one of a long list of victims of the fanatic patriot-nationalist societies which were to play so great a part in the military rebellions of 1932 and 1936.

King Prajadhipok and Queen Rambaibarni of Siam arrived in April on their way to the United States, where the King was to undergo an eye operation, and were given a tremendous welcome. There was a great public reception in Hibiya Park, opposite the Imperial Hotel, and a series of state dinners. I asked one of the officials who attended the meetings between the Emperor and the King what the two talked about. 'Golf and moving pictures,' he said, 'and not another thing. The Emperor wanted the King to come immediately to his private golf course for a game. The King wanted to tell the Emperor all about his new moving-picture theatre in Bangkok.' Poor Prajadhipok! The series of rebellions which were to cost him his throne started while he was away from Siam, and eventually left him a man without a country.

We had also, that spring, a swarm of American aviators all set on making the first non-stop flight from Japan to the United States to win a prize of \$25,000 offered by the Tokyo and *Osaka Asahi* (Rising Sun) newspapers. The newspapers had expected a flyer of their own to win, but when he cracked up they kept the contest open to all comers, and Clyde Pangborn eventually won it—but only after a lot of trouble. Pangborn, flying a plane owned by Hugh Herndon (who accompanied him as a passenger), had attempted a flight round the world in an effort to beat the record established by Wiley Post and Harold Gatty. At Habarovsk, in Siberia, however, the flyers were so far behind Post and Gatty's time that, hearing of the *Asahi* prize, they decided to fly to Japan and try for it. They came roaring into the Tachikawa aerodrome, near Tokyo, without passports and without permits.

I got to the field shortly after they had come down. Police had them in charge, and had sequestered their plane. In it

was a movie-camera filled with exposed film, and when the film was developed it showed excellent pictures of some of the most highly-fortified regions of northern Japan. Herndon, it seemed, having nothing else to do, had amused himself during the flight by shooting pictures at random, and had happened to get particularly good shots of the Ominato naval base and the whole fortified area of Tsugaru. I was certain, as was the United States Embassy, that the whole affair was simply an accident, but there could be no denying that the Americans had violated every aviation law there was in Japan. There was a long trial after an equally long investigation, and the men finally escaped with comparatively small fines. Then the Japanese came forward and gave them every possible assistance, and the flight was made successfully. Pangborn brought the 'plane down, as I remember it, in Wenatchee, Washington, his home town, and the *Asahi* paid him the \$25,000 it had promised. It was no fortune for the Americans, however, and Pangborn told me years later in New York that he had only a few hundred dollars left after splitting with Herndon and paying the expense of the round-the-world flight.

Another of the American flyers attracted to Japan by the *Asahi* prize was Lieutenant Robert Short, a handsome curly-haired youth from the Mid-west, who was later shot down by Japanese naval aviators during the Shanghai war of 1932. Short had come over to Japan with Major F. N. Shumaker, who had been in the employ of one of the Chinese armies, in an effort to obtain an old American 'plane, the Tacoma II, which had been left in Tachikawa for storage and service charges by a flyer named Harold Bromley. Unsuccessful, Short returned to China, and was flying for one of the Chinese groups when the Shanghai fighting started. He took on a whole Japanese naval combat squadron single-handed and lost his life. He is buried near the spot where his machine crashed in flames near Kiangwan.

Premier Hamaguchi resigned late in April, when it was apparent that he could not live, and the veteran Reijiro Wakatsuki, who was later made a baron, was called by the

Emperor to form a cabinet. The army named General Jiro Minami to be Minister of War. I suspected then that the outbreak in Manchuria could not be far away.

I went to the big military review on 'Tencho-setsu', the Emperor's birthday (April 27th), with a retired Japanese army officer. 'You may see those boys in action in Manchuria any day now,' he said, as the goose-stepping regiments swung past the reviewing stand. The prediction was being made by many people. New civil wars had started in China, where the Canton faction again had broken away from Nanking, and conditions in Manchuria were daily becoming more dangerous. Chang Hsueh-liang was spending most of his time in Peiping, and his cocky subordinates in Mukden had got to the point where they occasionally tried to crowd Japanese soldiers into the gutter.

To add to the unrest, there came a series of industrial strikes during the spring and summer. One of the most amusing of them was in the Fuji Spinning Company's big mill between Tokyo and Yokohama. The strikers, despairing of getting their case before the country, hit on a novel plan to obtain publicity. They delegated one of their number to become a 'chimney sitter'. The man, named Hiroshi Chiba, managed to climb to the top of the mill's towering chimney during the night, with bottles of water and a basket of food, and lash himself fast. He then unfurled a banner demanding 'justice for all workers'.

It was a natural newspaper story, and hit first pages all over the world. Chiba, armed with a club, held off police for days, and came down only when the Imperial Household intervened and forced the Company to agree to the strikers' demands.

Emperor Hirohito was at his villa in Hayama when Chiba climbed to his roost in the clouds, and was to return to Tokyo by railway on a line which passed directly under the chimney sitter. There is a rule in Japan that no one must look down on the Imperial Person—blinds must be drawn when the Emperor passes, and, if one has good manners, you stare intently at his feet, lifting your eyes only occasion-

ally to glance respectfully at the Imperial Person. For a common workman to stare down from the clouds, like Amaterasu O-mi-kami—the Goddess of the Sun—herself, would have been sacrilege indeed.

The Imperial Household sent word to the Ministry of Home Affairs, which controls the Metropolitan police, that Striker Chiba must be brought to earth. The police scratched their heads. They knew it would never do to shoot the striker, and nobody could think of any other way to get rid of him.

There was a night of hurried conferences, and at dawn an announcement came that the Company had yielded to the workers' demands. Hiroshi Chiba, after three hundred and sixteen hours and twenty-two minutes in the heavens, came down—a proletarian hero.

The incident disturbed all patriotic Japanese. It proved, a military spokesman said, that the labouring classes were losing their respect for the Emperor, that greedy capitalists were oppressing the weak and the poor, and that Japan was in danger of following Russia along the path of revolution and disaster.

Early in May I was ordered to Hong Kong and Canton to find out what the latest split in the Kuomintang was about, and to check up on our correspondents. We sailed from Yokohama on May 16th on the *Asama Maru*, commanded by my old friend Captain Shinomiya (whose name, translated, means Four Temples). The skipper was an inveterate bridge player, and since my wife and I were devoted to the game, we looked forward to a pleasant voyage. Our fourth was a diplomat, Atsushi Kimura, who was *en route* for Manila to be Consul-General for the Philippines. The Chinese characters which form his name mean tree and village. Inez insisted on calling the skipper 'Captain Four Temples' and the diplomat 'Mr Tree Village'. They were delighted.

Our bridge game started the minute we cleared Yokohama breakwater, and continued almost without interruption until we reached Hong Kong. Neither storm nor fog could divert

Captain Four Temples from the bridge table. He played with the intense concentration of a zealot, and usually won or lost without the slightest change of expression. I broke through his calm only once, when, with three aces in dummy, I dropped a wrong card and let our opponents take seven tricks in my open suit. The skipper nearly had a stroke. When he had got to the point where he could talk, he threw his eye-glasses at me. 'Wear them!' he shrieked; 'wear them!' I did, and I played fair bridge for the rest of the voyage.

The night before we reached Shanghai I got a note from a Chinese in the steerage asking me if I could come to see him. I had never heard of the man, but I went down after dinner on the pretext of watching the fantan game, and waited to see what would happen. My man made himself known after a few minutes, and asked if I could take him to my cabin. There he related this story.

He was an agent of the Cantonese faction of the Kuomintang and had been in Honolulu collecting funds from the Chinese colony for use in the proposed Canton expedition against the Nanking government. In Yokohama a Cantonese agent had sent word to him that the Nanking police had learned he was on the ship and intended to arrest him when the vessel docked in Shanghai. He knew that I was a friend of the captain, and wanted me to induce Shinomiya to hide him and then report to the police that he had disappeared. He had known my name for years, and was certain I would have enough influence to save him. I promised I would mention the matter to Shinomiya, and I did.

'Yes,' the captain said, 'I know all about it, and I'd like to help the poor devil too, if I could, but there's nothing I can do. Our people have enough trouble already with the Chinese in Shanghai, and if we tried to secrete this man we would, of course, be accused of abetting the Canton rebellion. It's Chinese pidgin, and we'd better have nothing to do with it.'

Police came on board from a launch before we docked in Shanghai and took our revolutionist off at Woosung. Later

I heard that he had been shot after a brief hearing in Nanking.

The incident was typical of the brutality of the Kuomintang Revolution in its later phases. Critics or suspects of Nanking were frequently executed with only a shadow of a trial—if, indeed, they got any hearing at all.

One of my friends in Shanghai, a clever Chinese newspaperman who had lived a long time in the United States, was suspected of being an agent of Feng Yu-hsiang, and was frequently at odds with Nanking. He was induced outside the International Concession one day, and the moment he crossed the boundary was seized by Chinese military police, taken to the Lunghua Arsenal and kept there for months. It took the combined efforts of dozens of Americans to obtain his release, despite the fact that, so far as we could learn, no specific charge was ever filed against him.

Most Occidentals who lived in the Orient were thoroughly sick of the revolution by 1931. The fine promise of a unified China had come to naught, and it seemed evident there was no hope whatever for any sort of a democratic government. The Kuomintang had split into factions, and the factions into warring cliques. The one admirable character, to me, was Chiang Kai-shek, and the loyal little group, headed by Ho Ying-ching, his Minister of War, who surrounded him. Chiang, to my way of thinking, came nearer preserving the ideals of the original revolutionaries who inherited the mantle of Sun Yat Sen than any other leader. Year after year he fought, often against overwhelming odds, and year after year he managed to retain power despite the opposition of the northern war-lords, the Communists, the Cantonese politicians, and scores of bandits. Chiang's success, I believe, lay in the fact that he was a thorough realist and knew to perfection the technique of yielding a little to keep from losing all.

As we left Shanghai for Hong Kong a Japanese came to me with a whispered word that Eugene Chen (the perennial Foreign Minister of half a dozen Chinese 'governments') and Sun Fo (formerly Minister of Railways in Nanking) were on board disguised as coolies. I hurried to the steerage

for a look, and ran into an old friend, General Cohen. The General, an English Jew, was Sun Fo's personal bodyguard, so I knew that Sun must be aboard. I found him an hour later—he had moved into a first-class cabin—and he called in Chen. The two admitted they had fled from Nanking, abandoning their government posts because they feared arrest, and were *en route* for Canton to declare a separatist government.

It was a story of the greatest importance to our member newspapers in the Far East, and I wirelessly it at once, after Chen had sat down at my typewriter and drawn up the inevitable 'circular telegram', which is always dispatched to provincial leaders when a new war is to be launched in China. It looked like an important break, since Sun Fo (because he was Sun Yat Sen's son) had a large following. The movement fizzled out, however, after a few months of verbal warfare, and Sun patched up his differences with Nanking within a year, and was back in the Yangtse Valley with Chen eighteen months later in time to play an unintentionally important part in starting the Shanghai war.

During the rest of the voyage, in the hours I could get away from Captain Four Temples' bridge game, I tried to pump Cohen as to what really had happened to cause Sun's and Chen's precipitate flight. I got nothing from that cagey Jew, however, for Cohen had been much too long in Chinese intrigue to let a loose tongue get him into trouble. He had had a soft post with the Sun family for years, and did not intend to lose it.

The General's history was an amazing story of adventure. He was a second-rate boxer in his youth, and was hired by Sun Yat Sen as a bodyguard after Sun had been kidnapped from the streets of London by agents of the old Imperial Government. A British warship rescued Sun after he had been started for home on a Chinese steamer (the British explained politely to the Chinese Legation that kidnappings, even of revolutionaries, could not be permitted in England), and Cohen guarded him thenceforth wherever he went.

When the old revolutionist died, Cohen passed into the service of Sun Fo, who used him during the troubled years

of the Kuomintang wars as a courier to carry money and confidential dispatches between Canton and Nanking. Cohen went back and forth on the steamers between Hong Kong and Shanghai, often carrying hundreds of thousands of dollars in his hand-satchel. He was never molested.

I had got most of my story on the ship, but we went on to Canton and spent a few days watching Sun Fo and Cheng launch their government. It was a dreary business, as Chiang Kai-shek refused to send troops against them, or to pay much attention to their manifestos.

Canton had changed greatly since my last visit. Streets had been widened and paved, new public buildings constructed, and the parks and monuments cleaned until the strange old city looked positively modern.

Much of China's foreign trade is in the hands of Cantonese, who can operate companies which do business into the millions of dollars a year on a capital of a few thousands—such as the far-flung California guilds—and their home city has always been a busy mart of great wealth. Until recent years, however, it was unspeakably dirty and smelly—much the same as it was in days when Yankee traders from New England were establishing their first factories to buy China tea.

Vic Keen of the *New York Herald-Tribune* was in Canton, and we spent much of our time with him, poking about in the native city looking for bargains in curios. We found nothing worth while, for in troubled times Chinese dealers always put their good pieces in hiding, and no power on earth could induce one of them to bring his treasures forth.

We bought some trinkets and some cured snake-skins which Inez wanted for shoes. The fat Chinese who sold us the skins delighted in explaining his profession.

'My catchee plenty snakee myself,' he said. 'Makee special thlap. Sell plenty snakee skin to foreign missi, and eat plenty snakee myself.'

Inez was aghast. 'Do you really eat snakes?'

'Sure, missi. Eat plenty, makee me big and fat.' The merchant thumped his chest.

I suppose I ate snakes myself at some of the hundreds of Cantonese dinners I attended, but I never knew it. Not so fortunate, however, was Ray Marshall, for years manager of our office in Peking. Marshall went to a big dinner one night and, after it was finished, asked one of his hosts about a dish he had particularly liked. 'That dish,' said the Chinese, 'was land-eels.'

Marshall knew what that meant. He had stuffed himself with grilled grass snakes. The experience put him on the sick-list for a week.

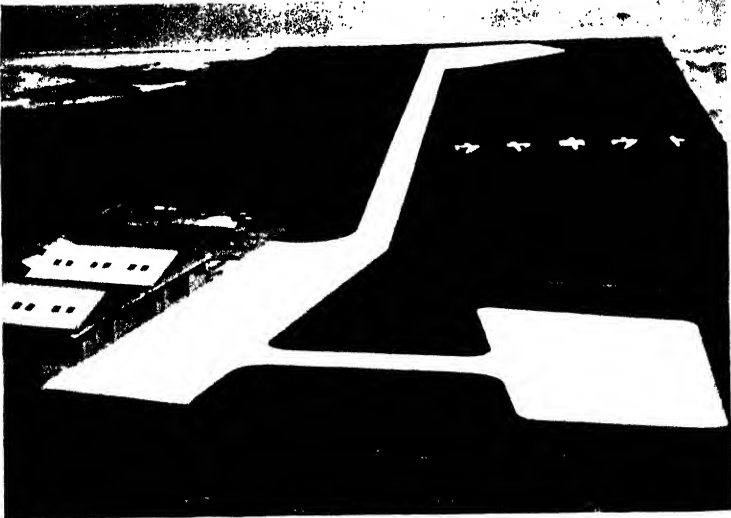
I had a similar experience when I first went to Japan. We had a species of grilled fish at a dinner which was particularly delicious. I asked what it was, and was told that it was whale. My next mouthful, and every one I have taken since that time, tasted like sewing-machine oil.

Imagination has a lot to do with the enjoyment of food. I have eaten monkeys, birds' nests, lizards, fried ants, slugs, jelly-fish, unhatched chickens, sharks, toads, and all the other unmentionables which cause Asiatics to smack their lips, and enjoyed them until I found out what they were. Once one knows he is eating monkey, however, one always feels strangely like a cannibal.

We stopped for a fortnight in Shanghai with Charles and 'Tad' Laval on our way back to Tokyo. I went to Nanking, where I interviewed Chiang Kai-shek, inspected his fine new military academy, aerodrome, and officers' club, and dined with C. T. Wang, who had succeeded Eugene Chen as Foreign Minister. Wang was full of plans for ending the unequal treaties between China and the Powers, and certain that the United States would voluntarily relinquish extra-territoriality and permit Chinese courts to have jurisdiction over Americans living in China. He might have succeeded, too, for he was an extremely able man, had he not been attacked a few months later by Nationalist students and nearly killed. The students thought his policy against Japan was not sufficiently vigorous, so they tried to murder him.

Back in Shanghai I found many of my Chinese friends afraid to appear in the streets, even in the International Con-

Transport plane in Japanese air-mail service



Airport at a naval air station near Tokyo

cession, because of a wave of kidnapping. Wealthy men were being seized right and left and held for ransom.

Kidnapping is an old racket in China, and the criminals are far cleverer than those of any other country. They seized the compradore of the American Club one night at the very doors of the building and collected most of his fortune before they returned him so frightened that he never would tell what had happened.

One quick-witted Chinese merchant, however, escaped by a clever ruse. He was walking in Nanking road, within sight of a traffic policeman, when two gunmen stuck pistols in his ribs and ordered him to accompany them to a motor-car at the kerb. The merchant started obediently, but, seeing that the policeman was looking in his direction, he managed to pull the drawstring of his trousers, which promptly fell to the ground, leaving the merchant's fat buttocks bare to the wind. The policeman, of course, jumped from his post to make an arrest for indecent exposure. The merchant was saved, and the kidnappers captured.

We went to a big garden party in the palace of Lord Li, son of the great Li Hung-chang, and found him literally surrounded by an army of White Russians, ex-soldiers who had been employed to guard the millionaire. Li had built a barracks on his estate and turned it into an armed camp.

Another wealthy Chinese had abandoned his big estate on the outskirts of the International Concession, giving it rent free to an American, and had moved into one of the big hotels near the waterfront. He was kidnapped just the same and nearly bankrupted by the ransom payment.

The racket ended only when the depression finally made most Chinese so poor they no longer were worth stealing. Its end was a disaster for the White Russians, as hundreds of the ex-Tsarist soldiers, who had become the professional bodyguards of Shanghai, were left without a means of livelihood.

We returned to Japan on the *Taiyo Maru*, and came near to being involved in disaster. The steamer took on an excursion party of hundreds of Japanese schoolgirls in Kobe for

the overnight voyage to Yokohama, and gave a moving-picture show for them in the dining-saloon after dinner. Half-way through the show the cinematograph machine burst into flames. Thousands of feet of film were piled near it, and there were but two narrow entrances to the saloon, which was packed with humanity. I was sick with fright, expecting an immediate explosion and a fatal stampede. We were sitting with Tommy Cranford (the assistant military attaché of the U.S. Embassy in Tokyo) and his wife Catherine, and were fortunately near a door. We dashed into a companion-way and sent the girls aft. Tommy and I ran up the stair to see if we could aid in fighting the fire. It was out when we got to the balcony. An alert American woman missionary had seized rugs and smothered the flames almost as soon as they had appeared.

CHAPTER XVI
THE HARVEST

I WAS back in Tokyo early in July with plans for leisure week-ends in Karuizawa, playing golf and hiking through the mountains. The plans never materialized.

Friction in Manchuria had been increasing, and came to a crisis after a series of 'incidents'—the Wanpaoshan affair, the anti-Chinese riots in Korea which followed it, and finally the murder of a Japanese army captain, Shintaro Nakamura. The murder was one of the last links in a tragic chain that led to the Manchurian war and the end of Chinese rule in the Three Eastern Provinces.

The Wanpao squabble started in May, when a group of Koreans, who had been driven from the Chientao district of Kirin Province, went to Changchun (later to become Hsinking, the capital of Manchukuo) and leased a tract of some three thousand acres of marshland between the Itung river and the mountain known as Wanpao, or 'Mountain of Ten Thousand Treasures'.

A clause in the contract gave the Koreans the right to dig an irrigation ditch some eight miles long from the river to the centre of the marsh—which they planned to convert into paddy fields for the growing of rice. The ditch was started late in May, but was stopped by Chinese policemen after the first day's work. A small riot developed, and units of Chang Hsueh-liang's cavalry were called. They upheld the police, who were acting for a Chinese merchant who claimed a commission on the lease.

At this point the Japanese Consulate-General intervened, since the Koreans were Japanese subjects, and sent a detachment of Japanese police from the South Manchuria railway

zone to the spot. There was a fight, and several Koreans and Chinese were killed.

The incident caused intense excitement throughout Korea, where there were scores of farmers who had been driven home by persecution of the Manchurian soldiery. There had been minor anti-Chinese riots in a number of Korean towns during June, and by July, when the story of the Wanpaoshan battle was circulated, the Koreans were ready for bloodshed on a major scale.

The first big riot was in Heijo (called by the Chinese, Ping Yang) on the night of July 4th. Scores of Chinese were murdered and their homes and shops burned. Japanese police were helpless before the maddened Korean mobs, and it was not until dawn, after ninety-two Chinese had been murdered, that a semblance of order was restored. The riots spread to other cities on succeeding days, and when they were finally over practically all the Chinese in Korea—most of them were merchants and traders and comparatively wealthy—had been chased across the border. They had lost everything and blamed the Japanese for their troubles, since Korea was a Japanese possession. Sympathy for their plight increased hatred of Japanese and Koreans throughout Manchuria.

In the midst of this tense situation the Japanese army announced that Captain Nakamura, who had been on a map-making expedition on the borders of Inner Mongolia, had disappeared and that it was believed he had been murdered. There was a long investigation, and it was finally proved that the captain, who was travelling with a Japanese resident of Anganchi, near Tsitsihar, a Russian and a Mongol, had been seized by Chinese soldiery, imprisoned, and later shot.

Details of the murder—Nakamura's companions were killed with him—were given out by the army on August 17th. The text of the announcement and its timing indicated that it was designed to prepare Japanese opinion for vigorous punitive action.

The usual diplomatic machinery was immediately called into play by the Foreign Office, which, attempting to forestall the army, instructed its Consul-General in Mukden to

demand a formal apology from the Manchurian authorities, the capture and punishment of the murderers, indemnities for the families of the murdered men, and guarantees for future good behaviour. The Chinese as usual delayed, and the Consul-General, on September 4th, called on the Chief of Staff of Chang Hsueh-liang's army and the chairman of the Mukden Provincial Government, and demanded an immediate answer. Still the Chinese delayed, and on September 10th the Japanese delivered a second note, which brought from the Chinese the admission that they knew the soldiery responsible for the murders and expected soon to bring them to Mukden for trial.

The case was developing into a quarrel between the Japanese and Manchurian armies, with Chang Hsueh-liang's commanders determined that they would not be hastened in their investigation, and the Japanese determined that the assassins should be brought immediately to trial. The Japanese pressed their demands again on the 18th, and that night the war started.

The Japanese version of the affair—and it generally agreed with that of our correspondents in Mukden—was that, on the night of the 18th, at about 10.30 o'clock, two or three companies of Chang Hsueh-liang's troops, commanded by a Chinese officer from the North Military Barracks (called by the Chinese, the Pei-tai-ying), deliberately destroyed a section of the South Manchuria Railway tracks at a point near the south-west corner of the barracks compound. Groups of buildings in China are nearly always enclosed in a walled compound. About seven thousand soldiers were quartered in the barracks, which was one of the largest in Manchuria.

A Japanese patrol—the S.M.R. tracks were always patrolled in the vicinity of cities, and guards were kept on all important bridges—had just passed the spot. They heard the explosion, hurried to the scene, and were fired on. Brisk fighting developed, and the Chinese retreated to their barracks, where bewildered commanders had hurriedly called all troops to their posts. The Japanese were repulsed, and called for reinforcements. Infantry and artillery to a total of about

six hundred men were sent, and the Chinese in the barracks surrendered and were disarmed at dawn.

The Chinese version was that the Japanese bombed the railway and attacked the barracks without provocation.

Whatever the facts of the case—the Investigation Commission appointed by the League of Nations, and headed by Earl Lytton, spent months trying to find out—the Japanese military machine certainly moved with speed and precision.

The first flash from our correspondents, who filed their telegrams to Tokyo for relay to the United States, Europe, Latin America, and our bureaux in the Orient, came through shortly after midnight. I was at home just preparing to go to bed, and my first thought was that the incident was simply another one of the interminable clashes which were always occurring, and that I would not bother to go to the office. On second thoughts, however, I called a taxi, and hurried through Tokyo's dark streets to the Marunouchi.

Telegraphs were chattering madly when I went into the office. We had Mukden on a direct wire, and the news was rolling in. The main force of the Japanese army in Manchuria had been started from Liaoyang and Haicheng for Mukden, and military headquarters had announced that Chang Hsueh-liang's main force, about eight thousand well-trained men equipped with modern weapons, would be attacked during the day; that Chinese garrisons in all important points along the South Manchuria Railway would be disarmed as soon as possible, and that all important cities in south and central Manchuria would be occupied. Lieutenant-General Shigeru Honjo, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Forces, was due to arrive in Mukden in mid-afternoon.

For the next week I slept only in snatches. We were well organized to cover the story, with an excellent corps of correspondents in Manchuria and a good staff in Tokyo, but I simply could not drag myself away from the wires.

Mukden consists of an old walled Chinese city and the so-called 'new town', which sprang up round the South Manchuria railway station and yards and which then housed most of the foreign colony and their places of business.

Chang Hsueh-liang's headquarters, the great Mukden arsenal, the wireless broadcasting station, the principal Chinese barracks and military offices, and Chang's winter residence were in the walled city.

The Japanese attacked this district at mid-day of the 19th, and had occupied it by sunset. There was only sporadic fighting, for Chang Hsueh-liang, reportedly on the advice of the British Minister to China, had telegraphed from Peiping ordering a programme of non-resistance. His instructions unfortunately did not reach all his garrisons, and fighting spread northwards during the day.

One of the stiffest battles was near Changchun, the northern terminus of the S.M.R. and southern terminus of what was then the Russian-owned Chinese Eastern Railway. One regiment of the Japanese Railway Guard, under a Colonel Nagashima, was stationed there, and the doughty Colonel set out blithely to disarm the Chinese garrison of ten thousand men, including artillery units having forty guns. He succeeded, too, but only after he had lost nearly two hundred men in killed and wounded. The heaviest fighting was round a Chinese fortified position called Nanling (or South Peak), where, the Japanese asserted, the Chinese hoisted a white flag and then fired point-blank as the Japanese troops started scrambling up the slopes.

Nagashima was vastly embarrassed, for Honjo had taken Mukden with a loss of only two killed and twenty-three wounded. Exact Chinese losses in the Manchurian battles were never recorded.

By the night of the 20th I was certain that the big break in Manchuria had come, that the Japanese army was on the march, and that Chang Hsueh-liang would never return to the broad plains which had been his birthplace.

Meantime the situation in Tokyo was confusing. It was apparent that the civilian Cabinet was trying its best to restrain the army, but that it had no idea how to proceed. Even the Ministry of War, so far as I could learn, was without definite information. There were no troop movements in Japan proper, and no plans for sending reinforcements to

Manchuria despite the fact that Chang Hsueh-liang had still more than 150,000 men under arms in scattered garrisons in the provinces and on the frontier.

The daily press conference at the Foreign Office was little better than a joke, for the 'Gaimusho', as the Foreign Office is called in Japanese, had far less information than the correspondents. Baron Shidehara, the Foreign Minister, kept sending us reassuring statements—most of them not for publication—and we kept hammering away at him for some general declaration of policy.

It seemed incredible, but it was true, that the Kwantung army, as the Japanese forces in Manchuria were known, had virtually revolted against its own government, and was prepared, if necessary, to fight Tokyo as well as Chang Hsueh-liang. Honjo requested reinforcements, and when they were refused he simply telephoned a personal appeal to commanders of the garrisons in Korea, who sent him the troops he wanted and reported the matter to the Government after the troops were on their way.

I felt sorry for Shidehara. He was a great statesman and a great diplomat, and he believed passionately that his programme of 'friendship and patience for China' would eventually succeed, and form the foundation of a programme of satisfactory and lasting Chinese-Japanese co-operation. He had preached and worked for this programme for a decade; he had been largely responsible for the policy which caused Japan to accept the five-five-three ratio of naval strength, as compared to Britain and the United States, at the Washington Conference; and he had approved the Nine-Powers Treaty which guaranteed China's territorial integrity. Now he saw the fruits of a lifetime of work destroyed in a single day of cannonading.

'I have no news,' he said one evening when I had dropped into his office. 'All the news you will get from now on will be bad, but it will not come from me.' He got up wearily from his desk and bowed me out, a man grown suddenly old—a statesman who had learned the bitter lesson that moral force cannot prevail when opposed by unmoral and deter-

mined men armed with cannon and machine-guns. In his agonized face I saw a picture of the Kellogg Pact, a torn bit of futile paper; of the Covenant of the League of Nations, a rule-book signed by players who were now ready to announce that the rules of the game must be revised; of that painfully built structure of treaties and agreements, which men had created for the preservation of peace, being swept aside by columns of marching men whose law was the bayonet.

The *corps diplomatique* simply buzzed with activity. At last the ambassadors in Tokyo and their staffs had something to do, and they went about it with a busy clucking—like a hen who has sat long on a nest and at last finds herself with an over-sized brood of chickens. Britain, as always, took the lead, but it was not long before the U.S. Embassy took it away from her. (The British, I believe, were very glad to get rid of the job and leave the whole task of defending the Kellogg Pact to President Hoover and his obedient Secretary of State, Colonel Stimson.) Representatives of the Embassy popped in and out of the Foreign Office almost daily, but they were as mum as clams about the subjects of their conversations. I delighted in getting the news from Japanese and then reading my cables to the Embassy, long after they had been despatched, and asking if our diplomats had any comment. One could not blame the Embassy people, of course, for their secrecy—the State Department never practised open diplomacy, except in political addresses, and never will if it wants to conduct its business successfully—but I was inclined to blame them for what seemed, to me, a deliberate effort to minimize the situation and to pretend there was not necessarily any reason to think that either the Pact or the Nine-Powers Treaty had been violated.

The British, after they had got us well started in defending the anti-war treaty and the agreements guaranteeing China's territorial integrity, busied themselves trying to find out who had really started the Mukden fight on the 18th. They sent investigators into Manchuria, induced us and the leading League of Nations powers to do the same, and gave out pages of detail which seemed to have little bearing on the real issue.

To realistic thinkers, indeed, it was apparent that the question of who had started the Mukden battle was not important. The important thing was that the Japanese army, with or without the shadow of an excuse, was chasing out of Manchuria all Chang Hsueh-liang's men who would not join it, or killing them on the spot. Even if the Japanese story of the railway bombing was true, and I was inclined to believe it, I could not see that by any stretch of the imagination the attack justified the seizure of all Manchuria. I knew, indeed, as did everybody else who had followed developments, that the real causes of the war had been in the making for a quarter of a century, and that they were so deep, and so vital, that nothing short of a major victory for either Japan or Russia could bring stability.

China had had no real stability in Manchuria since 1905, the close of the Russo-Japanese war. Japan had controlled the south and the centre of the country. Russia, except for the brief period during the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution, had controlled the north—the regions along the Chinese Eastern Railway.

The Manchurian war simply meant that the Japanese were bringing their control into the open—that they were dispensing with Chang Hsueh-liang as a figurehead because he had not been obedient. Reasoning in this way, I argued that Japan had but two courses: to annex the country, as she had done in Korea, or to establish a new Chinese puppet *régime* which would be placed so thoroughly under Japanese military control that there would be no danger of a repetition of Chang Hsueh-liang's defection.

I had studied the history of Japanese diplomacy closely enough to be thoroughly familiar with its dual nature. I knew that the armed forces considered themselves, in times of emergency—or 'national crisis', as the Japanese Ministers of War have preferred to phrase it—to be the 'sole repositories of the Imperial tradition', and hence endowed with the right of doing as they might please without even bothering to consult the civilian Cabinet and the other representatives of parliamentary government.

And I knew that the army particularly was sick and tired of civilian politicians, and determined to have at least one region in the empire where its authority would be supreme and undisputed. Manchuria, it seemed to me, offered the very field for which the army had been searching. Thus I argued that a new Chinese 'government' in Manchuria, controlled by the army down to its smallest detail, was the development to expect. The question was what Chinese group would be selected—where a Chinese could be found who would stand before the world in a *rôle* which was certain to bring down universal condemnation upon him? My first thought was that one of the old war-lords—two or three of them were living in retirement on ill-gotten fortunes in the Japanese leased territory around Dairen—would be picked for the post. These men had proved by performance that they would do anything for wealth, a little power, and a gaudy uniform. I set our correspondents to watch them all carefully. Some of them were approached, I believe, but not with the idea of offering them a kingdom.

The first rumours of an 'independence movement' came late in September. A number of the provincial leaders, who had discovered after a few days of fighting that it was suicide to attempt to stand against Japanese guns, dispatched a long joint circular telegram to Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking. They suggested that the time for Manchurian independence, in name as well as in fact, had arrived, and informed Chiang that the flags of the Kuomintang and the Chinese Republic would be no longer flown.

The telegram, I believe, gave the Embassies in Tokyo and the Legations in Peiping their first real scare. The diplomats had laboured so long with peace agreements, such as the Kellogg Pact, that they had begun to believe, despite the realities before their noses, that these instruments for the creation of a world of peace and brotherly love would keep all the sturdy little poor nations in their places and leave the great Powers to bask languidly in the places which earlier generations had won by trickery and the sword.

New missions were sent post-haste to Manchuria. Our own

was headed by two able men, George Hanson, Consul-General in Harbin, and Lawrence Salisbury of our Embassy in Tokyo. It was Hanson who first informed me that Henry Pu Yi, the tragic exiled Boy-Emperor of China, had been picked by the Japanese army to head an independent Manchurian empire.

Poor Hanson! He died a few years later of a broken heart, a suicide, the victim of petty office politics in the D.O.S. In 1931 he was all-powerful in North Manchuria—by common consent of the consular body in Harbin its spokesman, fixer, and ultimate arbitrator. He played a great part in settling the Chinese-Russian war of 1929 over the Chinese Eastern Railway, kept the Russians and Japanese from squeezing American business, which expanded tremendously during his tenure in North Manchuria, and kept everybody happy. Red Russians, White Russians, Japanese, Chinese, Mongols, Tartars, British, Poles, Americans, Dutchmen—all the polyglot population which made Harbin one of the most amazing places in this world in the years after the Bolshevik revolution—knew, liked, and trusted Hanson. He was a big, lusty New Englander who could sit all night in a crowded Russian cabaret, drinking vodka and whisky with all comers, and then appear clear-headed and energetic at his office at nine in the morning to go through day after day of driving work.

Hanson was transferred to Moscow after the Japanese occupied North Manchuria, and at first was counsellor of our fine new embassy there. Later, for some reason, his status was changed to that of a Consul-General, without duties, and finally he was sent to Addis Ababa when it became apparent that that ill-fated capital was soon to become a diplomatic trouble-spot because of the announced ambition of Benito Mussolini to make Ethiopia a first conquest in his new Roman Empire. The forces working against Hanson stopped him, however, before his Ethiopian job had got under way, and he was suddenly shifted to an obscure consulate in the Near East. It was too much. He asked for a holiday at home, and dropped quietly into the ocean and death before

he reached New York. Those who knew him will never forget him—a great American who went into harsh, far places, and brought to strange peoples a fine example of that rugged honesty, fair dealing, and good fellowship which all too often has been lacking in our foreign representatives.

I met Hanson in Mukden after he had finished a hard journey through the provinces. ‘Officially, of course,’ he said, as we ordered double whisky-sodas, ‘I know nothing. My lips are sealed. I’m at last a real diplomat making secret code reports and dealing with matters of world import.’

George drank his double whisky-soda and ordered another.

‘As the guy who used to drink vodka with you in Harbin, however, as just one almost-newspaperman to another, if I were you I’d keep an eye on Tientsin. It’s just possible there is a Chinese lad there who wears big eye-glasses and lives behind a high wall who may be a big shot up in this part of the world before very long.’

The hint was all I needed. Pu Yi was the man. He had been a refugee in the Japanese Concession in Tientsin for a long time—I had often wondered why the Japanese went to such pains to protect him—and he had an ideal background, as titular head of all the Manchu Banners, to head a revived Manchurian Empire. I sent out a guarded dispatch that night—the censorship was negligible, particularly for correspondents who had friends among the Japanese military, and telegraphed our Tientsin correspondent to keep a close eye on the Japanese Consulate-General and Pu Yi apartments.

News was coming too fast for comfort. Japan had sent additional warships into the Yangtse Valley, and public opinion in Japan proper, which at first had almost universally condemned the army’s Manchurian adventure, was rapidly coming to support it. When the first telegram came out of Mukden in the early morning hours of September 19th, the Japanese man in the street, as did his brothers in Shanghai, London, New York or Buenos Aires, merely read the headlines, grumbled, and wondered what it was all about.

When, in succeeding days, the army marched on, casualty lists began appearing in the Tokyo and Osaka newspapers,

the common people of Japan almost unanimously condemned the army. First in their minds, I believe, was the fear of intervention by the United States and the great European powers, for they knew that intervention meant war on a scale that would ruin the empire. As the weeks passed, however, and the world did nothing but remind Japan of her obligations under peace agreements about which most Japanese knew little and cared less, the inevitable reaction set in. The man in the street cheered the flag and the army, and, as martial spirit mounted, began to dream a dream of conquest which would put Japan in the top rank of the world's greatest powers.

There never was any question, I believe, in the minds of the mass of the Japanese people but that Manchuria should be controlled by Nippon. Every Japanese had been taught that it was rightfully won first in the wars with China and again in the great war with Russia, and that the empire was cheated of the fruits of victory first by the Triple Intervention and second by the machinations of the European powers during the Portsmouth Conference. But there was a question as to the method which the army employed in its new war of conquest, and an even greater question whether the army could succeed in the face of an almost united world opposition.

Thus if Britain, France, and the United States had really intended to defend the Kellogg Pact, the Nine-Powers agreement, the Covenant of the League of Nations, and other instruments for peace and preservation of the *status quo*, and if they had backed their stand with the movement of warships and the mobilization of troops in the first weeks of the Manchurian crisis, I am sure that Manchuria would still be Chinese, for a threat of force would have solidified Japanese public opinion in opposition to the militarists, and caused the Japanese themselves to halt their recalcitrant colonels who were defying the parliamentary *régime* in Tokyo with the same desperation with which they were challenging China and the world.

But there was no unity, and probably not much mutual

trust and good faith, among the sponsors of the new dispensation in international morals and practice, as the colonels in Manchuria wisely guessed there would not be, and the Japanese people soon veered to the side of the winning contestant. By mid-winter all Japan was behind the army, and forces had been loosed which were to change the history of the world and pave the way for Germany's rearmament, in defiance of the League and the Treaty of Versailles, and for a conquest which Mussolini and his Fascist legions were to launch in Africa.

In Tokyo it was obvious that the very powers that had done most to foster the peace machinery trusted each other not an inch, and that the old rules of diplomacy, under which it was an axiom to look at every world situation with an eye to turning it to national profit and to-hell-with-morals-and-the-rights-of-weaklings, still prevailed.

France was the first to waver. The Quai d'Orsay, always controlled by the most realistic of world statesmen, suddenly remembered that it had interests of its own in Asia, and that it had been quietly gobbling up the Chinese province of Yunnan for a decade and should do nothing which would prejudice completion of the meal. The French saw a chance to edge in on British domination in China proper, to bite off a bigger share of the China market with Japanese support, and to get into the Japanese and Manchurian markets in major fashion. Paris, hence, while still giving lip-service to the peace machinery and still joining in the united diplomatic efforts of the powers in Tokyo and Geneva, let the Japanese know, very quietly, that France would never agree to join in military action. And military action, or at least a vigorous threat of it, as the French well knew, was the only weapon that would stop the Japanese army.

Britain, too, wavered in the face of conflicting interests. She had, at that time, no love for Soviet Russia, and she knew that if she stopped Japan in Manchuria she was giving Russia an indirect boost which might result in new Communist intrigue in China, Tibet, and at the northern gateways of India itself. From the British viewpoint, it was obvious that

London stood to lose no matter what policy she adopted, and Downing Street, as always, chose to play its cards close to its chest and let Washington call Japan's pat hand.

Germany simply sat quietly by—she was then still a member of the League—and made no bones of the fact that she considered the whole fracas none of her business. She did consent to the appointment of one of her nationals to the Lytton Commission, but the Wilhelmstrasse told him carefully, before he sailed for the Orient, that he was to do nothing that would make enemies for the Fatherland.

Italy, equally, was inclined to sit back and let events take their course. We did not know it at the time, but I imagine now that Benito was already studying the course of Japanese activity in Manchuria with a view to applying whatever lessons he could learn from it towards fulfilment of his own dream of a new Roman Empire. Baron Pompeo d'Aloisi, who later was to defend the actions of his government at Geneva in the Ethiopian conquest, had been Fascist ambassador to Japan, and had absorbed at first hand the belief of the Japanese militarists that the League of Nations could never stand against the sword.

I travelled to Shanghai during the bitter warfare there, in 1932, with one of the Italian military attachés. He was frankly in sympathy with Japan's forward march in Manchuria, and, during long hours in the smoking-room of our steamer, he expounded his views on nationalism at length.

'The greatest source of wealth any nation has,' he asserted, 'is its people. You hear everywhere that Japan is a poor country because she is lacking in natural resources. You hear, too, that Italy is poor for the same reason. That is not true. Men are worth more than iron-mines, and fertile mothers more than petroleum fields. A nation of strong men and women will always find resources with which to support their children in comfort. It may have to take territory from another nation of weaker peoples, but that is right and in accord with all biological law.

'The Japanese do not altogether realize this. They may know that they are right in advancing in Manchuria, but

they cannot explain why. The explanation lies in something in their blood, their brains, their bones, and their souls. It is something the Creator has put into them that makes them demand the right to grow, to open new territories, to increase in numbers, and to dominate weaker peoples.

‘We Italians have this ability in the same way as the Japanese have it. We have squandered it, given away our greatest source of wealth for generations, in our foolish policy of permitting unrestrained emigration to the United States, to the Latin-American republics, and to other countries. The Fascist government has stopped that waste now, and we shall see Italy some day marching forward like Japan to use the ability the Creator has given her people to make better homes for her children, and to better the lives of those backward peoples who are not able to develop their own inheritances.’

I thought little of the Fascist officer’s philosophy at the time, but I made notes of it in my diary largely because I had nothing more interesting to write about. Later I was to read the entry with interest—to realize that my Roman soldier was explaining a philosophy that was to strain world peace even more gravely than the Japanese armies were straining it in 1932.

Meantime the League of Nations wobbled uncertainly on its course. It was a sorry spectacle, and as the weeks and months passed I lost the last shreds of any illusions I had managed to retain about the grand dream of universal peace and the brotherhood of men. I knew that I would never live to see an age of international honesty, or a time when I could be sure that my son would not be called to shoulder a rifle and wallow in the mud, to shoot at, or be shot by, some youth he had never seen, and for some reason he could but dimly comprehend.

Nothing is so depressing as to see a war of aggression thrust upon an unwilling people; nothing so utterly sickening as the sight and feel of a whole nation forced into an insane lust for blood and conquest, whipped into a wave of satanic mass-hysteria that leads to destruction.

CHAPTER XVII

LET THE EAGLE SCREAM

GENEVA, at the instance of China, moved into the Manchurian quarrel when it was less than a month old. The Chinese had long foreseen that their League membership might prove useful, and, although they had not bothered to pay their dues—which were some hundreds of thousands of dollars in arrears when the war started—they had managed to obtain far more League aid than most of the nations which had supported the League with man-power and money from the day of its inception.

One of the Chinese schemes for League aid, which was coming to fruition early in September, was for a 'Ten-Year Plan', to be sponsored by the League's International Labour Bureau. It was a scheme modelled frankly on Russia's 'Five-Year Plan'—which was exciting interest throughout the Orient at the time because of its apparent success—and called for League aid in a gigantic scheme of industrialization, flood control, the creation of a merchant marine, improvement of ports, harbours, inland waterways and communications, and a general renovation of the whole vast Chinese domain. Aably carried out, the plan would have made China a much stronger country than Japan, and the very fact that it was projected, I believe, was one of the reasons why the Japanese army decided that it should take as much of China as it wanted while it was able easily to do so.

The Russian 'Five-Year Plan' worried some of the Japanese, and a part of the army advocated expulsion of the Soviets from Northern Asia when the scheme first became known. Most Japanese, however, merely laughed at it as another grandiose Bolshevik dream which would never go

beyond the paper stage because of traditional Russian sloth and corruption. As the Russians drove through to success, the sceptics had to admit their error, and the hands of the extreme militarists, who had foreseen that Lenin and Stalin might create a great power where the Tsars had failed, were strengthened.

Geneva was unable to envisage all these developments which were having so profound an effect on the thinking of the Japanese extreme militarists, and I doubt if any official of the League even knew of the secret conversations which had taken place in the summer between Japanese nationalists and the Cantonese.

Canton even then was jealous and distrustful of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and the Cantonese foresaw the situation which was to come to a head in the summer of 1936, when Chiang would move towards complete control of the Kuomintang and the central government in Nanking, and attempt to engineer the leaders of the southern provinces into a position where they would either have to fight or become completely subservient to his will.

Eugene Chen who, with Sun Fo, had got the Canton independence movement launched in early summer, came to Japan secretly in August and took quarters in the Imperial Hotel. I met him by accident in an upper corridor one day after I had been calling on a friend. I could hardly believe my eyes.

‘What in the world are you doing in Japan?’ I asked.

Chen smiled mysteriously. ‘Come down to my room,’ he said, ‘and I’ll tell you what I can—not for publication, however, for this is a secret mission.’

He had one of the best suites in the hotel, and was accompanied by a number of secretaries. He had come, he explained, at the invitation of a number of Japanese—he tried to give me the impression, without saying so, that these Japanese included high members of the government—and expected to get Japanese support for the Canton rebellion, which, he was confident, would result in Chiang Kai-shek’s downfall.

The news that Chen was in town eventually got out, and the Japanese newspapers followed his movements carefully. None of the newspapermen, however, found out what he really wanted, or what promises he obtained. My own guess, in dispatches I filed abroad, was that he promised the Japanese military leaders that, if they would support the Canton rebels in a war on Nanking, Canton would promise Japan a free hand in Manchuria and would itself oust Chang Hsueh-liang and replace him with a 'satisfactory' Manchurian ruler. Yen Hsi-shan, who was not on speaking terms with Nanking, was suggested for the post. He had retired to his old province of Shansi, in the North, and was believed by Canton to be acceptable to the groups of Japanese who were active in framing Nippon's policy in Northern Asia.

The Japanese army, I believe, might have done business with Chen, and thus possibly have avoided the Manchurian war; but Baron Shidehara and his associates of the Foreign Office would not listen to any programme which called for new intervention in Chinese domestic affairs. Shidehara, and most of the members of the parliamentary government, felt that Japan had had ample opportunity ever since the days of the abortive 'Twenty-one Demands' to learn that it was an error to trust and support any Chinese faction.

Chen disappeared from Tokyo as mysteriously as he had arrived, and the fact that his mission had failed angered many of the Japanese nationalist groups with which he had been in contact. They felt that Shidehara's policy of friendship and patience towards China was getting them nowhere, and that, in the end, it would result in a complete break-up in the painfully created structure of Japanese treaty rights.

The League, naturally, knew little or nothing of this background. To Geneva, which had left the scrutiny of Far Eastern affairs to a little group of 'experts' who got their information from diplomatic and consular reports—the Manchurian question was simply one of Occidental morals—a question of the infringement of certain international agreements to which both Japan and China were parties. It was impossible for most of the members of the League to under-

stand that Occidental morals and methods cannot be applied successfully to an Oriental situation, particularly to a quarrel between two Asiatic nations. That vast gulf which separates the Occident from the Orient was never better exemplified. The Japanese nationalists, I was honestly convinced, could never really understand what the members of the League were thinking about. No more could the League officials—notably such men as Earl Lytton, who headed the League's commission of investigation—appreciate the mental processes or the moral standards of either the Japanese or the Chinese.

It was this very difference in the texture of men's souls in the Eastern and Western countries which Kipling talked about in his 'East is East, and West is West; and never the twain shall meet' quotation.

The more elemental of human characteristics, I have found, in the two-score or more countries in which I have worked and travelled, are much alike. All men, regardless of the kind of houses in which they live, the food they eat, or the clothing they wear, love their children and want to improve their condition in the world, increase their wealth, and be well thought of by their fellows. But they do not have the same standards of moral values, particularly international or inter-group morals, and they do not follow the same mental processes in arguing a question to conclusion. What is right and proper for a Japanese may be totally wrong and improper to a Briton or an American.

These differences became more and more apparent as world condemnation of Japan for her aggression increased, and I had long arguments with my Japanese friends about them—in most of which I merely wasted my breath. These Japanese have always been a singularly inarticulate people, given to deeds rather than words, and trained in a school of manners which teaches that one small act is worth an hour of oratory. They felt that the Occidental powers should be able to read from the acts of China for a quarter of a century a virtual declaration of war against Japan, and that for them to attempt to explain these acts would simply be to weaken

their case. They believed, equally, that their own acts spoke for themselves, and that attempts to justify these acts would constitute an apology and hence an admission of doubt and weakness.

I felt that it was a great opportunity for a newspaperman such as I, who understood both of the groups involved, to do a valuable bit of interpreting, and I wrote long and philosophical dispatches daily. Many of them went into waste-baskets all over the world. Others got printed, and people wrote me rather condescending letters in which they suggested, not always with entire tact and politeness, that I had been too long in lands where men have yellow skins and slant eyes.

The League's Council held three sessions on the Manchurian war in 1931 and passed two resolutions, and the United States, as a signatory of the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Powers Treaty, approved of all the actions—a fact which worried the Japanese, for throughout the series of crises they always feared Washington far more than Geneva. The Chinese viewpoint, ably expressed by Dr Alfred Sao-ke Sze, then Minister to Great Britain, was that the League should take steps to restore the *status quo ante*, prevent the development of a situation which was endangering world peace, and determine the amount and character of reparations due from Japan to China. Japan insisted that there could be no question of reparations since the Chinese had started the war, and that the League should drop the whole case, which could be best settled in direct negotiation between the belligerents.

Both Japan and China were careful not to call the fighting a war. China described it as an act of aggression which she had not resisted by force. The Japanese had a hard time deciding what they should call it, but finally, after long debate, solemnly announced that historically the whole affair should be known as the 'Manshu Jihen', or Manchurian incident.

Terminology, apparently, is of the greatest importance in international procedure, and I have watched harassed diplo-

mats hold up a movement of whole nations for days while they argued about the placing of commas and the niceties of phraseology. So the Manchurian war remained, technically, an 'incident' as it dragged on through weary months in which thousands of men were killed.

Fighting continued while the League debated, and the Chinese, learning that they had no chance to stand against Japanese soldiers in open battle, resorted to raids and guerrilla fighting.

Raids on scattered Japanese and Korean settlements were carried out nearly every night. One of these was on a Korean farm village in the mountains south-east of Changchun, in which nearly a hundred Koreans—men, women and children—were shot, hacked to death with swords, or burned in their cottages. I went to see the bodies with a Japanese cavalry contingent. One glimpse was enough to show that the people had met death horribly, and that they probably had been taken by surprise and had had no opportunity to defend themselves even if they had had arms. The Japanese spread the nude, torn and twisted bodies in rows, photographed them from a dozen angles, and then sent prints off to Geneva as proof of Chinese atrocities. The Chinese retaliated with a counter-flood of atrocity stories supported by photographs, and the atrocity propaganda by both sides soon reached a point where newspaper correspondents would not even listen to the tales.

The first real crisis for the United States came early in October. Those regiments of Chang Hsueh-liang's main armies which had escaped the Japanese gathered in the old walled town of Chinchow (later to be renamed Kinshu by the Japanese), and there set up fortifications and established what they called a provisional government. The town, formerly an important terminus on the camel caravan routes from Mongolia, is on the railway which runs from Mukden to Shanhaikwan, Tientsin, and Peiping. Chang was in touch with his commanders by telegraph.

President Hoover and Secretary-of-State Stimson chose to make Chinchow a point for a 'show-down'. Working with

the League, they demanded to know whether the Japanese intended to carry out their threat to bomb the Chinese concentrations from aeroplanes and occupy the city, or whether Tokyo intended to prove its assertions that the Japanese army was acting purely on the defensive by letting Chinchow alone.

The demand put poor Baron Shidehara in a dilemma. If he refused to consent to an attack on Chinchow, the army threatened to rebel; if he consented to the attack, he knew that the United States and the League would put all the pressure on Japan they could bring to bear, and that eventually Japan would have to leave the League, face world isolation, and the possibility of joint military action by American and European forces. At his wits' end, Shidehara appealed to the Emperor, and won a temporary victory. Orders went from the palace that the advance was to be held up pending an Imperial investigation. It looked like a victory for Washington and the League, and the embassies in Tokyo were jubilant.

To me the situation was mystifying. I could not believe that the Japanese army, which had been waiting patiently for years to swallow Manchuria, was going to be deterred now that victory was within its grasp.

Clarification came one night when I was asked to a geisha party and there met a group of retired army officers. The party started off with the usual *sake* drinking and dancing, and then, over whisky-and-sodas, talk veered to the war. Towards midnight the officers got round to what they really wanted to know: Was the government of the United States prepared to use major force to back up the line of diplomatic action which Washington had helped to set in motion? I replied with a rambling discourse on American history, and then countered with a question of my own.

'I am told,' I said, making a random shot, 'that the Kwantung army intends to take not only Chinchow but all of Jehol and north Manchuria as well, so I cannot see that the attitude of the United States is of much importance.'

One of the officers smiled. 'That is true. All Manchuria

will be liberated, but I hope we will not have to fight the United States to do it.'

'So do I,' I said, and went home.

I got the same story from other extreme nationalist groups next day, and that night I cabled it. The predictions proved accurate sooner than I had expected.

The Chinchow affair was a turning-point of the whole Manchurian campaign. It brought to a head the dispute between the army and the civilian parliamentary government, forced the Emperor to intervene, and brought Imperial sanction to the cause of the militarists. The situation proved that, in one case, at least, the army had established its point that, in time of crisis, it was 'the repository of the Imperial tradition'.

Chinchow was eventually taken, with all the other territory that the army wanted, but not before it had come very near causing a Japanese-American war.

The United States Ambassador at the time was a man of great ability but of short temper and a dictatorial attitude which grated on many of the Japanese.

One day I met a member of the Cabinet in the street immediately after a session at which the Chinchow incident had been discussed. We were chatting about it, and he remarked, in that innocent and off-hand fashion which politicians so often adopt when they want to give important information without seeming to do so, that the Cabinet had just voted narrowly against demanding the recall of the United States Ambassador. We talked on a moment, and then I asked, as casually as possible, what the Ambassador had done.

'Oh,' he said, 'it seems that his Excellency in conversation with the Foreign Minister this morning rather lost his temper, and remarked that he had never believed our protestations that we did not intend to take Chinchow. He said that now we have taken it, he can no longer believe any promise we may make to him. The Foreign Minister laughed away the remark with an observation that possibly the Ambassador had misunderstood some assertions as promises which were not intended to be, but he reported the incident

to the Cabinet. There was, as you would say, "the Devil to pay", for the War Minister immediately proposed that the Cabinet unanimously demand the Ambassador's recall and an apology for his remark. The General was voted down, although a number of the Ministers supported him, and I think all will be peaceful now. It would be fortunate, however, if the Ambassador went home of his own accord, for things may not be pleasant for him from now on.'

I checked the story at the Foreign Office, and found that it was true, and that, strangely enough, the spokesman voiced no objection to my cabling it. I had a 'beat' of first importance—a beat so big, in fact, that it rather frightened me. I went back to the office and sat thinking for half an hour. By embellishing my dispatch with a dozen other incidents of friction I knew about, I could get scare-headlines on the front page of nearly every newspaper in the United States, and in those of a great many other countries, where governments and press alike would have welcomed a Japanese-American war, believing that 'the cocky little Japs' needed 'putting in their place' and that the rich Americans were just the people to do it. In the end I waited until the official report on the Cabinet meeting was out and cabled that as my story, tacking bare mention of the discussion of the Ambassador's recall (which was not in the official release) on the end of my telegram. Even this restrained version brought an immediate reaction, and soon after the Ambassador went home 'on vacation'. He did not return.

Japanese-American friction increased as the months passed. Guards were put at the big iron gates of the United States Legation, and a detail of detectives assigned to watch all visitors. Headquarters of the detectives was an ancient limousine, which conveniently broke down at the entrance to the Chancery, and was dragged to the side of the street. Detectives took turns sitting in its rear seat and peering through a slit in the curtains at all who went in and out of the building.

Tales of espionage began to circulate, and all foreigners were watched. Industrial plants working on war orders were

closed to all but trusted employees, and one of our army officers—a young lieutenant assigned to the Embassy as a language student—was arrested and questioned by gendarmes merely because he happened to motor by one of the barred areas. I had lived with the Japanese long enough, however, not to be bothered by these surface indications of hostility. While I made preparations to send my family home, hurriedly if necessary, I was not really worried. The Japanese had enough common sense, I believed, to avoid acts which would have put foreign residents in personal danger.

The Russians suffered most from police activity. Telephone lines into the Soviet Embassy were tapped, and all conversations recorded. Mail deliveries were delayed, and letters which had been opened and read by the police were delivered without even being re-sealed. All Japanese who visited the Soviet Embassy were questioned and made to explain the details of their business. As winter came on, the Japanese swept northwards into Manchuria, and it became apparent that the army intended to occupy the Chinese Eastern Railway and oust Russia from all North Manchuria.

The Soviets had reinforced their garrisons until it was estimated they had more than a quarter of a million men along the Manchurian boundaries. A special Bolshevik Far Eastern army was created, with General Bluecher in command. The crossings of the Amur river, which forms much of the northern boundary of Manchuria, were fortified; the double tracking of the Siberian railway was hurried on night and day; new air-fields were constructed; and rumours began to circulate that Moscow had transported submarines piecemeal across Siberia and was assembling them in Vladivostok.

The Bolsheviks, too, were tightening their hold on Outer Mongolia, which had been made into a Soviet Republic administered by young Mongols who had been trained in Moscow. A network of railway was started towards Urga, the Mongol capital, which the Russians had re-named Ulan Bator.

We were getting so many wars and preparations for war on our hands that I could scarcely keep track of them. And

the story was getting harder and harder to cover. Ma Chan-shan, a petty North Manchurian general who had joined the Japanese long enough to get a supply of munitions, revolted and made a bloody mid-winter stand along the Nonni river, a campaign in which a number of our correspondents suffered from frozen ears and feet. We got the news out, however, with the aid of a portable field wireless (which our men hauled over the prairies on a motor-cycle) and carrier pigeons.

The pigeons were marvellous. Japanese have used them for fast communication for centuries, and every newspaper organization in Japan has a pigeon-loft on its roof. When a reporter goes on an assignment he carries a basket of pigeons along with him, and releases one every time he wants to send a dispatch. The news is written in longhand on tissue paper, which is then rolled inside a cylinder of hard rubber about the size of a fountain-pen barrel. The cylinder is fastened to the pigeon's back with a rubber band, and the birds will fly scores of miles with them. Some of the fastest coverage we had on isolated battles came through by pigeon-post, and we even released the birds successfully from aeroplanes and balloons.

Ma developed into what the American correspondents called 'a natural'. He had a particular flair for conversation, and even his name—a common enough one among Chinese of the Mohammedan faith—helped by lending itself to headline-writing in every city on earth. The poor man got badly beaten, of course, as soon as the Japanese engineers had repaired the Nonni river railway-bridge, but he escaped into Siberia, and finally got back to China by way of Turkestan, carrying with him some two million dollars which Chinese in the Yangtse Valley and the southern provinces had sent to him as a defence fund. The Chinese tried to get their money back once Ma's war was lost, but I never heard that they succeeded.

Another amusing general was Chang Hai-peng, who had once been one of Chang Hsueh-liang's petty commanders. He flitted from side to side with the most amazing dexterity.

One month he would issue a long manifesto announcing that he had joined Japan, and would support the independent Manchurian state henceforth with his life's-blood. Next month he would rebel. He, too, managed to sell out to both sides often enough to retire a rich man.

As things drifted from bad to worse, my own job in Tokyo became harder and harder. I was embarrassed by my Nationalist friends, who were continually holding mass-meetings, at which long resolutions denouncing the League for its 'lack of understanding of the true situation in the Orient' were adopted. My friends would bring these resolutions to the office and demand that I cable them as news to Geneva. When I refused, they would offer to pay the transmission costs 'and any other expense to which you might be put', and they were indignant when I told them that their declarations had ceased to be news.

These offers were the only ones I received which might possibly have been interpreted as opening a way for bribes, and I do not believe that any of the other foreign correspondents in Tokyo were offered money for a 'favourable presentation' of the Japanese version of events. Some of the men in Manchuria, however, did get mysterious bundles of money which they would find on their office-desks or have delivered to them by messenger. They adopted a policy of sending the packages to the headquarters of the Kwantung army, with polite notes explaining that their employers would not allow them to accept presents.

One correspondent for a New York newspaper, I was told, received ten thousand yen—then about five thousand dollars—in a single bundle. It was left in a neat package on his desk, and attached to it was a friendly little note, unsigned, which said that the 'friends of independent Manchuria' were pleased that he was adopting so fair an attitude towards the new nation and hoped that he would accept this 'little token of our esteem'. The correspondent was furious, and called in an American in the employ of the South Manchuria Railway Company, who arranged the return of the money and explained to the Japanese and Manchurians who had sent

it that they had adopted the worst conceivable plan to win the sympathy of American newspapermen.

The French and European continental correspondents, however, were not so meticulous—probably because their jobs were not worth much anyway—and they took everything that was offered them and let it be known they were in the market for more, and would write ‘unfavourably’ unless they got it.

The high mark of Japanese expenditure for propaganda in the press, I believe, was reached in the final sessions of the League of Nations on the Manchurian question. A secretary of the Japanese delegation told me that more than a million dollars was expended to influence French, Swiss, and other continental newspapers and newspapermen. ‘And I think the expenditure did us a lot more harm than good,’ he added.

The best proof, I believe, that the Japanese government was taken completely by surprise when the Manchurian war started—that the war really was a rebellion of a section of the army against the parliamentary government—was the fact that Japan was caught entirely without a scheme for foreign propaganda. The army, primarily concerned with having its way in domestic affairs and in overcoming opposition from the parliamentarians, never concerned itself with foreign opinion. Its position throughout was that foreign nations could think what they liked and be damned, and that if any of them wanted to interfere they would find Japan’s armed forces ready to fight on all fronts and ready to give a good account of themselves.

The Foreign Office always had had charge of foreign press relations and all policy which was likely to influence foreign opinion, and, so thorough are its methods, I am sure that if its officials had had any idea of the situation that was to confront them, they would have had ready a formidable propaganda machine. A study of the Russo-Japanese war will show that when a united Japan sets out to achieve a national objective no stone is left unturned. It is characteristic of the Japanese, even more than of the Germans, that advance

details are worked out to foresee every contingency that can possibly be forecast.

And the Manchurian affair caught the Gaimushu entirely unprepared. It had no plans, and it had no unanimity of opinion in its personnel. Some of the permanent officials were in sympathy with the military from the beginning, others were violently opposed to the army's independent course. The result was a floundering that was all too apparent. One official would assert that government policy was one thing, while another would assert exactly the opposite. This condition prevailed even during the final period when Yosuke Matsuoka was in Geneva making Japan's final plea—a plea that he hoped would enable Japan to remain a member of the League and win for him a foremost place among Imperial statesmen—and it embarrassed him tremendously. He told me about it when he returned to Tokyo, after Emperor Hirohito had signed the Rescript which announced Japan's withdrawal from the society of the League of Nations.

'During all the time I was in Geneva,' Matsuoka said, 'I was almost afraid to read the newspapers. I never knew what would come out of Tokyo next as the quoted utterance of a responsible official.'

The fact that disagreement about policy and intentions was so open and apparent was typical of the usual rather blunt and transparent honesty of the Japanese. On important issues I never knew them to be either able, or to try very seriously, to deceive anybody.

My friend Toshio Shiratori was spokesman of the Foreign Office throughout most of the Manchurian crisis. An able diplomat, he had served in China, the United States, and other countries, and he was thoroughly imbued with the opinion that the only way the Japanese would win equality with the white nations was through a display of superior force. He believed that Japanese had suffered too long from their native politeness and from an inferiority complex with regard to Occidental powers, and that the time had come to convince everybody, including the bulk of the Japanese

people, that Japanese were just as good men as any others, and were ready to fight to prove it.

Shiratori's conduct of the daily conference with foreign newspaper correspondents was refreshing. He proceeded on a basis of absolute candour, and never minced words in giving replies. When the question came up of Japan's right to maintain mandates over the former German islands in the Pacific which had been awarded her by the League after the World War, he said bluntly: 'Our attitude is that these islands are now Japanese possessions—the spoils of war. We intend to keep them. If the League, or any power, thinks that we do not, let warships be sent to try to expel us. We will be ready.'

At times the spokesman's remarks were so belligerent that the British and American correspondents would agree, at the termination of the conference, to tone down the remarks in the interest of peace. We felt that Shiratori's declarations did not always represent the views of a majority of the members of the Government, and that a certain amount of suppression was necessary in the interest of accuracy. The British correspondents, in particular, disliked to see anything cabled abroad that included a flat challenge to England. It was part of their training—most of them were of the London *Times* school of journalism—that anything pertaining to British welfare should be carefully presented, with always an eye kept on the maintenance of British prestige in world opinion. I could not agree with their methods, which, I felt, often resulted in a most distorted presentation of the news, and frequently I refused to go along with them.

Typical of coloured British news presentation was an adventure I had some years earlier in the Yangtse Valley of China. I had gone up-river to cover anti-foreign demonstrations, and happened to be in Wanshien when demonstrations started there against the British. There was rioting in the city, and I finally fled with a British friend, who was in the Chinese postal service, to one of the British gunboats anchored off the Bund. We got on board a few minutes before the British flotilla opened fire on the city to cover the

evacuation of a dozen or so foreigners who had been late in getting out of their homes in the suburbs. There was a lively scrimmage for an hour, during which the British warships sent shell after shell into howling Chinese mobs along the waterfront.

I wirelessly my story to our office in Shanghai for relay by cable abroad, in 'takes' in accord with ordinary American Press Association procedure, and when the fighting was over sent off a 'lead' estimating the number of Chinese casualties, and rounding off the description of what had happened.

A British news agency correspondent (the only other newspaperman there) saw my dispatches later in the office of the gunboat commander, where I had had to leave copies for approval before they were sent on the ship's radio. He was horrified.

'Your story makes it appear the British warships here simply fired on a Chinese mob and killed a lot of people, possibly unnecessarily,' he said.

For a time I could not get what he was driving at, but after he had shown me a copy of his own dispatch I understood. He had sent nothing until the fighting was over, and then had started his story with a careful justification of the cannonading and ended it with what, to an American newspaperman, was the most important of the facts it contained, that a hundred or more Chinese had been killed. I knew it was no use to point out to him that he had entirely failed to give the Chinese side of the story. He would not have understood, for the Briton who has lived long in the Far East almost inevitably believes with the intensity of fanaticism that whatever Britain does is right, and that the British side is the only side there is to any argument.

Your Briton in the Orient or in the colonies is an entirely different fellow from the type one finds at home in England. He invariably is a Conservative and an Imperialist, and believes implicitly in the doctrine of the white man's burden. But, according to his lights, he is fair and courageous, and that is why he is the greatest of all administrators. I remember talking to the late Sir Charles Eliot one night in the

Tokyo Club as I watched him drink his nightly bottle of Scotch whisky. He was British Ambassador to Japan at the time, but had served long as a colonial administrator and as Chancellor of the University of Hong Kong.

‘What,’ I asked, ‘is the secret of Britain’s success in diplomacy and in the administration of Imperial affairs?’

The old man snorted. ‘No secret about it. In the first place we aren’t always successful—we botched our job in America, and lost our colonies there, and then permitted the United States to develop into a world power which some day may take our job of running the world away from us if we are not careful. We botched things to a degree in the World War settlement, and recently we have been botching them in the Orient. We only succeed when we cling to the old rule that whatever the British viewpoint, it is the right one and the best and fairest viewpoint for everybody concerned. Mind that word “fairest”, for it is only when we approach a problem honestly and with a due consideration of justice to everybody concerned, that we succeed. In the past we have been honest, fair, and considerate oftener than we have been dishonest, unfair, and inconsiderate. That is why you give us a record of success.’

My own observations bear out Sir Charles’s opinion. He was a great scholar and a great man, and I was shocked when he died, full of years, success, and good whisky. His capacity for study, work, and drink was prodigious. He could explain Oriental philosophies by the hour, and empty a full fifth of a gallon bottle of Scotch whisky while doing it, without showing the slightest sign of intemperance. I envied him his capacity in all things.

CHAPTER XVIII

NEW CROWNS FOR OLD

TOWARDS the end of 1931 I felt that the Manchurian war was approaching its grand climax. It was already clear that the Japanese army intended to make Manchuria an independent state, and I was certain that eventually the former Chinese 'Boy Emperor', Pu Yi, who was to become chief executive, would be elevated to head a restored Manchu Empire, and would look longingly towards his old Dragon Throne in Peiping—'Northern Peace'—as old Peking had been renamed by the nationalists.

The League's efforts at mediation were still dragging along, but those of us who were on the spot in the Orient felt that the efforts were worse than useless, and that they might result in an enlargement of the conflagration rather than its restriction to the comparatively small area of the 'Three Eastern Provinces'.

The fourth session of the League ran from January 29th to March 11th, 1932, and did little but bring nearer the withdrawal of Japan from the society of nations, and the strengthening of the hands of the military clique which was rapidly gaining full control of the Tokyo government and of the machinery which moulded Japanese public opinion.

I was convinced that only force would stop the march of the Nipponese legions across the Manchurian plains, and it was obvious that no nation, not even Russia, would attempt alone to apply force, and that the mutual jealousies of the Powers made impossible any combination of nations opposed to Japan.

Japanese regiments finally occupied Chinchow in open defiance of the League and the United States on January 5th,

justifying their continued march westward by submitting proof that the Chinese had not carried out a tentative promise to withdraw all Chinese forces inside the Great Wall. The fact was that the Chinese central government in Nanking had no more control over Chinese regiments in Manchuria than Tokyo had over the Japanese regiments. The Chinese troops had been paid only sporadically during the months that had elapsed since the fighting started outside Mukden, and Chang Hsueh-liang had remained in Peiping trying in vain to get aid from the Central Government for a real war which would throw all China's strength against Japan.

A serious division of opinion was arising in Nanking. Chiang Kai-shek—who knew that any united move against the Japanese would be suicide and would result merely in a formal declaration of a war that would enable the Nipponese commanders to occupy all of China and then dictate peace terms which would make much of the country a Japanese protectorate—insisted on a policy of watchful waiting. T. V. Soong and other influential figures insisted that all China should unite and fight; that the League's efforts would come to naught, and that no military assistance could come from the United States.

I believe that a majority of the Chinese people at this time would have enthusiastically supported a general war. The fire of nationalism, started by the Kuomintang revolution, was still burning, and the youth of China particularly was ready to die rather than suffer disgrace. Chiang Kai-shek, however, was too wise to be stampeded, and just as the pressure on him was becoming heaviest, he received unexpected aid.

President Hoover and Secretary Stimson, alarmed at the final open seizure of Chinchow, sent a joint Note to Japan and China dated January 7th, in which the United States reminded Tokyo and Nanking that 'with the recent military operations around Chinchow, the last remaining administrative authority' of China in Manchuria has been destroyed. 'The United States cannot admit the legality of any situation *de facto*,' the Note said, 'nor does it intend to recognize any

treaty or agreement' entered into between the Japanese and Chinese governments 'which may impair the treaty rights of the United States or its citizens in China,' or which might violate the Nine-Powers Treaty, the Kellogg Pact, or the established international policy of the Open Door relative to China.

It was in this Note that Washington established the principle of non-recognition of Manchukuo, in terms which seemed to me to violate the first principle of diplomacy: the document left no road for retreat. We were gradually enunciating a hard and fast policy which was to create for us a problem that may be as embarrassing as was our hard and fast stand towards Soviet Russia. It was obvious that if we ever did want to recognize Manchukuo—and I foresaw that some day we might want to do so—the act would require no small amount of repudiation and pussyfooting.

Throughout this period, I am confident, Washington went far beyond any recommendations of our Embassy in Tokyo. Japanese opinion had hardened to a point where a united Empire was ready to face a new World War, if necessary, to support the Manchurian programme. The Japanese people were definitely on the march; there was no thought, even in the minds of the most confirmed of the internationalists and pacifists, of any retreat.

It was about this time that one of our diplomats in the Orient formulated a scheme which, had it been accepted in Washington, might have had most interesting consequences. His idea was that the government of the United States should stop its Note-writing and prepare, secretly, to be the first power to recognize an independent Manchurian state once it was formally proclaimed. He believed we should have agents on the spot, including a diplomat who could be made ambassador, and should announce recognition of the new state with a fanfare of publicity at the earliest possible moment, open an embassy with a large personnel, and negotiate an immediate treaty which would give at least equal rights with Japan in the rich Manchurian market. He anticipated that our recognition would be followed immedi-

ately by that of all the powers, and that there would be created a situation which would, at least, make Manchuria really independent rather than a virtual private empire for the Japanese army.

The idea was never discussed publicly and probably would have aroused nothing but guffaws if it had been formally suggested. Many Americans in the Orient, however, would have been delighted to have seen it tried. The scheme did not reach a point at which I felt justified in mentioning it in my dispatches, but I did tell Will Rogers about it a few months later when the actor came out to do the war for his newspaper column. Will took his international politics seriously, and insisted that I explain the idea to him down to its minutest detail.

'It's the first sensible idea I've heard since I got out here,' he said. 'I'm going to mention it to Mr Hoover myself when I get back to Washington and apply for the job as first United States ambassador in the new Manchurian capital. I wouldn't have to stop writing for the newspapers, would I, if I became an ambassador?'

Will had a grand time throughout his tour of the Orient. He saw everybody, went up in every aeroplane he could find, cracked jokes with generals and Cabinet ministers, and put some very shrewd observations in the 'squib' which he cabled back daily to a syndicate of American newspapers. I had often wondered if he wrote the 'squib' himself, and asked him about it.

'Sure,' he said. 'I'm going to write one now. Come up to my room.'

I sat and watched him work for an hour. He chewed alternately on his tongue, the stub of the pen with which he was writing, and the ends of his tortoise-shell spectacles; ran his hands through his hair, shuffled his feet, and walked around the table hitching up his trousers. Finally he exhibited two paragraphs of fifty words each, in dreadful penmanship, which we copied and took to the telegraph office.

I asked Will why he never wore a waistcoat. 'Ties me all up,' he said. 'Like to be free to hitch my shoulders. I just

buy old hand-me-down suits for sixteen dollars each and throw the vest away. We never did go in much for vests down in Oklahoma.'

Will liked to talk about aeroplanes, and he knew more about Japanese aviation a week after he got to Tokyo than I did. 'These fellers fly pretty good,' he said, 'but they won't get up in the air. If I fall out of an airplane I want to fall a long ways and get something for my money.' I remembered that remark when, three years later, a 'flash' came over the wire from Alaska that Will had been killed in an aeroplane crash. The 'plane had fallen from a height of not more than two hundred feet.

Will stayed at the United States Embassy as guest of the Ambassador, W. Cameron Forbes, for his first two nights in Tokyo, and then moved to the Imperial Hotel. 'Mr Forbes is swell,' he said, 'and I had a good time. But seems to me I fit better into a hotel room.'

We took Will to the Kabuki theatre one night to see the classical Japanese drama. He was enthralled and as pleased as a boy when we took him back-stage during the interval to talk to Kikugoro, the greatest of the classical dancer-actors. The contrast between the two men was perfect—Kikugoro, sitting cross-legged in kimono on a silken cushion, as polite and impassive as a Buddha, and Will hitching up and down on one knee, his unruly forelock brushing into his eyes, and chewing the end of his spectacles as he talked.

'Does he eat tortoise-shell?' Kikugoro asked plaintively after Will had left.

Will's humour, which depended so much on his homely patter, never got home with the Japanese, and his popularity was as nothing compared to that of Charlie Chaplin.

Will made it a practice to think up a series of new 'wise-cracks' every day, and invariably sprang them on me. I imagined he was watching me carefully to see how I reacted—trying the jokes on me to see if they were good. Some of them were pretty bad, and I told him so. 'Guess you're right,' he would answer, and immediately try again.

Floyd Gibbons travelled with Will over part of Man-

churia, and Will wrote me a note telling about some of their adventures. 'If I stay much longer with this fellow Gibbons,' he said, 'I'll be as bad a newspaperman as the rest of you. Trouble with you boys is that you all want to write headlines instead of news. The news of this war is that WE WANT TO KEEP OUT OF IT.' (He printed his opinion in large capital letters.) 'That's what you want to keep tellin' the folks back home—just tell 'em we ain't lost no steers in this country, and we don't want to get in any war with these rustlers.'

Despite his jesting, Will took his task of advising the American people seriously, and he believed that the rest of us who were writing the newspapers ought to do so. He refused to believe that a correspondent should always write with the stringent objectivity demanded by the press associations. 'You got brains,' he said, 'tell 'em what you think about it. After all, you're here on the ground, and you got a good chance to see what's what.'

Will professed not to be very enthusiastic about the League of Nations. 'Like the W.C.T.U.,' he said, 'trying to make people go against their natures. Well, they won't do it, and you can bet on that.' He said Hoover and Stimson were 'just a couple of guys throwing telegrams at machine-guns, and wondering why the guns didn't stop shooting.'

Will left the Orient early in 1932, before the Shanghai war started, but Gibbons, with his usual luck, was right on the spot when the shooting began. Floyd tried a new kind of reporting on the Manchurian war and the Shanghai dog-fight, a sort of patter style in the manner he had used so successfully in his radio-broadcasts, but it did not catch on. He had an idea that a vivid, present tense, 'right-from-the-spot' style of writing would captivate the eye of a reader just as the same manner in speaking has captivated the ears of his wireless audiences. It did not, however, and when he went later to cover the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, he modified his methods. The Orient was not Floyd's field, and he could not call on the rich background of experience which

had made his correspondence from Europe so notably successful.

We had an amusing experience with Gibbons during the Shanghai fighting. There had been no essential change in the position of the contending armies for a day or so, and Floyd had cabled nothing and apparently had not received telegrams sent him by his office in New York. I did not know this, of course, and returned to our office one day to find this message on our 'incoming cables' file:

'Gibbons' office says no word from him in twenty-four hours stop asks we ascertain where he is stop please reply soonest.'

The reply, on the 'outgoing cables' file, read: 'Gibbons Cathay Hotel lounge stop shall we cover?'

We were not asked to cover the story, for I got word to Floyd immediately and apologized for the levity of my colleagues. Gibbons cabled his column of chatter as usual that night and thereafter until the war was over.

Kenkichi Yoshizawa, for long one of my close friends in Japan, was Tokyo's representative in Geneva during the early sessions of the League on the Manchurian issue, and acquitted himself in his usual able fashion. He was a great diplomat, and could out-patience any statesman I have ever known.

C. T. Wang, Foreign Minister in Nanking for some length of time, told me one of the best stories I had heard of Yoshizawa's methods. It was during the time Yoshizawa was Minister to China, and he was pitted against Wang in a battle to obtain a new commercial treaty which was to replace an agreement that had expired. The conversations had continued for days, and Wang, a quick, nervous man who liked to get things done in a hurry, was anxious to end the negotiations.

'When we got down to the final clause of the draft treaty,' Wang said, 'I was determined that we must end the business in one more sitting. I got Yoshizawa into my office, and he let me talk steadily for twenty hours. I couldn't get the man to say anything. I would state my arguments, re-state them,

explain them, and re-explain them. Yoshizawa would just clear his throat and say "but". He finally wore me out, and I let him have his way. There was no negotiating with the man. He just sat still until I wore myself out and gave in.'

I could appreciate Wang's predicament, for I had played golf with Yoshizawa occasionally in Karuizawa, and I knew that if the deliberation with which he addressed a golf ball was carried into his diplomatic activity an active and impatient opponent would be at a hopeless disadvantage.

As the League situation drifted nearer and nearer a point where Japan must do a complete about turn or withdraw, the Foreign Office decided that Yoshizawa, who was nominated to become foreign minister, should return to Tokyo, and named Yosuke Matsuoka to replace him.

The change came as a complete surprise in Tokyo, and I got a 'beat' on the story quite by accident. I met Matsuoka one morning at the entrance of the Foreign Office intelligence section and stopped to pass the time of day. It was unusual to see him at the Gaimusho, for he had resigned from the service some years before and at times had been openly critical of imperial foreign policy, so I asked him what had brought him to his old haunts.

'Oh, I'm going to Geneva to replace Yoshizawa,' he said, casually.

I hurried to the office, cabled the story, and then released it in our local services to Tokyo newspapers. We had a deluge of calls. The editors simply refused to believe the news until they had it from their own reporters at the Foreign Office.

The Minseito Party Cabinet, headed by Baron Reijiro Wakatsuki, fell on December 11th, 1931, a victim of political intrigue, the Manchurian war, and the economic and financial crisis which the march of the Kwantung Army's legions had precipitated. At the time we believed that a move for a coalition government headed by Kenzo Adatchi, the Home Minister under Wakatsuki, was the immediate cause of the government's resignation, but stories were later circulated that the activities of groups of speculators, who hoped to

drive the country off the gold standard, were really responsible.

Whatever the reason for the political change, Prince Saionji insisted that the system of party government be continued, and called in Tsuyoshi Inukai, president of the Seiyukai Party, to form the new Cabinet. Yoshizawa was Inukai's son-in-law, and he was immediately named for the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, while the Finance Ministry was given to the venerable veteran Korekiyo Takahashi, who was later assassinated by the militarists. The army named Lieutenant-General Sadao Araki for the post of War Minister, and thereby brought a new name into world headlines. Araki dominated the Inukai government throughout its existence—it ended with Inukai's assassination—and made himself the chief spokesman for the Japanese people both at home and abroad.

It was an active time. Soviet Russia, impotent to stop Japan's northward march in Manchuria, was preparing to surrender the Chinese Eastern Railway without a struggle, and, frightened by Araki's warlike utterances, proposed that Japan enter a non-aggression pact which would at least guarantee Siberia proper from a Japanese invasion. Yoshizawa was asked to return home via Moscow and obtain the detailed Russian proposals. He did, but the proposed treaty, at Araki's insistence, was rejected.

I began to believe that a new Russo-Japanese war might be near. Russia had fought China in 1928 to hold the Chinese Eastern Railway and to control both banks of the Amur river, and I feared that, stampeded by some border incident, or by fear that Japan might be planning to snap up the Siberian Maritime Provinces, Moscow might go to war again. The Russians might have, too, had it not been for able work by Ambassador Troyanowsky in Tokyo and the equally astute efforts by Yoshizawa, who was able to convince the Bolsheviks that their proposals were acceptable enough to most of the Japanese people and would be given consideration at a later date when the Manchurian struggle had abated. The efforts of both Yoshizawa and Troyanowsky were

facilitated by pressure brought on the army by Emperor Hirohito and by the fact that the Soviet high command preferred to eat insults rather than risk hostilities at a time when their preparations for war in the Far East were just under way.

Japan also was restrained by the fact that her financial situation was approaching a crisis. Rumours that the gold standard would have to be abandoned had been circulating for weeks, and the yen had fallen to a point where the export of gold bullion to the United States could be carried out profitably. American banks were shipping out millions of yen on nearly every steamer. The money was handled like so much lead. Big boxes of gold coin were delivered to buyers by the Bank of Japan, ripped open by American bank employees who counted the coins in a few of the upper packets as a check, and then carted to the steamship strong rooms.

The speculators were all set for a killing, and I knew they expected to make double profits. The scheme was obvious and simple. Cotton had dropped to levels around five cents a pound in the United States, and, because of the huge consumption of Japanese mills, was a perfectly safe and desirable investment. Hence the big Japanese financial groups had only to dispose of their yen holdings, which were converted into dollars in New York, and then use the dollars to buy cheap cotton. The cotton could be shipped to Japan, processed with labour paid in devalued yen, and then resold in the world market in the form of cloth, and thus reconverted again into the equivalent of gold. The plight of the American cotton farmer was such that it was certain the United States government would eventually have to take measures to force up the price of cotton, and the supply of Japanese labour was so great that it was equally certain devaluation of the yen would not force up the domestic wage level.

The opportunity for bold speculation was so obvious that I was certain it was under way. Investigation confirmed my belief. I found that a single Japanese group had contracted to buy six hundred thousand bales of American cotton, and

that it had bought enough dollars, at two yen each, to cover the commitment.

Profits simply rolled in when abandonment of the gold standard was announced. The yen dropped from its normal exchange point of around fifty cents to levels as low as twenty cents.

Cotton prices started slowly rising, and the wages of Japanese cotton mill-hands remained stationary.

The speculators, over the period of the next three years, made fabulous fortunes. They wove the cheap American cotton into fine cloth, invaded world markets everywhere which had been controlled by Britain, undersold all competitors, and nearly ruined the English mills in Lancashire. It was one of the greatest commercial-financial coups of all history. The facts of the situation were never clearly understood in either Washington or London, apparently, although the newspaper correspondents in Tokyo explained them clearly enough, and for years afterwards I read fantastic accounts attempting to explain Japanese export trade expansion. The fact was that the speculators took few chances. They controlled all the machinery of banking, transport, spinning and selling, and they had enough political influence to be able to time their move so that it could be carried out with a maximum of advantage.

Few of the Japanese people realized what had happened, and the army was placated by big gifts for its various enterprises in Manchuria.

We marketed a commercial news service throughout the Orient, and I was thrown constantly in contact with speculators who frequented the rooms of brokerage houses which were among our clients. Among the boldest groups were the Bagdad Jews, who extended their operations to the big China coast cities from India. They were shrewd business men, with an uncanny knowledge of international commerce and finance, and would bet on anything—silver, gold, antimony, tung oil, sesame, real estate, camphor, cotton, silk, war supplies or opium. Some of them made fortunes out of the silver purchase policy of the United States, which lifted the

world price-level of the white metal from levels around twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents, or higher.

I was in Shanghai when the first indications that Washington was going to 'do something for silver' began to show in our news dispatches. The speculators wanted every word we could get, and each firm, of course, wanted the news first. We were besieged by tricksters, and had to watch all our employees to see there was no leak in the news before it reached our regular subscribers. The biggest operations were on the gold bar exchange, which, owing to the difference in time between Shanghai and New York, opened a few hours after the New York markets had closed and at the end of the normal congressional day in Washington. The exchange's chief dealings, despite its name, were in silver, and silver news from the United States caused wide fluctuations in quotations.

Typical of the methods used by the speculators was an incident which occurred one morning when I was in the office of a big silver bullion dealer. A message came in over our wire quoting a statement by Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, one of the leading silver exponents in Washington, announcing that Pittman was certain the administration intended, eventually, to adopt a silver purchase programme and that he was certain it would raise the world price. The statement was routine enough—a mere expression of opinion—but it was all the speculator needed. He owned several million ounces of silver, which he was unloading as the price rose, and he saw in the Pittman statement an opportunity to force up quotations when the exchange opened. He made half a dozen telephone calls in rapid succession to Chinese who were active in the market, read each the Pittman statement, and then offered his opinion that it would force the price up so many points at the opening of the market. At the end of each conversation he offered the Chinese so many thousand ounces at a price a few points above the previous close. Within twenty minutes he had disposed of as much silver as he wanted to sell, and had made thousands of dollars.

Some of the same speculators reaped equally great sums

when the United States finally went off gold. They worked with a group of foreign exchange dealers which had headquarters in Amsterdam, and were betting the United States would abandon gold a year before I thought there was the slightest possibility that it could happen. British bankers and brokers were particularly astute in foreseeing Washington's financial policy. Time and again they anticipated the news from the United States by days, weeks, or months, and profited accordingly.

CHAPTER XIX
PAPER BULLETS

PRESIDENT HOOVER's efforts to restrain the Japanese army continued throughout 1931 and met with unvarying failure. His instruments were usually Secretary Stimson—who, I was told, carried through the Presidential wishes despite the fact that he was not always in sympathy with them—and the United States ambassador in Tokyo, W. Cameron Forbes.

I did not envy Forbes his task. He was continually popping in and out of the Foreign Office on secret missions and exchanging little notes which were called *aides memoires*, or aids to memory. We never could learn what was in the memory teasers, but it was easy enough to make shrewd guesses, and poor Forbes was often embarrassed by our dispatches.

One of the many teapot-tempests of the time came in late November and was caused by an Associated Press dispatch to the Japanese Rengo Agency, the organ of the Foreign Office. United Press service went to Nippon Dempo Tsushinsha, an independent concern which was in bitter competition with Rengo, the Associated Press of Japan. All the leading Japanese newspapers took both news services—just as most newspapers in the United States obtain the dispatches of both the United Press and the Associated Press—and were familiar with the system of interchange of news. Thus when Rengo obtained a 'beat' on important news from the United States all the Japanese newspapers knew that the Associated Press deserved the credit, and when Nippon Dempo obtained a 'beat' they knew that it came from the United Press.

One day I began getting telephone calls from all the Tokyo dailies asking why we were not carrying a sensational statement from Washington, in which Secretary Stimson was quoted as having made, in his press conference, a bitter attack on the Japanese army, the government, and Foreign Minister Shidehara. I wirelessly Washington frantically and got back confirmation of our own rather innocuous story. The Embassy was cabling the State Department; Rengo was cabling the Associated Press; the Army was cabling its military attaché in Washington, and the Foreign Office was cabling its ambassador. Our people managed to get through the first confirmation of what had really happened. They obtained a stenographic transcript of Secretary Stimson's replies to the questions of newspapermen at his press conference, and then found that statements attributed to Stimson in the Rengo dispatches (which had been printed in the Japanese newspapers) had never been made by him, and that the Associated Press had not intended to attribute them to him.

The A.P. had carried an early story, before the Stimson press conference, which had been merely a summary of unofficial opinion in Washington. This had been cabled to Japan, and had arrived early in the morning. The report on the Stimson press conference had come along an hour or so later, and Rengo's translators, believing that both the dispatches represented Stimson's remarks, had combined them into a single story.

The erroneous Rengo dispatch appeared in noon editions, and at the Foreign Office press conference an hour later Shiratori read a memorandum he had prepared 'in reply to Mr Stimson'. It was a biting document, in which the spokesman asserted bluntly that Stimson was the man who appeared to have lost his head and to be 'running amok', and that Japanese would be pleased if he would attend to the affairs of the United States and leave them to look after their own activities.

'Mr Stimson's precipitate action in disclosing confidential exchanges between Ambassador Forbes and Baron Shidehara

was received here with mingled surprise and regret,' Shiratori said.

'He is reported to have said that he was unable to understand reports that the Japanese army was approaching Chin-chow, and that State Department dispatches throw no light upon the situation.

'On what basis, then, does he fly into such fulminations as reported by the Associated Press? If a man in Mr Stimson's responsible position loses his head at such a critical moment as the present, the consequences would be very grave indeed.

'Mr Stimson's statement, if the Associated Press quoted him correctly, shows that he was misinformed in manner and also in matter. It contains serious accusations against Japan and her motives.

'The Japanese Government is expected to make a public statement refuting all these accusations after referring the matter to Ambassador Debuchi in Washington and securing more accurate information. Meanwhile we wish to point out the strong points calling for immediate denial.

'Mr Stimson is quoted as saying that Japan expressed regret and said that such events would not happen again each time an advance was made in Manchuria. This is quite misleading. Japan has never expressed regret to anybody for actions forced on her by sheer necessity of self-preservation, nor can she ever promise not to act in self-defence again.

'Mr Stimson is quoted as saying that the Japanese army in Manchuria ran amok. This is considered a very bold statement. We wonder if he considered the meaning of his words before he used them?

'Mr Stimson is quoted as accusing Japan of intending to take Manchuria completely. He ought to give his reasons for thinking so.'

What Stimson really said, according to the official transcript of his remarks, was this:

'On November 23rd I asked my ambassador in Tokyo to tell Baron Shidehara, the Foreign Minister of Japan, that I had seen with great apprehension press reports giving the impression that the army commanders of Japan were planning

military expeditions against the forces of China in the neighbourhood of Chinchow, and that I sincerely trusted that there was no basis for that report.

'The following day, November 24th, I was assured by Baron Shidehara, through Ambassador Forbes, that he and the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff were, all of them, agreed that there should be no hostile operations towards Chinchow, and that military orders to that effect had been issued. In view of the light of that, it is difficult for me to give credit to the report about the advance of General Honjo's army.'

The report the Secretary had mentioned was mine, and when the transcript of his remarks in Washington reached Tokyo I hastened to confirm my earlier dispatches with plentiful detail. There was no doubt but that Honjo was roaring along towards Chinchow, and what the Secretary of State in Washington might think about it was a matter of no importance to the Japanese commander. He let Baron Shidehara handle that problem.

We cabled the Shiratori memorandum to the American newspapers, and before the comedy of errors had finally run its course, diplomatic temperatures in both capitals had passed the boiling-point. Ambassador Forbes gave a statement to the press in which he said that 'the Embassy has received advices from the State Department in Washington that an interview purporting to come from Mr Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of State, was utterly at variance with his attitude. The Secretary of State never held, or expressed in public or private, an attitude towards the Japanese Government such as that indicated in the press report. On the contrary, he used his influence to restrain any expression by the American press which might be embarrassing to a solution of the Manchurian controversy.'

Shiratori followed this with a declaration that his memorandum was an expression of his personal views, and that he had been concerned lest the false Stimson interview be telegraphed to China, where he believed its publication would tend to strengthen Chinese resistance to Japan.

Thus a measure of calm was eventually restored, with everybody still believing the other fellow was a liar and a rascal. Some years later I heard in Washington that the original Associated Press dispatch, which had caused all the trouble, had come from statements about the Japanese made at a cocktail party by one of Stimson's assistants. The stimulated underling had made a considerable speech on the Manchurian situation, and newspapermen had picked up his remarks for an early story, assuming that the fact that the man was close to Stimson indicated that his views were those of the Secretary—as they probably were.

The incident, which from most angles was silly enough, added to bad feeling and increased the worries of the correspondents in Tokyo. We were all tired of warlike utterances on both sides of the Pacific, for it seemed that eventually the sputtering might pass beyond mere language. The Japanese, indeed, had got to a point where they walked about with whole stacks of chips on their shoulders daring the world to knock the chips off, and ready to fight the first man who so much as made a motion in their direction.

I was disgusted with the business and not at all happy, when I had a message from New York announcing that I was to make a broadcast to the United States, and much of the rest of the world, over a National Broadcasting Company international relay on December 4th. I went to the offices of the Japan Broadcasting Company, which had exchange agreements with N.B.C., to find out what I was to do. They asked me to prepare my talk, which had to be censored, and to appear at their studio in Station JOAK at 8.15 o'clock on the morning of the 5th (6.15 on the evening of the preceding day in New York.)

I told Baron Shidehara about the assignment, and asked him to write me a statement of Japanese policy which I could read to overseas listeners. He wrote:

'The political aspects of the Manchurian situation offer considerable difficulties, but they are by no means insoluble. Japan does not covet a single inch of Chinese soil. The basis of our foreign policy has long been, and it continues to be,

one of a desire for co-operation with China, not only in the development of Manchuria for our mutual welfare but also in the many phases of Chinese and Japanese relations.

‘China is our neighbour, and to a very considerable extent her welfare is our welfare. Japan has certain definite rights in Manchuria by legal treaties and agreements. It is those rights which we are striving to uphold, for they are absolutely vital to the very existence of our country.

‘We sincerely believe it is to the interest of China as much as Japan to co-operate with us. We believe the way to do this is in direct friendly negotiations with China, and we are ready to begin such negotiations at any time.’

The broadcast went off remarkably well, and I had dozens of letters and telegrams from all over the United States and Latin America. Shidehara’s declaration aroused particular interest, for it was the beginning of a vigorous move by the Foreign Office to try to induce the League of Nations to drop the Manchurian issue, after some innocuous resolution which would leave the final solution to be settled between Japan and China in direct negotiations. Japanese liked the suggestion, because they believed there was no chance that the League’s officials would ever appreciate the subtleties of Oriental thinking, and many Occidentals approved of it because they felt there was no possibility of restraining the Japanese army unless force was used. And they knew that the peoples of the League nations and the United States were not willing that blood and money should be expended in defence of what, at best, was a rather vague ideal.

The talk lasted fifteen minutes, and cost N.B.C. one hundred dollars a minute. They said it was worth the money, and I was happy because my mother, to whom I had not talked for years, had heard every word distinctly in her home in California.

My worries increased as the Manchurian situation went from bad to worse. I was continually having to fly to Manchuria to straighten out difficulties of our correspondents, intervene with the military for the right to get reporters assigned to the various fronts, plead for the use of military

telephones, telegraphs, and field wireless equipment to transmit our dispatches, and superintend the covering of the involved diplomatic and political negotiations in Tokyo. I rarely got more than a few hours sleep a night, and always had that sleep in snatches between telephone calls.

There was always the danger, too, that anti-foreign demonstrations might occur in Tokyo, where feeling against Americans was becoming increasingly bitter because of Secretary Stimson's stream of Notes and the anti-Japanese activities of some of the Americans living in China. Our son was still a tiny baby, and I debated from day to day whether or not I should send him and Inez home.

I knew that, under the surface, the extremist groups in the army and some of the nationalists were plotting to overthrow the government and establish a military dictatorship, and I feared that if they did attempt a *coup d'état* a lot of us might get killed in the street-fighting that was almost certain to come. I got the first definite news of a Fascist plot in mid-October, and strangely enough my guarded story was passed by the censor an hour before orders went out from the Home Ministry that all reports of the plot were to be suppressed. I had a clean scoop, and although my brief dispatch occasioned only a flurry of interest abroad because of the war headlines that were flowing out of Manchuria, I considered it one of the most important 'beats' of the year, for it clearly foreshadowed the outbreak to come, in which Premier Inukai was assassinated, and the later bloody outbreak to take place early in 1936.

I got the 'beat' in peculiar fashion. I was walking to the War Office on the morning of October 17th when I met in the street an officer attached to the General Staff whom I had known for a long time. I stopped to pass the time of day, and noted that the man kept laughing nervously at my remarks. Laughter like that is invariably a sure sign of nervousness and excitement in a Japanese, so I took a shot in the dark.

'I hear you people have been having some trouble,' I remarked, nodding towards the War Minister's residence.

‘ Oh, it’s really nothing,’ the officer replied, ‘ just some of the younger men getting excited.’

‘ Well,’ I said, ‘ I hear they have more than a hundred of them under arrest.’

‘ Oh, no, only nine.’

‘ Why,’ I continued, ‘ I heard they arrested more than one hundred in the Azabu regiment alone, and that it was definitely established they planned to overthrow the Government—isn’t that so?’

‘ No, only nine have been arrested, and of course the plan to attack leading statesmen and the Government was quite silly. It was just a foolish idea of young boys.’

My friend hurried along, and I suppose never realized that he had fallen for an old but often valuable reportorial trick—that of pretending one knows a lot and letting the other fellow give away the facts by denial.

I picked up the loose ends of the story easily, verified the fact that only nine men had been seized, and cabled it. The Foreign Office spokesman himself didn’t learn of the incident until hours later.

We lived not far from the barracks of the dissatisfied Azabu regiment, and from that day onwards every time a motor-car backfired in the streets at night I would jump from bed and telephone hurriedly to the office. My concern about the Azabu troops got to be a standing joke among our night staff. Most of the boys steadfastly believed there was not the slightest possibility of a military insurrection, and they were as much surprised as the rest of Tokyo when it came a few months later.

The League Council met in Geneva on the Manchurian issue on the very day my story of the military plot against the Government was published in London and telephoned from there to Geneva, and Lord Cecil took time off to read it and remark that, plots or no plots, the Manchurian issue would be settled in accordance with the terms of the Kellogg Pact and the League Covenant.

‘ We are really getting on famously,’ he told newspapermen, ‘ and you may be sure the Japanese troops will be with-

drawn and Chinese sovereignty restored.' The League, as it was later in the Ethiopian crisis, was concerned with everything but facts.

By late October the Japanese drive into North Manchuria was getting under way in full force, and riots in Harbin, where White Russians were fighting the Soviet employees of the Chinese Eastern Railway, were adding to our troubles. Russia had abandoned her five-year industrial plan, shifting it suddenly to a five-year military programme, and the Russian War Minister, Voroshiloff, was beginning to growl about what he would do if the Japanese ever stuck their 'swinish snouts' across the Soviet borders. Fighting was also spreading to the south-west, following the Japanese capture of Chinchow, indicating that Jehol was to be added to the Manchurian empire, which I saw in the making. The Japanese army had announced that it was determined to 'eliminate the last vestige of Chang Hsueh-liang's influence in Manchuria', and poor Chang, half-sick in Peiping, could do nothing but go to the British Minister for advice and then announce, anew, that he put 'full trust' in the League.

I got very tired of hearing of the League and the Kellogg Pact and keeping track of the scores of diplomatic communications that were flying in and out of the Foreign Office between Japan and the United States, Japan and Britain, Japan and France, and Japan and Russia. One felt more at home with the soldiers in Manchuria. They said nothing, wrote no Notes—just marched ahead. They were the perfect example of the superiority of action over words.

The fighting in North Manchuria continued through the New Year holiday and into 1932, and more and more Americans got into trouble as the Japanese troops advanced. One of our military observers, Lieutenant Harry Aldrich, who had been sent from Peiping to act as an observer with the Chinese forces around Chinchow, got picked up by the Japanese advance guard and was held prisoner for days before he could identify himself. Our Consul in Harbin, Culver B. Chamberlain, fought a Japanese soldier guard in a dispute in the Harbin railway yards, and caused an interchange of

brusque Notes between Tokyo and Washington, which ended in a sort of mild Japanese apology. And Secretary Stimson continued to write Notes. It began to look as if all the squabbling must lead to a general war, and when fighting between Japanese and Chinese suddenly started at Shanghai late in January 1932, I feared that the final blow-up was coming.

I remembered that Nippon had planned to take Manchuria after the war between Japan and China, just before the turn of the century, and had been stopped only by the notorious 'Triple Intervention' in which the great European continental powers, who wanted to exploit China themselves, had prevented Tokyo from gathering the fruits of victory. Hence, judging that history might repeat itself, a new intervention seemed the thing to look for, and I thought it natural to believe that the United States, in view of our vigorous policy in upholding the international agreements for a world peace based on the *status quo*, might take the lead in it. Many Japanese held this belief too, and when, on January 8th, Ambassador Forbes delivered a new Note from Secretary Stimson to the Foreign Office, all of us feared that a crisis might be at hand. Stimson sent his Note after exchanging views with London and Paris. Had the British and French been willing, I think it quite possible that President Hoover might have agreed to participate in a naval demonstration with the understanding that more vigorous measures would be used if necessary.

The Japanese were worried to a point of desperation, for they knew that their army was prepared to fight any coalition that might develop against it, and that defeat was certain—a defeat which would mean the end of Nippon as a world power.

I went to Karuizawa for a week-end rest in mid-January, for I was thoroughly tired and knew that there was going to be a long grind of the hardest kind of work ahead of me. We had a cottage in the mountain resort, and Inez ordinarily spent the hot months there, leaving the place to a caretaker in winter. We wired the caretaker, Sato-san, to get the house

ready, and got on the train at Uyeno Station prepared for a complete rest, with long walks through the snow in the mountains, and hours of undisturbed sleep. There were only a few passengers on the train, but just as I settled down to read a novel, a Japanese came to my seat, introduced himself in English and asked if he could sit and talk with me. I acquiesced rather wearily for I supposed I was in for the usual round of questions: 'How do you like Japan?' 'Have you ever eaten eels?' 'Are you going to Karuizawa, and do you like it there in winter?', and that sort of thing.

The man surprised me, however. He was an official in one of the provincial governments and knew that I was a newspaperman. He wasted no time in letting me know what was on his mind.

'We are very displeased with the attitude of your Secretary of State about the Manchurian question,' he said, waving an arm vigorously at the passing landscape, 'and I hope you will consider it your duty as a journalist to tell him that every Japanese will fight until he dies if there is any intervention by your Government or any other.'

I replied that we would not consider it proper in the United States for a newspaper correspondent to send advice to the Secretary of State, and explained that we felt the duty of American reporters abroad was simply to report what was happening and to keep their personal opinions to themselves.

The Japanese could not understand that viewpoint, and grew more and more excited as he warned me against Mr Stimson's 'misunderstandings'.

The man talked on and on until I said:

'Why don't you write the Secretary yourself? I think it would be entirely correct for you to do so. Just write him and tell him what you think, the way you have been telling me.'

The Japanese thought this over for a time and agreed it might be the thing to do. He got paper, an envelope and a writing brush, and then summoned all the occupants of the car and told them what he was preparing to do. They nodded agreement.

The man then pulled up his kimono sleeve, jabbed a pen-knife into his wrist, squeezed the wound until there was a neat round pool of blood, dipped his brush in it, and wrote in broad, sprawling letters:

THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

DEAR SIR,—This is to inform you that every single Japanese in the world is prepared to die in defence of our national lifeline, Manchuria. You will be responsible for the greatest murder in the history of the world if you go farther in trying to prevent the fulfilment of our just aspirations.

Signed with my own blood,

A TRUE JAPANESE PATRIOT.

The envelope was addressed neatly, also in blood, and the writer, who had become as calm while writing the letter as he had been excited before, borrowed a piece of adhesive tape from a college boy who was going skiing, patched it over the wound on his wrist, and went back to his seat announcing that he would mail the letter as soon as he arrived at his destination.

The incident was typical of the determination of tens of thousands of Japanese at the time, and it was in accordance with Oriental belief that to commit one's self to a course of action by a letter written in blood constitutes a final declaration from which there can be no retreat except in death.

We had a fine week-end in Karuizawa. Sato-san met us at the station with a taxicab he had imported from one of the larger villages near by, and escorted us home with a continuous tooting of the horn. He had great log-fires burning, and his wife had prepared enough food for a regiment. But even the caretaker was worried at the prospect of war. 'I don't know whom we can get to take care of the garden if I have to be away next summer,' he said. 'Every good man in this village will go, and the wild dogs from the mountains will be sure to come down and tear the flower-beds to pieces.'

The wild dogs were Sato-san's pet anathema. There were

a dozen of them in the wooded hills behind our house—ordinary curs which had been left behind by summer cottagers and which had turned into a regular wolf pack—and at times, attracted by the smell of meat, they would come fighting and snarling right to the doors of the house. Sato-san wanted to buy a gun and try to shoot them, but the police would not permit it.

I got back to Tokyo to find that attention was suddenly shifting from Manchuria to Shanghai. Anti-Japanese demonstrations there were increasing and the Imperial Navy was unusually busy. Rumours were afloat that a new fleet was being created, presumably centred around fast cruisers which could operate as far away as Hawaii, and that the Navy was looking for an opportunity to exhibit its prowess afloat just as the Army had on land. Jealousy between the Army and Navy in Japan is traditional, and arises partly from the fact that the two services, after the restoration, were formed from followers of rival clan leaders, and partly because each service always wants a lion's share of the annual military appropriations in the budget. The Army had been getting most of the money because of the cost of the campaigns in Manchuria, and the Navy felt it had to do something to justify a demand that its allotments also should be increased. Central and South China obviously offered the best opportunities, and so, when trouble started at Shanghai we were all prepared to see the Navy act vigorously.

An attack by a Chinese mob on a group of wandering Japanese Buddhist priests gave the excuse for action and the Navy seized it eagerly, sent thousands of Bluejackets ashore, and got the worst beating in its history.

I followed the early developments through our own dispatches from Shanghai and the communiqués issued by the Navy, War and Foreign Ministries. As usual the Ministries were in disagreement. The Foreign Office, representing the parliamentary government, wanted desperately to avoid trouble. The diplomats feared that extensive fighting around Shanghai would bring on the armed intervention by the

Great Powers which it was working so desperately to avoid, and the War Ministry feared that the Navy might get itself so seriously embroiled in the lower Yangtse Valley that divisions needed for the Manchurian campaign would have to be diverted there, and so weaken the forces in the North that they would not be able to withstand a possible sudden attack by Soviet Russia.

The Navy, however, was not to be restrained. The admirals were not going to sit idly by and see the generals win all the glory, and were confident that their Bluejackets, despite the fact they knew very little about fighting ashore, would be able to chase General Tsai Ting-kai and his Nineteenth Route Army clear back to Canton if necessary.

H. R. Ekins was manager of our Shanghai office when the fighting started, and he and his staff—which included Chinese and Japanese as well as Americans—did one of the greatest jobs of reporting I have ever seen. He worked night and day himself for more than a week, and obtained beat after beat. Before the struggle was over we had more than a score of men on it, including Randall Gould (who had been manager of our office in Manila), Demaree C. Bess (manager of the Peiping office), and Don K. King (who was later in charge of filing our service from the United States to the Orient). I went over myself during the second week of the war, after it had been decided to send several divisions of the Army to give the Chinese the beating they must get if Japanese prestige was to be preserved.

I flew to Osaka, and got a Dollar Liner in Kobe for Shanghai, leaving the Tokyo office in charge of Percy Whiting, who had been with the Army in Manchuria. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was on the ship with his family *en route* for the Philippines to become Governor-General there. I had known him before when he was campaigning for the Governorship of New York, and we discussed the war situation throughout the three-day voyage. If Washington had had the same realistic views about Far Eastern policy that the Colonel had, the United States would have saved a lot of money and ill-will,

CHAPTER XX
DANCE OF DEATH

IT was nearly eight o'clock, and the roof garden of the Cathay Hotel was crowded. The head waiter managed to find me a little table in a corner, and I had just ordered my dinner when I saw Carl and Helen Crow, Ted and Betts Thackrey, and George Shecklen of the Radio Corporation and his wife, in a group at a big table across the room. I had just a glimpse of them through the crowd of dancers on the floor.

The orchestra began to play "There'll be a hot time in the old Town to-night". It was an appropriate tune, I thought grimly; for war—one of the bloodiest Shanghai has ever known—was raging just outside.

When the orchestra stopped, the sound of cannon came in through the closed windows. A hundred warships, guns bared, were anchored in the Whangpoo—the muddy yellow river which gives Shanghai a deep-water anchorage right in the centre of the city.

I sent a note to Carl Crow, who was an old friend, and he immediately came to my table and asked me to join his party. 'We're all refugeeing here in the hotel,' Carl said. 'The war has got right up to my back yard out in the Chinese city, and it isn't safe to go home.'

It seemed that all Shanghai was in the hotel dancing and drinking. The town had lived so long in the midst of war that people had got past the point of fear. They drank and danced in a sort of frantic defiance of the forces which seemed about to engulf them.

I had got in from Tokyo that afternoon to help our badly overworked staff, and had planned to eat a hurried meal and

return to the office. The Shanghailanders had so many tales to tell, however, that I delayed until after nine o'clock. Then I was told that I could not leave the hotel because of the curfew law. Chinese snipers came out at night, it was explained, and civilians were not allowed in the streets without passes.

We waited at the door of the hotel until a patrol came along commanded by a man Carl Crow knew, and he agreed to escort me to our office where I could remain the rest of the night.

I had been in Shanghai a dozen times, through half a dozen wars, but I had never seen anything like this. It seemed incredible one could be in danger near the Cathay Hotel, which is in the heart of the International Settlement and within a stone's-throw of the Bund where British, American, Italian, French, and Japanese warships were at anchor.

The war had started a fortnight ago—at eleven o'clock on the night of January 27th, 1932. I was in Tokyo, and like everybody else in the Far East, I had thought the struggle would be as short as the little wars between Chinese and foreigners had always been since the start of the Kuomintang Revolution in 1924. We had all reckoned, however, without General Tsai Ting-kai, his Nineteenth Route Army, and the peculiar Chinese political situation which forced Tsai either to fight the Japanese to the last ditch or sink into oblivion.

The Tokyo newspapers began to report a critical situation soon after the New Year holiday. There were street brawls almost daily between Chinese and Japanese in the Hongkew district of the Shanghai International Settlement, and the Chinese were tightening the anti-Japanese boycott which had been in force since the start of the Manchurian fighting in 1931.

About January 15th Toshio Shiratori, spokesman of the Foreign Office, warned me that there might be serious developments. We had an able staff in Shanghai, however, and I was not worried.

A few days later, at the regular Foreign Office press con-

ference, Shiratori confirmed reports of an attack in Shanghai on a group of Japanese Buddhist missionaries by a Chinese mob. The missionaries had been stoned, and several of them had been badly hurt. He suggested it might be necessary to land Bluejackets from the Japanese warships. The situation, he said, would be handled in line with standard Japanese diplomatic practice, as a 'local incident', and its solution would be left to Mamoru Shigemitsu, the Japanese minister, and the senior Naval commander in China waters, Admiral Shiozawa.

During the next few days there were more and more reports of violence, and at the suggestion of our New York office I asked Bess to go down to Shanghai to assist Ekins, Gould, and King.

Our own telegrams from Shanghai became more and more alarming. Ekins reported that his chief Japanese translator had been stoned in the streets, and that Chinese student mobs were parading nightly through the Japanese sections of the International Settlement, stoning houses and attacking Japanese shops.

There were more than twenty thousand Japanese in Shanghai, and rivalry between them and the Chinese had long been acute. The situation obviously offered the most dangerous possibilities. For a year the Japanese Navy had been reported to be envious of the public esteem which the Army had been gaining because of its conquest of Manchuria; the great business firms in Tokyo, Osaka and Nagoya were suffering increasingly from the anti-Japanese boycott which was spreading throughout China; and all Japan was incensed at what the Japanese considered the stupidity of China's leaders in refusing to negotiate on the Manchurian question, demanding instead that the League of Nations enforce the Covenant and throw Japan out of Manchuria.

In the midst of this situation Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, chief of the Kuomintang government in Nanking, had started negotiations with the semi-independent South China régime in Canton for a renewal of co-operation so that China might present a united front to the world at Geneva.

The Cantonese leaders were Wang Ching-wei, a noted Revolutionary-Nationalist patriot; Eugene Chen, who had been Foreign Minister of the revolutionary government in Hankow a few years earlier, before that Soviet-dominated régime was broken by Chiang; and Sun Fo, son of the saint of the Chinese Revolution, Sun Yat-sen.

Wang, Chen and Sun had agreed to come to Nanking and accept posts in Chiang's government on the condition that they be allowed to bring their own army along and have control of Shanghai and the Shanghai-Nanking railway. That proved a fateful condition, and the real cause of the Shanghai war.

The bodyguard force was Tsai Ting-kai's Nineteenth Route Army, which was not wanted in the South or anywhere else, and it comprised probably the bravest force of fighting men in all China—although nobody dreamed it at that time.

Tsai was a Kuangsi man, as were many of his troops, and a former coolie. He had risen to command solely on his ability to fight, but nobody took him very seriously, because he never had had a 'big name' in China. His men, as well as their leader, were known to be violently anti-Japanese, and had boasted at length about what they would have done had they been on the plains of Manchuria when the Japanese advance started.

Japanese in Shanghai were alarmed from the moment Tsai and his troops arrived. They foresaw that once he had a chance at the great revenues of the Yangtse delta—the income of the war-lord who controlled Shanghai was estimated at more than two million dollars a month—Tsai would be in a position to provide his men with new equipment and make them into a really capable fighting force.

That was just what Tsai did, and he did it much faster than the Japanese had imagined he could.

By the third week in January the situation had reached a point where the Japanese Minister and the Naval Commander felt that action must be taken. Shiozawa took the lead.

It is traditional in Japan that the Army and Navy can act independently of the Foreign Office and the civilian government in times of crisis, and Shiozawa, hence, apparently made most of the major decisions, merely sending copies of them to Shigemitsu for approval.

The Minister was an exceedingly able man, with long years of service in China behind him, and I believe that had he been in supreme command the war could have been averted. He was not, however, and in beginning the Shanghai war the Japanese Navy undertook control of Imperial policy just as the Army had undertaken it in Manchuria.

Shiozawa approached Mayor Wu Te-chen of the Chinese city of Greater Shanghai and demanded a series of apologies for attacks on Japanese. He insisted that the Nineteenth Route Army was stationed in Shanghai in violation of international protocols, and that it endangered the safety of the International Settlement itself.

Shanghai, it should be remembered, while a geographical unit, is under three administrations. Along the river are the International Settlement and the French Concession. Nearly surrounding them is the Chinese city, Greater Shanghai.

The International Settlement is just what its name implies—a settlement of international traders granted by treaty to the powers so that the foreigners could establish their own city and live under their own laws. Britain, Japan, and the United States control the Settlement, exercising influence in the order named, but with the United States a weak third.

France has her own concession, which she governs with the aid of a horde of Annamite soldiers from her colonial possessions in Southern Asia.

The International Settlement has its own police force, and at the time of the Shanghai war had its own 'private army'—a force of White Russians who enlisted in the service of a Chinese war-lord when they were driven from their home country by the Bolshevik revolution, and who were left stranded on Shanghai's doorstep when the war-lord was defeated by a rival. The Settlement took them in, and employed them to aid in defending it.



Miles W. Vaughn and a friend with Annamite Guards in the French Concession, Shanghai

In addition the Settlement had its Volunteer Corps, composed of British, American, Chinese and other companies. The volunteers were much like the U.S. National Guard, and were called out only when needed to defend the international municipality.

The bulk of the populations of the Settlement and the French Concession are Chinese, who came in to work for and with the White Man. When the territory under control of the powers could no longer accommodate the great mass of population attracted by the phenomenal growth of Shanghai, the Chinese city grew up outside.

It was largely in this Chinese city that Tsai Ting-kai's troops were quartered. Shiozawa reasoned, rightly, that his countrymen in the International Concession could never be safe so long as they were literally under the muzzles of Chinese cannon. Hence his demand that Tsai's soldiers be removed far into the countryside was his cardinal point—one that was to be the key demand in the eventual agreement which ended the war.

Shiozawa had the bulk of Japan's China squadron in the Whangpoo and the Yangtse rivers, which unite to flow into the sea just below Shanghai, and he felt perfectly safe in talking bluntly to Mayor Wu. Since the Boxer siege, thirty-two years before, Chinese armed forces had always retreated immediately before any show of foreign force.

Mayor Wu lived up to the tradition, and apologized for everything; but he could not force Tsai's army to leave. That was a matter in the hands of Nanking, and the Cantonese group in the Nanking government was not going to allow itself to be left without soldiers and without control of Shanghai, for it was upon this military strength that its whole position rested.

Shiozawa, exasperated at the Chinese delay, finally informed Wu and Nanking that if Tsai's troops were not removed by eleven o'clock on the night of the 27th he would come ashore with guns and drive them out. That was what he tried to do.

General Tsai had been asking for trouble. He and his men

had boasted they would hold Shanghai until their last drop of blood, and that if the 'Brown Dwarfs' ever landed in their territory they would drive them straight into the sea.

Shiozawa had to act or 'lose face', and to lose face in dealings in the Orient is to lose everything.

Tsai's men were busy all day (the 27th) filling sand-bags and erecting barbed-wire barricades.

The Whangpoo joins the Yangtse about twenty miles below Shanghai.

An idea of the geography of the war may be obtained by visualizing a large letter 'T'. The long leg is the lower reaches of the Whangpoo; the left half of the cross-bar also is the river, which bends when it reaches the Bund, or water-front of Shanghai's International Concession; and the right half of the bar is a broad street which continues from the Bund towards Hongkew, a part of the Settlement where most of the Japanese lived.

A little railway line runs from Shanghai to Woosung, a town at the confluence of the Whangpoo and the Yangtse, along the right of the 'T'. To the right of the railway is Chinese territory—farm land criss-crossed with canals and sunken roads. Woosung creek meanders through the region to join the Whangpoo and the Yangtse near their confluence.

It was this Chinese territory, plus the Chinese City which backs up the International Concession above the right half of the cross-bar of the 'T', which Tsai Ting-kai held.

At the last moment on the 27th the Consular body of the Powers attempted to intervene, and asked Shiozawa to lengthen the time-limits of his ultimatum while the diplomats made new representations in Nanking. The Japanese Admiral, however, had gone too far. He felt that any delay would merely result in additional 'loss of face' for his Emperor, and would make his own task of overawing the Chinese more difficult.

As a partner in the International Concession, Japan naturally had a part in its defence, and had been assigned the area along the right half of the cross-bar of the letter 'T' and to the right of its long leg. The Japanese warships lay

along the leg of the 'T'. On their right, at the junction of the leg with the cross-bar, was the Astor Hotel, the old Russian Consulate-General, and a waterfront residence street. Back of these were busy business streets, factories, warehouses, shipping establishments, and the great industrial area of the Chinese City known as 'Chapei'.

It was in Chapei, within which were big cotton and oil mills, the North Railway Station—from which trains depart for Nanking—the huge printing establishment, known as the Commercial Press, and scores of other business houses, that the bitterest fighting of the war took place.

More than half a million Chinese lived in the district. They were protected by the Nineteenth Route Army, and many of them felt secure.

The more prudent among the Chinese, however, began fleeing into the International Concession on the night of the 26th and during the 27th. The authorities of the Concession, despite the danger of disease and rioting, admitted them.

It was evident there was going to be a conflict, and at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th the Municipal Council of the Concession proclaimed a state of emergency.

Control of the Settlement was given into the hands of the military commanders of the Powers. United States Marines moved into the positions assigned to them in the defence plan. Their lines touched those of the Japanese at the edge of Chapei. The British held the lines to the left, and entrenched themselves along the borders of the Concession, to join hands with the French.

A few Italian Bluejackets were scattered through the *mélange* to preserve the international complexion of one of the maddest crises the Orient had ever known.

Ekins went over the situation at sundown, and advised New York to expect a message at 11 P.M. Shanghai time (early afternoon of the preceding day in New York, and early night of the preceding day in London.) He was in constant contact with the Japanese, who had told him that their units would start into the Chinese City exactly at eleven in accordance with Shiozawa's ultimatum.

Ekins had, I believe, the clearest understanding of the situation of any of the newspapermen in Shanghai, and a much clearer understanding than many of the diplomats and foreign military commanders. Because of our Japanese member newspapers he was in close touch with the Japanese authorities, and he was certain they intended to do exactly what they had threatened. He had been in equally close touch with the Chinese, and knew that Tsai intended to put up at least more than a show of resistance.

Shiozawa sent his Bluejackets (the Japanese Navy has no Marine Corps) ashore promptly on the hour. They were equipped with rifles and machine-guns, and the officers carried pistols and short swords.

Shanghai's night life—the big port has probably more night resorts than any other city on earth—was at its height. In the International Settlement the night clubs were full. There was some talk of the ultimatum, but most people felt the Japanese march would not be sensational enough to merit going to see.

Foreign traders generally approved the march, for they felt that the Chinese (who had been demanding the ousting of foreigners ever since the Kuomintang Revolution got under way) needed a beating. The foreigners were not interested in the technical issues involved—they simply knew by experience that every so often some foreign country had to send soldiers or marines to put the Chinese in their place, and that, in this case, the foreign power was to be Japan. The Japanese were to knock a few Chinese on the head, and silence Nanking's talk of income-taxes for foreign residents, increased customs duties on the products the foreigners imported to sell to China, and abolition of the 'unequal treaties' which enabled foreigners in China to live under their own rather than Chinese laws.

So Shanghai danced and gossiped as usual while the Japanese Bluejackets, street lights gleaming on their bayonets, clumped through the streets—spick and span in white leg-gings.

Minor riots started in the Hongkew district as the sailors

marched. Groups of Japanese civilians, led by young ruffians who styled themselves *ronin*, raided Chinese shops and attacked Chinese in the streets. Japanese police arrested a number of the raiders, who later were deported to Japan.

The Bluejackets entered Chapei, in Chinese-controlled territory, a quarter of an hour before midnight.

Their destination was the North Railway Station, which would give them control of the heart of the Chinese city and of communications with Nanking.

Chapei was a maze of narrow alleys with one broad street, flanked by a huge stone wall, leading to the station. It was along this street that the Japanese were marching—to death.

The bulk of them were strung out along the wall when Tsai Ting-kai opened fire. He had placed machine-guns in buildings dominating every street crossing, and batteries of light artillery behind the wall. The Japanese were decimated at the first volley—shot down by an unseen enemy.

‘Hell broke loose,’ a Japanese naval officer, who commanded one of the detachments, told me later. ‘We were simply mowed down, and we could find no enemy to shoot at. Every second-floor window had a Chinese machine-gun or a rifleman. We had walked right into a death-trap.’

The Japanese never revealed how many Bluejackets were killed that night, but the number certainly ran into the hundreds. Great heaps of bodies were doused with kerosene and incinerated after the Chinese positions had been finally won. Shiozawa had made the most fatal mistake a military commander could make (although it was natural enough in view of past experience); he had underestimated the determination of his adversary.

Bewildered commanders ordered the retreat, and tried to re-form their men in dark alleys, but the shining white leg-gings the Bluejackets had put on for shore duty gave them away.

Finally the remnant of the Japanese force, which an hour before had marched so proudly through Hongkew to give the arrogant Chinese a spanking, broke into hurried retreat.

Chinese had won one of the first battles in all the history of their wars with the hated 'Brown Dwarfs'.

It was this initial victory, I believe, which made Tsai's later resistance so effective. His men had had a taste of Japanese blood and had learned it was possible to repulse the enemy.

In Hongkew the Japanese re-formed, and strong reinforcements were sent from their naval barracks and the warships in the river. Trench mortars and field guns were brought up, and armoured cars from the shore station hurried out.

The attack was renewed.

This time the Japanese had a good idea of the Chinese positions, and decided to shell them and then storm them with the bayonet.

There was a vigorous barrage, and the Bluejackets charged. They were met with the same withering fire as before.

Again the Rising Sun flag was in retreat before the barred flag of the Kuomintang Republic.

Shiozawa had no choice, at dawn, but to entrench in the fringes of Chapei. His losses had been appalling, and he had stripped his ships until not another man could be spared.

It was a bitter day for the Imperial Navy—the Navy which had annihilated Tsarist Russia's battle-fleet at Tsushima Strait, and which in all its history never had lost a battle.

Shanghai could hardly believe the news, and sufficient of it got past the censorship to us in Tokyo to let us know that Japan had had a severe setback.

In desperation Shiozawa called on his air service. He had two aeroplane-carriers in his command.

Big Japanese naval bombers roared to and fro across Chapei all morning, dropping bomb after bomb. They tore to bits the North Station, the Commercial Press, and other key positions held by Tsai Ting-kai. It was the first time Tsai's men had ever been under air bombing, and the first time foreign war-planes had even been used in the Yangtse Valley.

Surely, thought the Japanese, the bombs would work where bayonet charges had failed.

Railway service between Shanghai and Nanking was

suspended. The big plant of the Commercial Press, which housed some of the rarest of China's ancient manuscripts, was set on fire.

Still the Japanese 'planes roared overhead, in squadrons of three, dropping bombs with the regularity of a land barrage.

But the Kuangsi men held their ground.

Riflemen built nests for themselves in the ruins, and potted Japanese every time they appeared.

Admiral Shiozawa was stalemated. He had undertaken more than he could accomplish. His losses were heavy, and he had precipitated an undeclared war between mighty Japan and the Nineteenth Route Army of China on the Shanghai delta.

Hostilities spread.

The Woosung forts were at the mouth of the Yangtse, held by a garrison sympathetic to the Nineteenth Route Army.

A small fleet of Chinese gunboats, the flower of the Chinese Navy, such as it was, declared itself neutral, and huddled far up the Whangpoo, as far distant from the scene of hostilities as the navigable waters of the river would permit.

Shiozawa decided he would seize the Woosung forts and advance on Chapei up the delta along a narrow-gauge railway running from the abandoned port of Woosung to Shanghai. The forts commanded the railway.

But at Woosung, while Japanese bombers continued to attack unavailingly the Chinese positions in Chapei, Nippon's Navy received another shock. Rusty old field-pieces in the forts returned the fire of Shiozawa's gunboats. Riflemen and machine-gunners behind the ramparts repulsed Japanese landing-parties. In the course of a week two Japanese gunboats, riddled by the antiquated shot from the equally antiquated forts, were beached.

The Japanese Navy was checked again. Shiozawa was replaced after observance of devious face-saving devices. The Navy, after long deliberation, admitted it must call upon the Army to save the situation and take Chapei.

Nearly three weeks elapsed before the high pitch of the night of January 27th and the morning of the 28th was matched.

The Chapei sector between the Chinese and Japanese lines became a no-man's-land.

Grim Japanese marched through the streets to the Hong-kew docks, carrying little black boxes containing the ashes of the victims of Chinese fire.

Their fellows retaliated by creating a reign of terror in the Japanese-controlled areas of Shanghai.

Chinese by the thousands fled into the Anglo-American sections of the International Settlement. Civilians were admitted. All men under arms were forced to remain in Chinese territory by the American, French, British and other sentries posted behind barricades on the Settlement borders.

Japanese 'planes continued to bomb. Chapei was set aflame. All night and every night the sky was reddened by the flames of the blazing city.

The foreign residents of Shanghai suffered. A curfew, enforced strictly, kept them from their picture-houses, concerts, night clubs, and bridge games.

Occasionally there was a panic when a spent shell from a Chinese anti-aircraft gun fell in Settlement territory. Mothers watched over their children at play.

The city was rocked nightly at 8 P.M. when a Chinese armoured train puffed to the edge of the Settlement and fired shells from a 5.9-inch gun over it in vain attempts to sink the Japanese flagship, or demolish the Japanese Consulate-General.

That nightly performance was stopped only after a shell fell dangerously close to the Italian flagship, the *Lybia*. The Italian Commander told the harassed Mayor Wu that unless the Chinese ceased firing at his ship he would return the fire. The nocturnal visits of the armoured train ceased.

Chinese indignation over the burning of Chapei mounted. After Chinese workers in the Settlement failed in attempts to enforce a general strike, the Chinese, furious because the Japanese were using the Settlement as a base of operations,

sent sharpshooters into foreign territory to create a reign of terror similar to that inaugurated by the Japanese in Hongkew.

Ostensibly potting at Japanese in the streets, these snipers sent bullets whistling down Kiukiang Road, past the offices of the United Press, the Chase National Bank, and the National City Bank of New York.

Pedestrian travel on lower Nanking Road, the Bund, and Chekiang Road—the principal business streets of what might be called downtown Shanghai—was no longer safe.

The war was brought home to the foreign residents at last.

Snipers increased their activities, and the Settlement was filled to overflowing with refugees from Chapei. At Nanking, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek sat on the fence, neither aiding nor discouraging the Nineteenth Route Army.

But there came the night when Japanese gunboats anchored off Nanking and fired four shells over the city. The capital of China was in panic. General Chiang snapped to. He disowned the Nineteenth Route Army as rebellious, refused to supply it with arms and munitions, and went farther. He sent two of his own crack divisions, the Eighty-seventh and Eighty-eighth, into position behind the beleaguered Nineteenth. They kept the Nineteenth Route Army from retreating on Nanking, and held them where they could be dealt with by the Japanese.

Troops were arriving daily in transports from Japan. By February 22nd three Japanese divisions, an army corps, were ready to march across the Shanghai delta and vanquish the troops which had defied Japan.

Meanwhile the appearance of the Settlement became more and more warlike.

Admiral M. M. Taylor brought the U.S. Asiatic fleet up from Manila. It anchored in the Whangpoo. A British regiment arrived from Hong Kong. The U.S. Thirty-first Infantry, shivering in uniforms issued for tropical service, came from the Philippines to reinforce the Fourth Marines.

The Nineteenth Army remained in the North Station and

the Commercial Press building. It sent troops to the neighbouring village of Kiangwan, where the foreigners had their racecourse on Chinese soil, to defend Chapei's flank.

And at long last the Japanese military, ignoring the chagrined Japanese Navy, was ready to attack.

Shanghai was becoming accustomed to the constant booming of guns, the flights of bombing 'planes, the sight of Japanese armoured cars rumbling through the Settlement, and the staying power of the Nineteenth Army.

Waves of sentimental cheers for the Nineteenth swept around the world. The underdog was holding his ground. And was the Nineteenth Army happy? It had won glory, and more important to Chinese armies used to living off poverty-stricken countrysides, *money*.

Overseas Chinese colonies sent in contribution after contribution. Red Cross hospitals were established. The patriots in Canton sent money. The prestige lost in the ignominious failure of young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang to defend Manchuria was regained by the fighters from the South.

In all \$2,000,000 poured in for the Nineteenth Army. No vagabond force had ever been so rich. This fighting had proved worth while.

There were negotiations for a truce. Chinese wailing had been heard at Geneva, and the League of Nations appointed a Commission to make a report from the spot. French, British, and Italian military attachés climbed to the roofs of Settlement buildings, solemnly surveyed the battlefield through field-glasses, and duly sent in reports for the Geneva archives.

U.S. Consul-General Edwin S. Cunningham, dean of the Shanghai Consular Body, laboured night and day and negotiated two truces, which were promptly broken by one side or the other—no one knew which in that mad welter of charge and counter-charge.

Reporters of a sort tried to drag the United States in, sending lurid dispatches reporting that Japanese *ronin* in Hongkew had violated the American flag and had attached American missionary property.

A girl reporter for a sensational American newspaper reported that Shiozawa had chosen the gentleman's way out—suicide by *hara-kiri*. The Admiral received me in person when I set out to check the story's accuracy.

By this time we of the American press were near the point of collapse. American women knitted sweaters for the shivering Doughboys, and British women served tea to their Tommies in the trenches.

Countess Ciano, Premier Benito Mussolini's daughter, was in Shanghai as the wife of Italy's Minister. She nursed her first-born, and wished the shooting would cease.

There was a mad night when Chinese in the Settlement went wild, firing off firecrackers in such numbers as to muffle the firing on the front. They had heard that a Japanese general had been assassinated, and the celebration knew no bounds. The rumour proved false, and next day the Chinese populace was dejected indeed.

There was a mad midday hour when the Chinese nearly sank an American ship. They sent a depth-bomb floating down the Whangpoo, in the hope that it would strike the Japanese flagship. Shanghai rocked as though there had been an earthquake when the bomb exploded, without damage, except to a Chinese junk which foundered. The irate skipper of an American Dollar liner passed just far enough away from the explosion to keep from foundering himself.

Japanese bombers extended their operations. They flew to Hangchow and bombed the Chinese aviation school there. On the way they shot down Bob Short, a young American pilot, who was delivering a 'plane to General Chiang at Nanking. In a moment of more valour than discretion he had mounted a machine-gun on the 'plane just in case he might encounter a Japanese on the way.

He did. He encountered three Japanese 'planes. They shot him down in flames. Short, the brave but foolish American, became a Chinese hero. The Japanese, gentlemen always, paid tribute to his gallantry; said they were sorry they had to shoot him down, and politely refrained from comment on the rashness and futility of his act.

CHAPTER XXI

HUMAN BOMBS

I SUPPOSE I should have been shocked and horrified by the weeks of terrible butchery and destruction at Shanghai, but I was not. I was primarily interested in the political aspects of the struggle and its possible international repercussions. The truck-loads of Chinese wounded which streamed daily into the crude mat-shed hospitals affected me no more than would the sight of slaughtered cattle going to the skinners in a meat-packing establishment. I had seen so many wars in China that they had ceased to mean much to me in terms of human misery.

Most of Shanghai was shocked, however, for the ordinary foreign resident of the Concessions had seen little of the continuous slaughter. Foreigners of the port cities see little of the interior, except in peace times, and I doubt if more than a few score of the Americans and Europeans had ever seen anything like the wave of sudden death which was now taking place in front of their very eyes.

The result of the determined Japanese cannonading, after the Nipponese really started to attack in earnest late in February, was a mass reaction of horror and revulsion throughout the whole of Shanghai's foreign community. Ted O. Thackrey, who was then editor of the *Shanghai Evening Post*—Shanghai's American newspaper—voiced the general feeling of the Occidentals in a famous editorial:

TO THOSE WHO HAVE ABUSED A TRUST—GET OUT!

Japanese military forces and gunmen have not only lost their usefulness as a part of Shanghai's defence scheme—they have forfeited their right to remain on International Settlement soil.

To-day we are no more concerned with the technicalities of the Japanese position than the Japanese have thus far been concerned with the rights, property and lives of the rest of us.

The technicalities are that Japan and China are on friendly terms, and that the Japanese are working in collaboration with other Powers for defence of the Settlement.

The plain fact is that Japan is waging war against China—and is most improperly using the International Settlement's neutral soil as a base for such war.

Not only has she jeopardized the whole future status of the Settlement by such activity, but she also has taken over police power from Settlement authorities in a way which we consider undesirable in the extreme, she has extended that power to an area never before contemplated by others at the outset, and she has misused that power in a variety of acts, including arson and murderous attacks upon helpless prisoners.

Without delay International Settlement authorities should publicly disassociate themselves from these excesses.

They should make it clear that other foreign powers, and their Shanghai nationals as individuals, are in no way associated with any offensive warfare against the Chinese nation.

They should renunciate the neutral status of the Settlement, which is an area for foreign safety, not a war base.

And to restore that neutrality, at the moment besmirched, they should demand the following immediate steps:

Evacuation of all Japanese armed forces, at least other than those required for actual defensive police work, from Settlement soil, with Settlement police resuming their usual functions.

Disarming of the Japanese plain-clothes citizens who have proved themselves as a body headstrong and irresponsible at best, brutal and ruffianly at worst.

Cessation of all further landing of Japanese armed military forces on the Settlement area.

Nothing can wipe out the tragic error of Japan's blunder. We cannot forecast what Japan may achieve either in overwhelming or in conciliating the Chinese. The only thing that can be done is to make plain that Japan is ploughing a lonely furrow.

Non-combatant Japanese may, of course, remain within the Settlement. They and their Chinese neighbours alike deserve

protection which can be given by Municipal authorities and the regular defence of the Powers.

But to armed Japanese, who have used the Settlement as a base for war, and who have grossly abused a trust confided in them, but two words can now be said:

‘Get out!’

I asked the Japanese Minister what he thought of the editorial, and strangely enough he agreed with much of it. And the Japanese soon did get out of the Settlement, in so far as they could, and the rest of the war was fought nearly altogether in Chinese territory. Divisions from Japan were landed carefully at the mouth of the Yangtse, and the Nipponese commanders began a great encircling movement which eventually ended the war.

General Uyeda, commanding the Ninth Division, explained the operation to me as it got under way. ‘We don’t want to kill any more Chinese than we have to,’ he said, ‘and we certainly don’t want to lose any more of our own men than we have to. The simplest scheme, hence, will be to throw a noose around the Chinese positions, leave a bottleneck opening through which they can flee, and then send word to them that we’ll keep battering away with artillery and machine-guns until they get out.’

That was done, and after a fortnight of continuous bombardment, Tsai Ting-kai finally gave up and retreated. The Japanese sent word to him one night that they intended to attack with the bayonet next day, and that if any Chinese were left in the areas which were to be occupied they would be cut down to the last man. Tsai knew that message meant just what it said, and during the night he fled quietly towards Nanking.

The Nineteenth Route Army, as such, was never re-formed, and Tsai Ting-kai—an unrewarded hero—left China not long afterwards to tour the world.

I went forward with a Japanese headquarters unit on the last day of the war. Spies had reported that the Chinese had evacuated, but the Japanese were taking no chances, and advanced in skirmish formation ready to bomb out concealed

machine-gunners or snipers. But nothing happened. Not a living Chinese was left in the smoking ruins of Chapei. We picked our way through a mass of streets littered with *débris*, stepped over the bodies of dead Chinese soldiers, and finally got to the ruins of the North Station. The destruction was complete. Big buildings had been literally levelled by gunfire and bombs.

I was anxious to see the nest where a Chinese machine-gunner had held a street crossing for a fortnight, opposite the lines held by our own Thirty-first Infantry, and who had become one of the legendary figures of the war. His post was in the ruins of a two-storey Chinese shop at the very edge of the International Concession. It was diagonally across the street from an American advance post in a steel and concrete defence tower—one of those which had been built years before at the boundary where the Settlement ended and the Chinese city began. The big iron gates on the Settlement border had been closed, and from the tower, which was equipped with windows protected by steel-slotted shutters, we watched the Chinese gunner day after day hold his post. Japanese units would advance up a narrow street, batter away at him with grenades and try to get light artillery into position, but he always made things too hot for them. He was a good gunner, and apparently never slept.

I found the nest without difficulty. It was empty, and the machine-gun was gone. The man who had occupied it evidently had escaped. He had a burrow which ran back a block through the *débris*, and had built himself a barricade of double sandbags with a narrow slot through which he could work his gun and little peep-holes through which he could see the enemy. I was glad he had escaped. He was one man who had proved that the frequent assertion that all Chinese are physical cowards is anything but true. The man had withstood everything the Japanese had to offer, hours of indirect shell-fire which had reduced the buildings round him to powder; frontal grenade attacks, and the incessant sniping of sharpshooters. As I looked at his nest I could see him when the word came to retreat: a stolid coolie who

would take his time dismantling his gun, wrapping it in a piece of blue cloth, and then carrying it on his back through his rat-tunnel to an alley through which he would scuttle noiselessly to join his chieftain in a march to any new battle his leader might designate. The body of a Japanese infantryman I had seen the gunner shoot a week before was still where it had fallen, and the man was still clutching his neck, grotesquely, as I had seen him do when he went down before the rasping rat-a-tat of the machine-gun burst.

I got a chance also to see the damage wrought by the shells of big Japanese naval rifles which I had seen explode from one of my favourite posts, with our Marines, a-top a seven-storey flour-mill on the Settlement side of Soochow Creek. The shells knocked over whole buildings when they let go, and the Marines had spotted them as coming from some of the heaviest-calibre guns on the Japanese cruisers. There was no doubt of their effectiveness. I walked round the places they had hit; only piles of smashed bricks were left where small buildings had been.

The flour-mill post led to an amusing incident during some of the heaviest fighting. The Japanese wanted to bombard Chinese positions close up to the right bank of the creek, which was not more than one hundred and fifty feet wide, and had politely telephoned the American commanders asking to be informed if the fire came too close to our positions. I don't know what answer our officers gave, but I do know that our observation posts reported each hit by telephone, and that the Japanese in some way got all the results and corrected their fire whenever it got uncomfortably near the American positions.

Nelson Johnson, the American Minister (later Ambassador when our Legation in Peiping was elevated to be an embassy), was a frequent visitor to the hilltop where he jotted down observations for his dispatches to the State Department. I often chatted with him there, and on occasion tried to pump him for his opinions, but I got nothing. What the Minister thought of the business he reserved for the secret ears of his superiors in Washington.

On that last day, too, I visited a number of other spots to check up on stories we had heard. One was that of the 'three human bombs'. The Japanese made much of it as an incident of fanatical bravery. The tale came to us through one of our Japanese reporters during the third week of the fighting, and was confirmed by the Japanese command. It was related that a Japanese detachment had tried for two days to take a Chinese machine-gun nest built in the ruins of a destroyed farmhouse and protected by heavy barbed wire entanglements. There was no flanking the position, and a frontal attack with the bayonet was decided upon. The unit commander called for volunteers to blow up the wire, and three privates agreed to tie heavy bombs round their necks, dash from their trenches and throw themselves into the entanglement, to die in the explosion which would clear a way for an attack by their comrades.

We cabled the story, as did the other correspondents, when we got it, but I never had believed that the details could be true. On the last day I managed to find the unit commander who had ordered the attack. From him I learned that the three privates had been blown to atoms, but their deaths had not been patriotic suicide as reported. What had happened was this:

A pipe about twelve feet long, filled with high explosives, had been constructed as a special time-bomb, and the plan called for the three men to leap from the trench, seize hand holds which had been fastened to the pipe, and dash forward to the wire entanglement, sliding the bomb into position and leaving it to explode at the end of a two-minute interval. The men got clear of the trench and had started with the bomb when one of them was shot down by the Chinese. One of his comrades turned, dragged him back to the trench, and then rejoined the third man, helping him to push the bomb into position. It let go just as it was thrust under the wire, and the two men were blown to bits. The third man also was dead of his wounds.

I cabled the corrected story that night, but nobody paid any attention to it, and pictures of the three heroic privates,

bombs tied around their necks, are still being circulated throughout the Orient as proof of the fanatical patriotism of Japanese soldiers. In Japan especially the original tale made a profound sensation. Motion-pictures were created around it, poems and songs were written, and the incident within a month became part of the national folk-lore. It is of such stuff, I fear, that many of the tales of fanatical martial heroism in all nations are constructed.

Another of the gruesome hero stories, however, was unquestionably true. That was the tale of a Major Soga. All the Japanese officers in the combat units took an oath when the fighting started that they would not be captured alive. But poor Soga was taken, and a week after the armistice in March ended the fighting, he was released from a Chinese military prison in Nanking. He reported to his regiment at Shanghai and demanded a court-martial, at which it was established that the Major had been knocked unconscious by a shell explosion while leading his men in a charge and had been picked up by the Chinese before he regained his senses. The court found that, while Soga technically had violated his oath not to be taken alive, no blame could be attached to him. That night the Major walked to the spot where he had been captured, drew his heavy service pistol, and blew out his brains. The highest officers of the Army approved his action.

I left Shanghai two days after the fighting stopped and before the terms of a permanent armistice had been agreed upon, to hurry to North Manchuria. The war had been going on there without cessation during the Shanghai fighting, and it looked as if Japan and Russia would come to blows at any moment. Japanese troops had occupied the southern leg of the Soviet-owned Chinese Eastern Railway and seized its rolling stock for troop transport; Russia was roaring threats, and more than one hundred thousand Soviet troops had been massed north of the Amur river—the northern boundary of Manchuria. Changchun and Harbin were seething with rumours as usual, but I was told by the Japanese high command—which had an almost perfect

espionage system throughout the Russian Siberian provinces—that there would be no war, for the very good reason that the Russians had made up their minds not to fight.

I was in Changchun during the second week in March, to see Pu Yi installed as ‘chief executive’ of the independent Manchurian state and to hear that declaration of the Great Empire of Manchukuo would probably be postponed for more than a year. Then I returned to the cleanliness and warmth of Japan. Things had changed while I was away. The fear which had hung over the country like a blanket in February had disappeared with the end of the Shanghai war, troops were already coming home from the Yangtse Valley, and the stock market was soaring because of a flood of war orders for the heavy industries and the prospect of an immediate building boom in Manchuria.

The feeling was that the worst of the crisis had passed; that Japan was preparing to withdraw from the League of Nations, and would be better off for it; and that the Manchurian campaign was a success and certain to result in the creation of a Japanese-controlled state which would provide a great market for exports, an invaluable source of supply for raw materials, and an outlet for emigration. The army was in the saddle, and was immensely popular. Respect for parliament and the civilian government was at a low ebb. I had expected to find worry at the impending visit to the Far East of the League’s Commission, headed by the Earl of Lytton, to investigate the Manchurian situation, but there was none. The man in the street felt that Japan had already defeated the League. Geneva, he had begun to believe, was a ‘barking dog with no teeth’.

Japan’s decision to leave the League was reached at a Cabinet meeting on March 26th. The national attitude towards the Lytton Commission, the possible application of sanctions, and even towards possible military pressure, was decided. It was to be one of resistance to the bitter end—to fight ‘as long as there is a single Japanese left alive’. The actual withdrawal from the League did not come until a year later, and Japan went through all the motions of defending

her case during that period, but in reality the Japanese had ceased to give much thought to Geneva. Most Japanese knew that mutual jealousies of the League powers would prevent effective action, that France was partial to their cause, that Germany saw in the Manchurian incident a test of the League's power which would be useful to her in her ambition to re-arm, re-occupy the Rhinelands, and throw off the last shackles of the Versailles Treaty, and that Italy was merely awaiting the establishment of a precedent which would enable her to advance in Africa in defiance of an impotent England and a divided League.

Inez and I received the 'Imperial Command', as usual, to attend the Cherry Blossom garden party, given each spring by the Emperor and Empress during the third week in April, and I was impressed by the confidence and assurance of all the hundreds of Japanese leaders in every line of endeavour I met at the gathering. The Japanese knew that they had won; that their long dream of an expanding empire in Northern Asia was coming true. The same spirit prevailed at the military review held on the Emperor's birthday a fortnight later. The march-past was a pageant of victory.

That night I wrote in my diary:

'It begins to look as if parliamentary government in this country is dead; that the Japanese masses are simply waiting for somebody to furnish the corpse and stage a funeral.'

CHAPTER XXII
MURDER FOR REFORM

A TAXICAB roared suddenly out of the darkness, turned the corner on two wheels, and came straight at me.

I leaped angrily for the kerb. Wild driving was nothing new in Tokyo, but these chaps struck me as about the wildest I had ever seen.

Safe off the crossing, I turned quickly to look at the careering car. The driver had jammed on his brakes, and the machine was within twenty feet of me. The door popped open and a man leaned out on the running-board. He drew his right arm free and tossed something straight over my head towards a window of the Mitsubishi Bank. There was a blinding white flash, and I sensed, rather than heard, the bomb explode. I fell backward into the gutter—half-blinded.

As I got up, the taxicab was disappearing in the distance. Policemen appeared from nowhere, and one of them seized my arm.

‘Nandeska? [What is it?],’ he said nervously.

I replied in English that I had no idea.

‘Seiyojin [It’s a foreigner],’ the policeman said to his companions.

We stood there a moment, and then people came running from our office to see what had happened. Kiuchi-san, my assistant, told the police who I was. They took our names and let us go.

It was eight o’clock of the night of Sunday, May 15th, 1932. Premier Tsuyoshi Inukai—a homely, kindly old man who long had been my friend—had been assassinated a few hours before by military fanatics of the army. Terrorists

were running wildly through the streets, bombing banks, crippling light and power-stations, and trying to create a demoralization of the capital which would make necessary the establishment of a military dictatorship.

I had happened to get squarely in front of one of the attacking parties—a detachment sent out to bomb banks and other 'capitalist institutions'.

Our office then was in a little street in the Marunouchi district called Naka-dori. The Mitsubishi Bank building, a ponderous structure of granite and steel, was just round the corner behind the new Central Post-office building which housed the headquarters of the National Telegraphs and the main wire desk for outgoing foreign cables.

I was going to this office to send an urgent dispatch when I ran into the terrorists. I had already filed a running story on our own short wire, which led from our office to the cable station, but it had occurred to me that I might stand a better chance to get past the censorship if I filed some duplicate bulletins in ordinary commercial fashion, prepaying them in cash at the regular public desk. I was on my way to file these messages when the bombers passed me.

It had been an exciting evening, and none of us had more than a hazy idea of what had been going on.

I had played golf that sunny Sunday afternoon and reached home about four to find my wife entertaining a group of people at tea. The telephone bell rang. It was Kiuchi, in the office, and he said, as calmly as if he were remarking about the weather:

'Somebody has shot the Premier. I dislike to disturb you, but I think you will want to come to the office. Excuse me, please.'

I shouted the news to our guests, who included a number of people from the Embassy, and ran out to get a taxi.

The boys had a fairly full account when I reached the office. Inukai had been having his afternoon nap in the Premier's official residence, across the valley from the United States Embassy, near which we lived, when a group of soldiers broke into the house,

'We want the Premier,' the soldiers told the frightened servants.

Inukai heard the uproar and came downstairs. He spoke to the men with typical courtesy. 'If you will come up to my study,' he said, 'I will be glad to talk to you. Let us have some tea.' He insisted that the soldiers precede him.

The old man—he was seventy-seven, gnarled and bent—bowed the men into his little Japanese room, with its *zabuton*—soft cushions which are put on the floor to sit on—and charcoal brazier, and then invited them to make known their wants. 'You know, of course, that I will do anything for you that lies within my power.'

The soldiers, all accounts agree, were taken aback. Reverence for age is instilled in all Orientals, and a respect for good manners is inherent in the training of every Japanese child.

The soldiers argued among themselves for some time until one of their number, more fanatical than the rest, could brook the delay no longer.

The man drew his big service pistol and shot Inukai as he would a mad dog. As the soldiers turned to go the dying man was reported to have said:

'Why did you do this? It was so unnecessary. But I forgive you, for you do not understand.'

Inukai died at midnight, and while he was dying Tokyo was in turmoil.

Detachments of soldiers had invaded the new Metropolitan police headquarters, across the street from the Cherry Gate of the Chiyoda Castle, where Emperor Hirohito and his family were having tea, and had bombed and machine-gunned the police from the building. One of the Japanese reporters I knew was shot in the leg during the fracas and held prisoner for a time.

Another group of soldiers had stormed the War Office, and were reported to have imprisoned General Sadao Araki, the War Minister, in his room on an upper floor.

Araki would never talk about the matter, but it was reported the soldiers demanded that he should immediately declare a military dictatorship, with himself at its head, and

form a government pledged to 'national purification'. The men threatened to shoot if Araki did not accept at once. The wily old General temporized, however, promising an answer on the morrow. When the time for the answer came the rebels were in jail.

Other detachments of the rebels had bombed the banks, crippled some of the electric power-stations, and attempted to assassinate Count Nobukai Makino, a member of the Emperor's staff, and next to the venerable Prince Kimmochi Saionji, 'last of the Genro', his Majesty's chief political adviser.

There had been numerous earlier attempts to murder Makino. He was to live to go through the even greater rebellion of February 1936, and again he was to escape miraculously.

Kijuro Shidehara, the veteran Foreign Minister who had been forced out of the government soon after the Japanese army began its forced march in Manchuria in September 1931, had also escaped, but it was reported that he was injured. I had known him well for many years, and tried to see him shortly after Inukai died. He shut himself up, however, and would see nobody. I believe that his family kept him in hiding, for it was no secret that additional assassinations were planned, and that the failure of the May 15th outbreak was a setback for the militarists but not a deathblow.

Another who had escaped on that night of terror was Kenkichi Yoshizawa, the Foreign Minister and Inukai's son-in-law. He resigned with the Cabinet immediately after Inukai died. The rebels bombed his home, but he was away. He remained in seclusion for nearly a year, and when next I saw him looked frail and worn. There was in his eyes the look of a man who had lived next to death for months and who was very tired but not afraid.

Prince Saionji, and Admiral Kantaro Suzuki the Imperial grand chamberlain, had escaped too, owing to the faithfulness of their retainers. Both of them had lived so long in the shadow of assassin's bullets that, I believe, they had ceased to worry about the prospect of death. When Suzuki was killed

in the 1936 outbreak I imagine that he made no effort to escape. All Japanese are fatalists.

I got my first tip on what I had thought was 'the story behind the story' the following day when one of our reporters learned that a man named Nishida, a member of the 'Blood Brotherhood', had been assassinated along with the 'representatives of capitalism'. Nishida, I had heard, had been one of the men assigned to plot the assassination of Junnosuke Inouye, the Minister of Finance, who had been killed some months before, and that of Baron Takuma Dan, the general manager of the multi-billion yen interests of the Mitsui family. The plotters believed that he was a police stoolpigeon, and that he had informed on the men who had planned the earlier assassinations, and thus endangered the success of the May 15th outbreak. So he had been executed.

Police soon rounded up a great many members of the 'Blood Brotherhood' and captured their leader, Nissho Inoue, the 'mad priest'.

As we delved into the story, it developed widespread ramifications. Inoue, we found, had once been a military spy in China. He was a favourite of certain high generals in the army, and I surmised that, without the knowledge of these generals, the 'Blood Brotherhood' could not have been formed and financed.

I waited eagerly for Inoue's trial, hoping that the key figures in the tangled skeins of plotting and counter-plotting would be revealed. They were not, however, for the trial led to little more than a public attempt by Inoue and his associates to harangue the nation on the necessity for political reform and a return to the 'true spirit of Old Japan'.

The assassinations in themselves were not so amazing, for murder has always been a recognized political weapon in Japan. The Japanese, like most Orientals, have not the same conception of the sacredness of human life that prevails in the Occident. The teachings of Buddhism, the fact that most Asiatic countries have long been over-populated, the brutality engendered by centuries of warfare, and the stoicism bred of want and discomfort, probably tend to explain the fact that

to Orientals death is not a thing to be feared but rather, when one's time comes, a day of deliverance into a fuller life.

The whole history of Japan, since that day when Amaterasu O-mi-kami came down from the home of the Goddess of the Sun and established the men of Yamato as the nucleus of the Island Empire, has been one of direct action, with murder justified as an instrument of reform.

One has only to observe the continued popularity of the famous story of the forty-seven *ronin* to understand why Japanese so often condone assassination. This tale is drilled into the mind of every Japanese child, and its moral is reinforced throughout his life by depiction on the stage and in motion-pictures.

The story, briefly, is that of forty-seven retainers of a feudal lord, in the days before Japan was opened to foreign intercourse by Commodore Matthew Galbraith Perry's black ships of the United States Navy, whose master was forced to commit *seppuku*—honourable suicide—after he had been humiliated in the eyes of the Shogun by a rival.

Normal procedure for the retainers, who became *ronin*, or men without a master when their lord was killed, would have been to seek incorporation in the service of some other leader. They determined, however, not to do this, but to set an example of loyalty by avenging their dead chief.

The story of their adventures in seeking revenge runs through tens of thousands of words. It ends on a note which appeals to every Japanese—the murder of the Daimyo who had brought about the downfall of the *ronin's* master and the formal suicide, by disembowelment, of the murderers.

The tombs of the *ronin* at a shrine erected to them in Tokyo are a national sanctuary for all Japanese.

I do not mean by this that the Japanese as a people approve of murder, or that loyalty is so ingrained in all of them that they wish to do to death anyone who insults their friends and that then they are ready to commit suicide in atonement.

Not one modern Japanese in a thousand, I imagine, has either the courage or the intense moral convictions of the *ronin*.

Those who assassinated Inukai and the others, however, had it, as their conduct after each murder showed.

All the assassins, including the soldiers in the May 15th outbreak, surrendered voluntarily. None of them would incriminate his comrades. Each professed to be ready to die, and asked only that he be allowed to explain his patriotic motives before he went to join company with his honourable ancestors.

To explain the situation to English-speaking newspaper readers in my dispatches proved an almost impossible task. Indeed, I doubt if any of the newspapermen in Tokyo managed to convey more than a smattering of what all the shooting was about in his daily messages.

I went into the background as much as space would permit in the hundreds of telegrams that I was sending to United Press newspapers all over the world, and got nothing but unfavourable criticism for my pains. One indignant reader wrote me that it was obvious that I was pro-Japanese, and that I was, no doubt, in the pay of the Japanese murderers who were killing not only defenceless Chinese but the best people in their own country.

For my own satisfaction, however, I continued to pry into all the history of the assassinations I could find.

I learned that many of the youngsters—none of the murderers was more than a boy—had been students in the social reform school of the philosopher, Tachibana, in Mito. Tachibana, indeed, had led some of his students in the attacks on power-stations during the Bloody Sunday outbreak, and had fled to Manchuria when the plot had failed. His teachings were interesting, and they gave me the best clues I could find about the unrest that was obviously pervading a large part of the whole army.

Tachibana was primarily interested in the agriculturalists who form the bulk and the backbone of Japan's population. He saw farm populations increasing much faster than the land would support them. He saw banks and capitalists extending their mortgages at high rates of interest until the ordinary farmer—and no man on earth works harder than

the Japanese who till the soil—could not possibly hope to exist many years longer.

Small-holdings which had been in the hands of peasants for hundreds of years were falling into the hands of the banks. In some districts people were literally starving. The sale of girls into white slavery, long an institution in Japan, was increasing. So great was the strain that the patience of the world's most patient people was obviously nearing an end.

Tachibana reasoned that Japan faced these alternatives: a peasant rebellion, which would open the way for the horrors of Communism; or a benevolent dictatorship, which would restore the old system of small, individual land-holdings, eliminate the greedy capitalists, and restore power to the warrior class, which had always maintained that it was the real 'repository of the Imperial tradition'—the final power behind the throne.

The task of the plotters was the easier in that the youth of the wealthier families, from whom officer material for the army had always been recruited, had refused military service in the great period of prosperity which came to Japan during and in the years immediately after the World War.

It was common knowledge in Tokyo that wealthy men could buy exemption for their sons from compulsory military training; that sons of the rich looked down on the hard life of the army, preferring the easier rewards of boom prosperity in business; and that there was growing up in cities throughout the Empire a belief that the army was a place for duldards who had no more sense than to like a life which consisted in carrying around ninety-pound packs and manœuvring in the mud of the rice-fields.

Thus the officer classes from 1919 for a decade or more had been selected from poor boys from the farm whose lives had been spent helping harassed parents to meet mortgage payments, who had seen the rich getting richer, and the poor getting poorer.

By 1932 many of these youths had reached the rank of captain, and they were ripe for revolt. Inspired by the teach-

ings of Tachibana, by the sympathy of some of the ultranationalist senior generals of the army—who may, or may not, have seen in the discontent of the soldiery an opportunity to further their own selfish ends—they were easy prey for plotters like Nissho Inoue, who had spent his life in intrigue in China.

It was inevitable, of course, that ambitious politicians, seeing a short-cut to power, should surreptitiously ally themselves with the plotters and encourage them, and it was, I suppose, equally inevitable that these men should escape punishment when the plot failed, and live to inspire the revolt of 1936 in which Admiral Viscount Makoto Saito and other leaders of the Empire were killed.

Just who the real superior officers were I never could determine. We all had suspicions, of course, but there was no proof.

After I had worked on the story for more than a week I decided, after a long argument with myself, to go and see Mitsuru Toyama.

I had put off seeing the 'King of the Ronin' for a number of reasons. I was sure he knew what men had inspired the outbreak, and I was equally sure that he would not tell me. I knew that if I made an engagement with him it would involve getting up at four o'clock in the morning—the old man's reception hours are from 5 to 7 A.M., and it is inexcusable to be late—and that there was not a chance in a thousand I'd even get a clue.

I made the engagement, however, through a friend who was one of Toyama's disciples, and we were told to call on the *sensei*—a word peculiar to Japanese, that means both master and teacher—at seven o'clock one morning.

Toyama lived in a simple little Japanese house not far from my own. We arrived early, and were received in the *genkan*, or entry hall, by one of the great man's followers.

We dropped to our hands and knees and crawled along the matting as we came towards the door of the room where the *sensei* was waiting.

I suppose it was not necessary for me to crawl, but I did

when I went to see Toyama. I had always admired his disciples, and I knew they would be terribly affronted if I walked in upright and if I failed to kow-tow when we were ushered into 'the presence'.

So I crawled and kow-towed, bumping my forehead three times on the floor in approved fashion, before sinking on my haunches on a floor cushion.

I had determined to ask Toyama bluntly what he knew of the assassinations, and to depend on some facial expression for a clue.

If the old man knew anything his face did not betray him. He sat for an hour with a brow as calm as that of an aged and contemplative Buddha, and discoursed to me on the brotherhood of man. Then he wagged a finger at a retainer to indicate that the interview was ended.

I backed out bowing, and half crawled back to the *genkan*. If Toyama knew anything of the men who had plotted the murder of Inukai and the plan for an army dictatorship, I was certain that nobody was going to find it out. And nobody did.

Toyama's name was again the first mentioned when experts tried to find out what was behind the 1936 outbreak, and again the experts found rumour and nothing more.

Men like Toyama—and there are several of them in the Orient—cannot be explained in terms of American terminology. The simplest definition I can think of is 'Professional Patriot'.

Japan has scores of Patriotic Societies, and the blessing of Toyama has been essential to all those that have succeeded. That members of these societies have been guilty of nearly all the political assassinations in the Empire since the rebellion of the great Saigo, in Kyushu, during the days of the restoration, everybody knows.

Yet Toyama, himself, is one of the meekest, mildest and, on the basis of his performance during more than eighty years of life, one of the kindest men who ever lived. That he could have inspired assassinations seems inconceivable. Yet it was he who forced the Russo-Japanese War, and it was one



Admiral Viscount Makoto Saito at home
with his adopted son, his son's wife, and Viscountess Saito

of his men who forced the late Marquis Okuma, while Okuma was Foreign Minister, to denounce the treaties with foreign powers which had granted them special privileges—a system much like the extra-territoriality which still exists in China.

Toyama's disciple, one Tsuneki Kurushama, brought about the reform of the Foreign Minister by the simple expedient of hurling a bomb at him and blowing off a leg. Kurushama committed *hari-kiri* on the spot with a dagger, but Okuma recovered, cast off the hated treaties, and thereafter once a year went to Kurushama's grave to do reverence.

A friend of Okuma's, in telling me of the incident, said that he asked Okuma how he could find it in reason to pay homage at the tomb of a man who had tried to kill him. Okuma replied:

'I would not abolish the unequal treaties Japan then had with the Great Powers, because I was afraid. I did not think Japan was strong enough to dare such a step. Toyama, through Kurushama, forced me to have patriotism, courage, and strength. I lost a leg, it is true, but I became a man, and I can do nothing less than to pay indirect homage to Toyama by worshipping at the tomb of his disciple.'

Toyama was born in Kyushu, a land of warriors since the days when the Mongol invasions of Japan had been repulsed by his forbears. He was the son of a petty *samurai*, or knight, and in his childhood was known as a stupid and absent-minded lad who was a butt for all manner of jokes at the hands of his playmates.

When Toyama was a young man the Great Saigo was at the height of his power, the dominant statesman of Japan and the idol of his home province at Fukuoka. Toyama became one of Saigo's followers, and was in prison for revolutionary plotting when Saigo led his uprising against the central government.

Saigo's death convinced Toyama of the futility of open rebellion to achieve the expansion of Japan which he desired, and the internal reform which he felt the country needed if the Emperor was to be the real father of a united family. So

Toyama founded the first of the great patriotic societies which have forced the course of Japanese history, always with assassination as a weapon, throughout his lifetime. This first society was the Genyosha, which soon numbered tens of thousands of members as the Black Dragon Society, the Purple Cloud Society, the National Purification Society, and a dozen others.

Saigo had advocated the annexation of Korea, and this was a first plank in Toyama's early platform. It was with this end in view that he furthered the first and second wars with China, and finally the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05.

The great statesman of the restoration, Prince Hirobumi Ito, was president of the Privy Council when the agitation for war with Russia was at its height, and it was typical of Toyama that he should go to the top when he wanted action.

When he was ushered into Ito's presence, Toyama merely looked at the Prince for five minutes and then asked him this question:

'Prince Ito, who do you think is the greatest person in our Empire?'

Ito, probably sensing that he was in the greatest danger of his life, did not reply. Toyama waited for another five minutes, and then answered his own question: 'It is his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor.'

After another five minutes Toyama asked a second question: 'Who do you think is the second greatest man in our country?'

Again Ito was too cautious to reply, and Toyama again answered himself: 'Prince Ito, it is you, sir.'

Ito remained silent, and Toyama, after another long pause, remarked: 'The fate of the Empire depends upon your decision. I suppose you understand what I mean?'

A few weeks later Japan declared war on Russia.

Toyama, more than any other man, had set the date for the firing of the first gun. Yet he has never held office, has never had any money and never wanted any, and has sought none of the rewards of the great power he has held so long. A strange combination of saint, assassin, political boss and

reformer, he is one of those manifestations of an Oriental society which must always, to the Occidental, be a mystery.

One of Toyama's disciples was an Indian, Rash Behari Bose, who came to call on me when I first arrived in Japan. He was a refugee who had fled to Tokyo from India, disguised as a woman, after trying to assassinate one of the English viceroys. He told me how Toyama had befriended him and forced the Japanese government to protect him when British secret agents were about to capture him.

'Sun Yat-sen was a refugee in Japan when I reached here in 1915,' Bose said. 'We Indian patriots had had contact with the Chinese revolutionary movement, and I knew Dr Sun slightly, so I went to see him and explained my plight. I was expecting the Japanese police, at the instigation of the British Embassy, to pick me up at any moment.

'Dr Sun sent me to Toyama, who kept me in his house for more than a year, and who has protected me from the British ever since. He has done this merely out of kindness of heart.

'You will hear Toyama described as everything from a Japanese Rasputin to the greatest statesman this country has ever known, but he is neither of these—he is a great humanist, one of the really sublime spirits of this world.'

Indicative of Toyama's power was an incident at his birthday party (June 26th) six weeks after Inukai had been assassinated. A feature of the party was an appreciation of Toyama written by Inukai—one of the last things the Premier wrote before he was assassinated, possibly by disciples of the very man he was praising.

Inukai wrote:

I deem it my good fortune that Mitsuru Toyama is one of my most intimate and revered friends. Our friendship has endured for more than forty years, since the days when as a young man I entered the Imperial Diet.

Toyama is Japan's foremost citizen. He has never held office, he has no Court rank, he has no official status whatever. But he has remained a sort of inspector and overseer of every government of Japan for half a century. He has made

his influence felt whenever a national crisis has appeared. It was his magnetic leadership that caused us to risk our very existence in the wars with China and Russia.

What is the secret of his power? I believe that it comes from his intense loyalty to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor and to the Imperial House; from his complete unselfishness; from a patriotism as great as that of Tokumune Hojo, who led the Japanese in repelling the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century.

Toyama should be revered as one of the guardian deities of Japan.

More than a thousand people were at the birthday dinner, and every one of them knew that most of the nation believed that Toyama's example, if not his direct orders, had caused the assassination of Inukai. Yet they all cheered wildly at the words of the dead man in praise of the living suspect.

My first glimmering that rebellion and a possible military dictatorship were in prospect had come some time earlier during the Shanghai war. I had met a number of the young army officers who were on duty in the fighting at the mouth of the Yangtse, and some weeks later when we had returned to Japan I was asked to have dinner with a group of them.

The purpose of the dinner was to discuss 'the national crisis, and the necessity for a return to the spirit of Old Japan.'

Half a dozen speakers denounced the parliamentary system, asserting that parliament had come to be controlled completely by the banks and the capitalists.

It was generally agreed:

First, that parliament should be abolished and power returned to his Majesty the Emperor, to be exercised through the agency of the armed forces led by the army.

Second, that capitalism must be abolished in all its phases.

Third, that there must be a return to the teachings of *Yamato damaishii*—the way of Old Japan.

After everyone had had his say, the spokesman turned to me and remarked:

'We have asked you to this dinner because it is known you are a foreigner who has an open mind. You have been among us for a long time, and you know the ideals of us soldiers. We are all poor, ignorant men, who know only how to fight and to love our Emperor and our country. Since you are a superior person who has travelled all over the world and seen many people and many governments, we hope you will be good enough to tell us your views.'

I was rather in a dilemma, as there could be no question of the intense sincerity of the men.

I began by pleading that I was really an ignorant fellow myself, and quoted the Chinese proverb which says that travel is not enlightening to the blind.

'I would be rash indeed,' I said, 'to try to tell you men, who are descendants of Samurai, anything about how to conduct the affairs of your country; but I can tell you something of the way we live in the United States, of our "parliament", our capitalists, and the general condition of our people.'

I then tried to explain the American system of representative government, the growth of capitalism in the United States, and the struggle of the people to exercise the power which had been conferred on them by the Constitution. It was obvious, however, that I was getting nowhere. These men understood life only in terms of personal loyalty.

'You Americans are quite different from us Japanese,' the spokesman said, as he thanked me for my discourse, 'and we always have considered you our friends since the days when Commodore Perry brought his black ships into Yokohama harbour and helped our forefathers establish contact with the Western world.'

'We are very thankful for all the lessons you and other foreigners have taught us, but now it seems time for us to go back to what was best in our old ways. We must resume the simple life of our forefathers. We must learn again to walk the highway of the gods, putting our faith in plain living and exaltation of the spirit. Our forefathers had no need of money, and they did not love it.'

I asked how he thought Japan could exist in a modern world without some medium of exchange such as money.

‘Oh, we would find a way round that. We would just exchange things with each other and with such foreign nations as we might want. We would keep all these things which the capitalists have built up with our labour—such as steamships, railways, and our overseas institutions; but they would all become the property of the Emperor, who would see that the profits were distributed equally among his people.’

I remarked that this sounded like a sort of ‘Imperial Communism’.

‘Yes,’ the spokesman said, ‘that may be a good term. Anyhow, all we ask is that we shall be the loyal subjects of his Majesty and be allowed to work and fight as he may direct us to do. We shall have to get rid of these corrupt politicians and capitalists, however, or they may give bad advice to his Majesty, and lead him into paths which are not good.’

I knew that the last remark was the important one of the whole evening. It summed up, indirectly, the philosophy that has governed much of the politics of Japan for hundreds of years; that the Emperor is a symbol of power, rather than power itself, and that he who possesses the symbol is the dictator of the Empire.

‘If the army succeeds in putting over its programme,’ I wrote that night in my diary, ‘we may see a condition like that which existed under the Shoguns before the restoration, when the Emperor was a palace prisoner who delegated the right to rule the country to the warriors who guarded his castle doors.’

CHAPTER XXIII

HE DIED IN VAIN

THE Inukai assassination shocked foreigners much more than it did the Japanese, who dismissed the murder after a few days with their typical fatalistic remark, 'Shikataganai! [It can't be helped].' I was irritated, because most of my Japanese friends refused to get excited about it. 'Aren't you worried about the possibility of a military dictatorship?' I asked. 'Won't the people themselves organize to defend the liberties they have won under the Constitution? Isn't anybody thinking of a popular rebellion against the army based on a programme of defence of the rights of the people?'

I got the best answers from an Osaka newspaper editor. 'We are accustomed in times like this,' he said, 'to feel that the Emperor and his advisers should make the decisions. You must remember that we are less than a century removed from feudalism, and that most of us are still accustomed to think in terms of personal loyalty to our leaders who, in turn, will express their opinions to those close to his Majesty. Until we are convinced that the Emperor is being badly advised we do not feel that we need worry about anything. It would not be proper, indeed, for an ordinary subject to hold an opinion until the intentions of the Imperial Mind become known.'

So the murder of the Premier was all but forgotten within a month after the old man had been placed in his tomb. Prince Saionji came up to Tokyo and spent a day at the Palace, and it was then announced that parliamentary government would be retained but that the new government would be based on a national coalition and would be a super-party *régime*. Admiral Viscount Makoto Saito, who had

gained a wide reputation as an able administrator during the years he had served as Governor-General of Korea, was named Premier and Foreign Minister; General Araki was retained in the War Ministry, and Takahashi in the Ministry of Finance. And life flowed on much as usual. I kept in close touch with the nationalists, and made it a point to call on Araki frequently, for I could not believe that the militarists intended to abandon their plan eventually to gain full control of all the affairs of the Empire.

Military preparations were continuing feverishly; munitions plants were put on twenty-four hour production schedules; the output of aeroplanes was quadrupled; ships were being bought abroad wherever they could be picked up at cheap prices, and a continual propaganda was being carried on by the army to educate the masses in preparedness. I had the feeling of living on some remote tropic isle amid a population preparing stoically for a tremendous typhoon which, it knew, might sweep it into eternity, but which was determined to go down fighting. The streets were filled with tiny children practising the goose-step and playing war games with toy machine-guns; strategic railways were being projected in Manchuria towards the Russian border, even before the territory had been conquered from the remnants of Chang Hsueh-liang's armies; a network of commercial airways extending clear to the borders of Siberia and Mongolia was put in operation; work was started on a huge deep-water port in northern Korea, opposite the Soviet Far Eastern stronghold in Vladivostok. And it was being made amply clear to me daily that Japan had ceased to care what the United States thought of her actions in Asia, and was prepared to tell us so if we cared to ask about it.

It was in the midst of this situation that Joseph C. Grew arrived in June 1932 to be United States ambassador. Nobody envied him his task. The Hoover-Stimson Notes had reduced American prestige to a point near zero, and the continuing economic depression had convinced the Japanese that, even if we were still determined to defend our policy of the 'Open Door' and 'Equal Opportunity' in China, we would

do so only with words, and probably mild words at that. Indicative of the Japanese attitude was an address made by Viscount Ishii at a dinner tendered our ambassador at the Peers Club late in June by the America-Japan Society. These dinners were customary affairs to welcome a new ambassador, and the traditional addresses were confined to 'hands-across-the-sea' platitudes. Ishii, however, chose to talk plainly. He said that Japan had no intention of attacking the United States, and that she hoped we had no intention of attacking her, but that if we had we would find all Japanese prepared to defend themselves.

Most of us who heard the address gasped in shocked amazement, but the ambassador did not turn a hair, and when he rose to reply, explained that he was deaf in one ear and had not heard all the remarks clearly. The parts he had not heard, of course, were those which it might have been embarrassing to answer. The ambassador's deafness was to stand him in good stead on many occasions, for it enabled him, if he chose, to ignore remarks at which he might have been expected to take offence.

I spent much of July with the Lytton Commission, which had come on to Japan after its tour of China and Manchuria, and got to know all its members. Their conduct offered a perfect example of the futility of that school of thought which envisioned a world governed by international co-operation based on a broad foundation of abstract justice and morality. The fact was that there was very little co-operation even in so small a body as the Commission. The Earl of Lytton, a dyspeptic aristocrat, considered the investigating body an organ designed to uphold the prestige of a British-controlled League of Nations; the French member, General Henri E. Claudel, conceived it to be only his duty to placate Japan so that French interests in Southern Asia would not be endangered; the Italian, Count Luigi Aldrovani Marescotti, and the German, Heinrich Schnee, kept discreetly silent but took note of everything that might be useful to their own governments when the time should come for Rome and Berlin to fly in the face of the League;

while the U.S. representative, Major-General Frank R. McCoy, utilized the unwelcome assignment largely to add to his own store of military information. Lytton was ill of a stomach disorder much of the time, and irritated not only the Japanese but also his colleagues. He infuriated the Japanese, particularly, by talking down to them, and I was told that General Araki, after one of their interviews, was so incensed that he refused to see the noble Earl again under any conditions. Whether the report was true or not I could not learn, but Araki did tell me that he had made it clear to the Commission that Japan would accept no compromise plan involving any hint of even nominal Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria. Araki, indeed, had forced the Manchurian declaration of independence and the formation of the makeshift republic, with Henry Pu Yi as chief executive, months earlier, so that Japan would be committed beyond the possibility of retreat before the League investigators even sailed for the Orient, and he followed this move in September with the famous Manchurian protocol under which the new nation became a virtual vassal state of the Japanese army.

I travelled through Manchuria in mid-September, on the first anniversary of the start of the war, to look over our news-coverage arrangements and do a series of stories on what had happened in the twelve months of fighting.

There could be no question but that the Japanese were succeeding.

Native hostility to Japan was diminishing, and business had improved tremendously. Banditry was still rife in many areas, however, and Henry W. Kinney, who had abandoned newspaper work in the Orient to become a foreign adviser of the South Manchuria Railway Company, had the misfortune to fall foul of the guerrillas and lose his trousers. He was travelling on a night train between Changchun—or Hsinking as it had been renamed by this time—and Harbin, when a rabble of Chinese soldiery derailed the engine, overpowered the guard, and seized the passengers for ransom. Kinney was released after forty-eight hours or so, but the bandits kept his possessions, including his trousers and his

spectacles. He got back to a rescue party, I believe, clad only in underwear and a borrowed kimono.

Back in Tokyo I found preparations for war increasing, and stumbled on one of the most amusing preparedness schemes I have ever encountered. The army wanted to build up its reserves of nickel—indispensable in the making of many kinds of munitions—but was short of funds. An American nickel salesman solved the problem. Through intermediaries he got word to the high command that the reserves could be built up without expenditure of a cent of the War Ministry's appropriations. His scheme was this: the metal coinage of Japan was largely a nickel composition, but the alloy was not just what the munition-makers wanted. Hence, he suggested, parliament should pass a law changing the nickel content of small coins to a satisfactory percentage, call in the old coins, which could be melted and recoined for use in Manchuria—where a currency system based on that of Japan was being installed—and authorize the stamping of new money for Japan proper. These coins would then be available as a military reserve to be called in and melted for war use if needed.

The scheme was put over without opposition, and the American got a multi-million dollar contract; the army got its nickel reserves; Manchuria got carloads of nice new coins, and everybody was happy.

The scheme was one of the first under which the army made its domination of Manchuria a profitable venture. It was followed by the announcement of an oil monopoly, an opium monopoly, consolidation of Manchurian railways with the South Manchuria system, making that railway one of the greatest in the world; consolidation of telegraph and telephone systems under army control, and the rebuilding of all the principal municipalities. Foreign business was gradually being squeezed out, and protests from the British and American governments got nowhere. In essence, the army's attitude was that Manchuria was its own private preserve, and that it was going to control everything. The principle of the 'Open Door' and 'Equal Opportunity' in Manchuria

had ceased to exist. And the door was closed to Japanese capitalists as well as to Europeans and Americans.

All the big Japanese firms made plans for huge Manchurian expansion programmes when the protocol establishing the country definitely as a Japanese protectorate was published. There was billions of dollars' worth of work to be done, and the capitalists of Osaka and Tokyo saw an opportunity for huge profits, and sent scores of emissaries to Manchuria. The drummers cooled their heels in Hsinking for weeks and then came home empty-handed. There were to be no concessions, the army announced, and capitalism as it was known in Japan was not to exist in the new state.

'Manchukuo,' said General Araki, 'will set an example to the world in the precepts of the *Wang Tao*—the Kingly Way. It will show not only Europe and America but Japan as well that a great nation can be operated on a foundation of pure social and economic justice.' The idea was for a sort of Asiatic New Deal, and Araki worked out details long before President Roosevelt had formed his brain trust. In the end the scheme collapsed, not because of Supreme Court decisions, but because it was impracticable, and capitalism is now back in Manchuria and seated as securely as it is in Osaka or Pittsburgh.

I saw Araki frequently in the days when the army's Manchurian adventure was being consolidated, and played a small part in the summer of 1932 in inducing the army to drop charges against the Osaka branch of the National City Bank, which was accused of 'financial and photographic' espionage. The charges, brought by zealous gendarmes who were looking for an opportunity to prove their patriotism, arose from activities of the bank in taking a series of photographs of the great Osaka industrial region to illustrate an advertising pamphlet. The gendarmes decided the photographs must be for military purposes and that they were being taken for the United States army. There was a great outcry in the press, and the business of the bank threatened to be unpleasantly affected. When we got the story from our Osaka office I took it immediately to Araki, explained to him what

had happened, and got him to give me a statement assuring the public that the charges were too absurd to merit official action. We sent the statement to our newspapers that afternoon, and after Araki had communicated with the commander of the gendarmerie, the charges were dropped.

It was at this time that Araki indicated to me that the North China Province of Jehol was to be added to the new Manchurian state. I had been wondering what the boundaries of the new nation would be, and had asked the question of Shiratori at the Foreign Office press conference. Shiratori admitted that he did not know. The southern boundary, he said, would obviously be the Great Wall, which ends at Shanhaikwan, on the sea, but the western boundary had never been delimited. The Chinese had always considered it to be merely as far as they could extend their authority into Mongolia, and let it go at that. So I took the question to Araki. He said flatly that Shanhaikwan would be occupied in the near future, and that Jehol would be taken over as soon as the army, which was still busy in North Manchuria, could get round to it. My dispatch caused another outcry in Geneva, London, and Washington, but inquiries from the world capitals to their embassies in Tokyo confirmed it, and I got credit for another modest scoop.

Shanhaikwan was occupied in January after bloody fighting, and the Jehol campaign was started a few days later. It was, I believe, the fastest military campaign in history. Japanese columns advanced as much as fifty miles a day, travelling in American motor-trucks until they caught up with the fleeing enemy, fighting brief skirmishes, and then advancing again. We sent Percy Whiting along as our chief correspondent, and I arranged to have his dispatches relayed to Tokyo by military telegraph. He sometimes sent dispatches from as many as a dozen points a day, each covering a separate skirmish.

We had sent H. R. Ekins in from Peiping with the Chinese, but the army to which he was attached evaporated after heavy fighting in the hills around Lingyuan and left him stranded. He managed to make his way back to Chengte-fu,

the capital of Jehol, with the aid of his Chinese assistants, and eventually got back to Peiping. We had made careful preparations to cover a campaign of six months or more, for Jehol is a big territory, but within a month it was all over except for scattered fighting along the Great Wall passes.

The Jehol campaign marked the end of Chang Hsueh-liang's power in North China. He left Peiping and went abroad as the campaign started, and thereafter played only a minor part in the Chinese drama.

I had believed that, with all the territory north of the Great Wall in their hands, the ambitions of the Japanese army would be satisfied and that the Chinese would be left alone in the Peiping and Tientsin regions. But I was mistaken. When the Great Wall defences were taken Japanese columns continued inland, and soon were striking straight for Peiping. The plan, it transpired, was to force the creation of a demilitarized zone inside the Wall, ostensibly to assure the Manchukuo borders against Chinese raids. Really, I believe, some of the Japanese leaders were already preparing for the creation of pro-Japanese *régimes* in all the Chinese provinces north of the Yellow river. They foresaw the possibility of war with Russia, and wanted not only Manchuria but much of North China and Inner Mongolia as well, as a base of operations, which would assure the support of friendly populations if ever it should be necessary to start an encircling movement which would bite into Siberia at Lake Baikal, and end for ever Russia's dream of Asiatic domination.

Russia, of course, saw what was happening, and tightened her grip on Outer Mongolia. The network of railways which was later constructed towards Urga, or Ulan-Bator as that ancient caravan city had been renamed by the Mongol Soviet, was projected at this time, and hundreds of Bolshevik spies were sent into North China. Many of the espionage agents were women, and one of them was an old friend of mine whom we will call Olga. I knew her for years before I discovered she was a Red agent.

One night in Peiping I went with a Japanese friend of mine, nominally a newspaper correspondent, to one of the

little Russian cabarets in the Hatamen and saw Olga at an adjoining table. I asked her over to share the inevitable 'small bottle vine', and introduced her to the Japanese. She chatted with us for an hour or more, and when we left my Japanese friend wanted to know all about her—every detail I could recall of my sketchy acquaintance with the girl. I told what little I knew, and then asked the Japanese the reason for his curiosity. He laughed. 'There's no harm telling you,' he said, 'for Olga knows that I know all about her, and she'll ask you what you know about me if you see her again. She's one of the oldest and stupidest of the Soviet agents in North China, and has been for a long time. She picks up scraps of information in the cabarets—much of it false and deliberately planted by us—and sends it along to Moscow by the Mongolian route. We aren't really worried about her, but I thought you ought to know who she is so that you will not make indiscreet remarks. We could pick her up any time we wanted, and some day we will if she ever proves dangerous.'

Olga was found dead some six months later in Tientsin, and her passing was set down as suicide. She must have got hold of some real information at last.

I saw a great deal of the espionage of all the Powers in China at various times, and the Japanese were always the cleverest of the lot. They had literally hundreds of agents of every nationality under the sun, and paid liberally for even the most trivial information. One American I knew was kept on their pay-roll for years despite the fact that he produced nothing of value. He was, the Japanese explained, a 'sympathetic and friendly fellow, who tried hard' and who might 'some day be of some use'. The best agents were the scores of Japanese traders, doctors, dentists, photographers, and druggists who were scattered through all the towns in China. Many of these men had married Chinese women, adopted the native style of dress and living, and become so like Chinese that I had difficulty in recognizing their nationality. They furnished to the great intelligence clearing-houses in Shanghai, Tientsin, and Peiping literally everything that

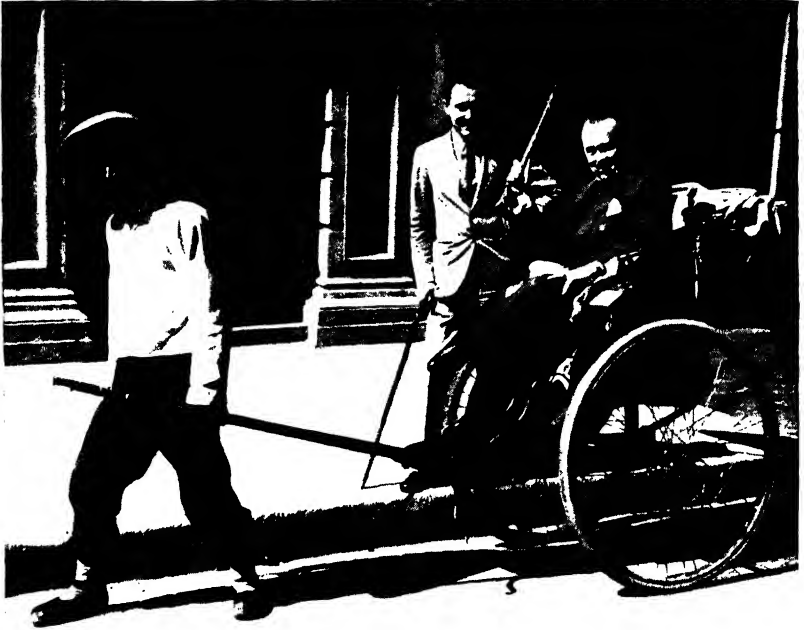
happened in China as fast as it happened. And the Chinese knew it, but they never did anything about it.

The British had the second best intelligence service, and employed hundreds of Asiatic natives. They spent much of their time checking the Japanese and Russians, particularly in the regions adjacent to India and Tibet, and were usually well prepared for great events when they happened.

Japan finally withdrew formally from the League of Nations late in March 1933, and the remainder of the Chinese Eastern Railway was occupied a few weeks later, eliminating the last of Russian influence in Manchuria, and making all the old Three Eastern Provinces and Jehol a protectorate of the Japanese army.

The story was nearly finished. There remained only the formality of changing the name of Henry Pu Yi to Emperor Kang Teh, and the makeshift republic of Manchukuo into the great Empire of Ta Manchu Ti Kuo—which was done with pomp and ceremony a year later—and I was anxious to get back to the United States. I had been away more than eight years, and I knew that if I stayed many years longer I would become one of those expatriates one finds along the China coast who loves to weep in his beer as he expatiates of the beauty, warmth and comfort of 'home-side' but who holds up his hands in awful horror if one suggests that he ought to go home to live.

So I applied for a transfer to the United States and got word in April that it was granted, and that I could plan to sail late in the year after making one more trip through the Manchurian hinterland, along the Great Wall, and into Peiping by a back-door.



Roy W. Howard, of Scripps-Howard Newspapers, in Peiping
after his journey with the author through the war zone

CHAPTER XXIV
NEWSPAPERMEN CAN DO
ANYTHING

GENERAL KUNIARI KOISO handed me an envelope and remarked dryly:

‘ Here is your safe-conduct pass through the Japanese lines. You will present it to General Nishi, commander of the Eighth Division, in his headquarters in Miyuen-hsien. He will assign an officer to see you to our advanced posts, where we will cut our barbed-wire entanglements and set you down in front of the Chinese lines. If your agents in Peiping have succeeded in getting up to the front, you should have no trouble. If they have not succeeded, I would advise you to return to General Nishi’s headquarters and await a time when one of our hospital ’planes can transport you back to Chinchow. It would be very dangerous for you to try to make your way towards Peiping on foot.’

I took the envelope and thanked the General. ‘ You’re in for it now,’ I thought. ‘ This whole adventure is too complicated to work out. There are too many “ ifs ” in it.’

In the Yamato Hotel afterwards I showed the safe-conduct pass to Roy W. Howard, then chairman of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, at whose insistence I had obtained the paper. Howard grinned.

‘ This ought to be a good show,’ he said.

The publisher had come out to Japan in the spring of 1933 on one of those whirlwind tours he occasionally makes of the Orient, and was determined to see rapidly what progress the Japanese army was making in Manchuria, what the war looked like along the Great Wall, what the Chinese thought of the loss of their northern provinces, and finally to interview the Emperor of Japan.

He had a programme that looked like a year of hard work, and he proposed to do it all in five or six weeks.

I had been trying to interview the Emperor for nine years and had made no progress whatever, so this item alone seemed more than enough to take up the time at our disposal. Howard insisted, however, that we could do it all. And we did.

The New York office of the United Press some months before had cabled that Howard was coming, and I had decided that since I could not get an audience with the Emperor myself, it might be worth while to try to get one for the publisher. I took the matter up with Toshio Shiratori, spokesman of the Foreign Office, and he promised to lay it before the Foreign Minister, Count Yasuya Uchida.

Uchida liked the plan, but he warned me that it would be difficult of accomplishment.

'We cannot establish a precedent,' the Count said, 'by asking his Majesty to grant an interview, but it might be possible that he would receive Mr Howard in audience, just as he receives many distinguished foreigners.'

I replied that I knew Howard would be highly appreciative of the honour of an audience, but that a mere gesture of this sort would contribute little towards that understanding of Japan's position in the Orient which all Japanese were so anxious to see achieved in the United States. After days of parleying we hit upon a formula.

Count Uchida would try to arrange the Imperial audience, and meantime would agree to prepare answers himself to any questions Howard might wish to submit. These replies would be submitted to the Emperor for approval. Thus we would obtain, directly, the views of the Throne, but technically the interview would come from Uchida, so that if there were any unfavourable repercussions the Throne would not be embarrassed.

When Howard arrived I found that he had been working along much the same lines. He had entertained Yosuke Matsuoka, who had been Japan's chief delegate to the League of Nations during the negotiations in Geneva on the Man-

churian affair, while Matsuoka was passing through the United States on his way back to Japan, and had broached the matter of an interview with the Emperor.

Matsuoka had promised to arrange it. When he returned to Japan he suggested the matter to the Foreign Office, and asked Seiji Yoshizawa, who had been a member of his staff in Geneva, to work with me on details.

By early May, when Howard arrived, I was pretty sure that we were going to be successful. So we set out to tour Manchuria.

The Japanese army was just completing its long-heralded pacification of Jehol, which was to be added to the Manchu Empire, and there was still heavy fighting along the Great Wall, where Chinese forces were holding the mountain passes despite repeated Japanese air-bombing operations supporting attacking artillery and infantry units.

To save time we decided to fly to Manchuria.

We left the Haneda airport outside Tokyo early one bright May morning in an old single-motor Fokker 'plane, which flew so close to the ground that my heart was in my mouth throughout most of the journey.

The 'plane rocked around the crest of Mount Fuji, zoomed safely over Nagoya and the temple city of Nara, and finally bumped into the airport at Osaka before noon.

There was just time for a cup of tea before we took off for Fukuoka, on the island of Kyushu. The new pilot flew even lower than the one who had brought us from Tokyo. He insisted on keeping in the valleys, tilting his machine through the passes and skimming over the beautiful Inland Sea at an altitude just high enough to clear the masts of the fishing boats.

I breathed a little easier when we got to Fukuoka, for there, I knew, we would transfer to a tri-motor seaplane for the long, over-water hop to Urusan, Korea. I figured the seaplane would be a lot safer, as it couldn't possibly run into any mountains.

We made the cross-ocean flight in a cold mist, transferred to a new land 'plane of the Japan Air Transport Company,

and then flew high over the Diamond Mountains and the quaint, circular huts of the Korean peasants, to alight safely at the airport in Keijo, or Seoul as it is called in Occidental countries, the capital of Japan's first North Asiatic dependency.

The Foreign Office had sent word of our coming all along the line and a welcome delegation was waiting at the Keijo air terminus.

A representative of the Governor-General told us that a dinner party had been arranged at the Yamato Hotel—there are Yamato Hotels all over Korea and Manchuria, owned by the South Manchuria Railway Company—and that we could get a night train for Mukden and Hsinking.

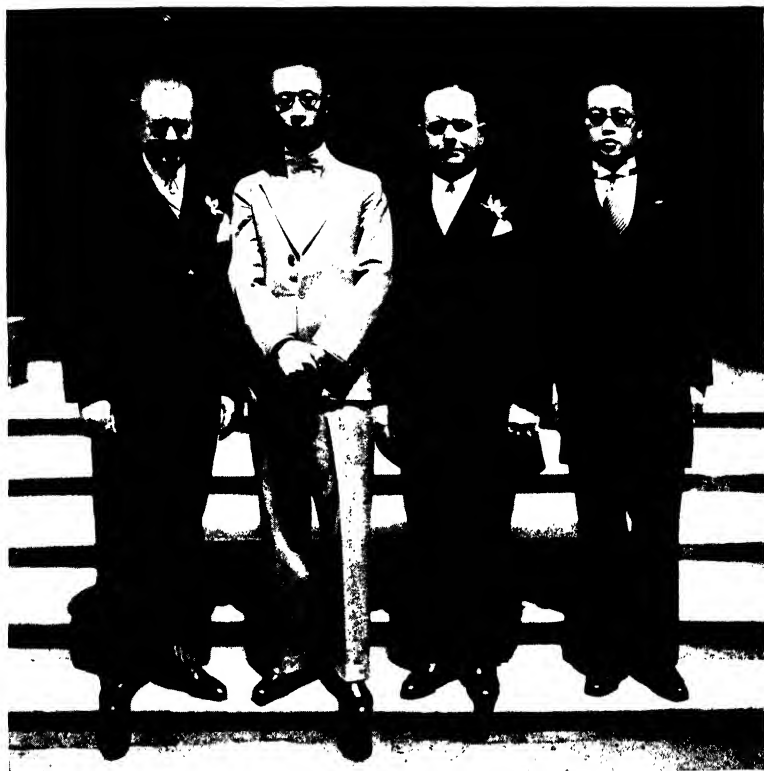
The Keijo airport is some distance outside the city, and separated from it by a narrow river. A new road and a bridge were under construction, it was explained, so we would have to motor into the city along an old cart-track, fording the river.

It had been raining, and the stream was high. Our chauffeur, however, plunged his car into the water. The thing bogged down in mid-stream. The chauffeur pulled off his trousers, stepped gingerly into the cold river, and tried in vain to push us across. He merely pushed the car deeper into the mud.

After we had wasted half an hour, our host—who, fortunately, was unusually tall for a Japanese—slipped off his striped trousers, carried his silk hat and morning coat carefully ashore, and then came back and lugged us to dry land, pick-a-back.

Another car picked us up and carried us into Keijo, where we dined with members of the International Friendly Association.

We got to Hsinking late next day, escorted by a slender little Japanese Major, who was carrying an old Samurai sword nearly as long as himself, and were again taken to the inevitable Yamato Hotel. Our room was one of those monstrosities of which the Japanese are so often guilty when they go in for 'foreign style'. It had a bilious green carpet, two



Kang Teh (Pu-yi), Emperor of Manchukuo, with Roy W. Howard,
the Author, and Court translator

rickety wooden beds, and chairs upholstered in muddy, red plush, which looked like the skin of an ancient and moth-eaten bay horse. The one bright note was a huge pot of mauve orchids.

I was surprised to see these rare flowers on the dusty plains of Manchuria, where an orchid seemed as much out of place as a dust storm would be in the steaming swamps of the Amazon river valley.

Later we found that the orchids had been sent from the glass gardens of Pu Yi, the emperor of the new state.

The government of Manchukuo—it was apparent the real government was the Japanese army—had prepared an elaborate programme for us.

First we were taken to call on the Premier, a venerable old Chinese scholar whose chief interests were calligraphy and the study of the classics of the old Middle Kingdom; then to see the Foreign Minister, who regaled us with stories of the greatness of the Manchus from the days when they had swept down to conquer China and place their chieftains on the ancient dragon throne in Peiping; and then to see the Emperor himself.

None of the Manchurians had anything of importance to say, although the Japanese authorities were careful to let us see them alone with only translators from the Manchukuo Foreign Office in attendance.

Our really important talks were with the Japanese ambassador and commander-in-chief of the Kwantung army, as the Japanese forces in Northern Asia are known; General Muto, and his chief of staff, General Koiso.

It was in Koiso's office that Howard got the idea of crossing through the Chinese-Japanese front lines at Miyuen-hsien to save time in getting to Peiping. Our original itinerary had called for a flight to Changteh, the old capital of Jehol, over the Great Wall battle-lines, thence to the borders of Mongolia and back to Mukden, where we would take the South Manchuria Railway to Dairen, a coastwise steamer to Tientsin, and the railway to Peiping. This trip would have required five or six days. As we studied a military map in

General Koiso's headquarters, with a staff officer explaining the points we would see in the war zone, Howard put a finger on the spot marked Miyuen-hsien, headquarters of the Eighth Army, General Nishi commanding.

'That town looks as if it were right next to Peiping,' he said. 'Why couldn't we leave your military plane there, cross through the lines, and then get into Peiping by automobile?'

General Koiso smiled.

'That's right in the middle of the war,' he said. 'I might be willing to suspend operations for a few hours, to let you through, but unfortunately I doubt if I could pledge the enemy to do so.'

The General explained that the Chinese forces in this area had just been driven from the Great Wall fortifications, and that General Nishi had established his headquarters in a farmhouse in Miyuen-hsien, a walled village and capital of a county, a few days before.

'Right now,' he added, 'we are attacking this range of hills you can see here on the map. Brisk fighting is going on, and our schedule does not call for occupation of all the highlands until the very day you would arrive.'

Back in our hotel Howard insisted that we ought to be able to get through. All the military reports indicated that the resistance of the Chinese had been broken, and that Nanking was about ready to sue for peace.

We went back to see General Koiso next day, and he finally agreed to give us a safe-conduct pass. Howard was enthusiastic.

'I'll save nearly a week,' he said, 'and have plenty of time to see the people I want in China and then get back to Tokyo and have my interview with the Emperor of Japan.'

I saw that I was in for it. We were going to Peiping by way of Miyuen-hsien if we had to walk.

As a preliminary to giving us safe-conduct, General Koiso insisted that we must obtain a similar pass from the Chinese. So I telegraphed Ekins, who was then manager of our office in Peiping, and asked him to arrange the matter. He saw

General Ho Ying-ching, the Chinese Minister of War, who had been sent north by Nanking to try to liquidate the war, and telegraphed that night that he was hopeful.

General Koiso's programme called for our arrival in Miyuen-hsien at 11.30 o'clock the morning of Tuesday, May 30th. Jack Howard, the publisher's son, had met us earlier in the week in Hsinking and had proceeded to Peiping by railway and steamer via Dairen and Tientsin, with details of the plan. He was to accompany Ekins in the motor-car which was to meet us in Miyuen-hsien. The arrangements specified that Jack and Ekins must place American and plain white flags, crossed, on the radiator of their car and a large white flag on its top, so that Japanese aviators would not bomb us.

Ekins telegraphed on Sunday night that he had made all the arrangements. I did not know of his troubles until he met us in Miyuen-hsien. He had got the permit from the Chinese War Minister without much trouble, had managed to obtain an automobile—there were not many in Peiping at the time—but met difficulty when it came to hiring a chauffeur.

No Chinese driver could be found who would risk his neck within sound of the Japanese guns for all the silver in the banks of Shanghai.

Ekins finally drafted his cook, who could drive after a fashion, and told the poor man his job depended on driving the car safely to Miyuen. The cook brought the machine through—complete with a basket of sandwiches and a dozen bottles of iced beer.

Howard and I were to pick up our aeroplane at Chinchow, where the Japanese had established a big air-field. We went there by rail. Trees were cut down along the tracks all the way from Mukden to prevent bandits from using them for cover, and the whole country swarmed with soldiers—sturdy Japanese farm boys in mustard-yellow uniforms.

We left Mukden in the early morning and got to Chinchow—called Kinshu by the Japanese—at dusk. It was raining, and a cold, raw wind blew in from the plains of Mongolia.

The Japanese translator who had been sent with us from the Foreign Office in Hsinking was worried. He was not accustomed to flying, and kept reminding us that bandits had managed to shoot down a number of aeroplanes with their rifles.

'And these bandits torture people before they kill them,' he said. 'They are very bad people.'

The railway station at Chinchow is some distance outside the old walled town, which was an important trading centre in the days before Soviet Russia took Outer Mongolia in the Young Mongolian rebellion of 1925 and diverted all the caravans towards Moscow.

We left the train in driving rain, went to call on the Japanese Consul who lived near the railway station, and borrowed his motor-car to drive to the Kinshu Hotel, where we were to spend the night. The hotel was inside the walled town. We reached it, cold and tired, in a splatter of the dirtiest mud I have ever seen—and mud throughout China is always so dirty that it stinks.

The hotel was an old Chinese house which had been made over inside in Japanese fashion, like everything else in Manchuria, and it would have been pleasant enough had it not been for the wet, penetrating cold.

An officer cheerfully told us as we went to bed that the weather looked bad for flying next day, and that we might be held in Chinchow for some time. He was wrong, however, and next morning we drove to the air-field and saw a dozen big bombers being groomed for flights to the front.

We were assigned to another old one-motor Fokker cabin plane of the newly organized Manchurian Airways. It looked ready to fall to pieces, but Howard was optimistic and certain the machine would get us to Miyuen-hsien. That it did I shall always consider a miracle.

We took off over the bleak Jehol plains, headed for the sea, and finally picked up the Great Wall of Shanhaikwan. It was raining, and we got only glimpses of the Wall now and then through the clouds.

The sun did not appear until we were well inland. From

then on the flight was one of the most interesting in the world.

The Wall itself has always been to me the most interesting of the works of man. It stretches away, huge, grey and forbidding, for hundreds of miles along foothills that separate the rough grazing lands of the Mongols from the fertile North China Plains, and much of it is still a formidable barrier, despite the wear of centuries of time.

We passed Kupeikow, where one of the bitterest battles of the Jehol campaign had been fought only a fortnight before, dropped down over the China Plain, and finally circled over Miyuen-hsien shortly before noon.

The landing field was a bean patch which an old Chinese peasant was weeding patiently as we came down. The 'plane zoomed within fifty feet of him but he did not look up. He was typical of those men who are the backbone of China—the peasants who work on despite wars, famines, and floods, tilling the soil as their ancestors have done since the days of Ghenghis Khan.

We could hear desultory gun-fire from a forest a mile or so away.

'Here's where those "ifs" come in,' I thought, as our pilot refuelled his machine, tried the motor and then took off on the flight back to Chinchow.

We waited in the bean field an hour or so—long enough for me to get one of the major frights of my life.

A small bomber had come in, after emptying its 'eggs', and soldiers were fitting live ones in the racks ready for a new flight. I had never seen bomb racks of the type with which the 'plane was equipped, and went over to examine them. The soldiers had gone away and I thought the 'plane was empty. I crawled under a wing and had just got in position to examine the racks when, suddenly, they began swaying, and I saw the release lever moving.

I tore up a whole section of that bean field with my hands and knees getting away. The pilot, who had been kneeling in his cock-pit, turned and laughed as I scrambled to my feet. I didn't try to examine any more aeroplanes.

A little later we saw a Ford car come out through the gate of the walled town and head towards us. It had been sent by General Nishi to take us to headquarters.

Field artillery units, horses steaming, were coming in from the front as we drove towards the gate, and we had to detour into a field to make way for them. When they had passed we entered the town. All the larger buildings had been knocked down by shell-fire. Most of the houses were destroyed.

Our car stopped at one of the larger houses on the outskirts of the town—evidently the abandoned residence of one of the wealthier villagers—and we were taken through a courtyard to a room where General Nishi sat before a Chinese table on which were spread detail maps of the scene of active operations, towards Peiping.

The General, a slight, scholarly-looking man with a Van Dyck beard, asked us to have tea and wait in an outer room while he received his reports. He assigned a captain, who could speak English, to entertain us. The Captain explained that there had been heavier fighting earlier in the morning, but said the Japanese had shelled the last of the Chinese from the hills between Miyuen-hsien and Peiping, and that he believed our motor-car from Peiping would be able to get through.

‘We expect to meet the Chinese commanders in a truce conference in Tangku, near Tientsin, later this week,’ the Captain said. ‘I think you may say that the war really ended to-day. General Ho Ying-ching has assured us there will be no more resistance, and that our terms will be met.’

Ekins and Jack Howard arrived early in the afternoon, and we set out for Peiping. The Japanese front line was along an irrigation ditch, fronting a scrubby forest, and the barbed wire had been cut. Our Captain waved good-bye. We were off into Chinese territory, with a forty-mile journey ahead, through lines of retreating Chinese soldiery.

I would not have worried so much had the troops been those of the regular army from Nanking, for these soldiers had been well trained by Chiang Kai-shek and his German advisers. The soldiery we faced, however, was riff-raff which

had been driven from Manchuria by the Japanese and hastily re-formed in an effort to hold the Great Wall.

It was a truism that most of the irregular North China armies at that time were dangerous enough when they were on the advance and winning, and that in retreat they were likely to be worse than 'wild dogs'. 'Locusts', the Chinese called them, because they often literally stripped the land as they fell back. Loot was about all that the soldiery could hope for in the way of pay, and kidnapping for ransom was a recognized part of their technique.

The road was bad, and we had to drive slowly. Ekins and Jack Howard had had a very hard time getting through. They had filled the deep trenches the Chinese had cut across the roads in some places, and bridged them with planks in others.

After we had passed the hills the Japanese had taken that morning, we could see the retreating Chinese ahead. They were not following the roads, fortunately, but were cutting through the fields to some concentration point outside Peiping.

Patrols commanded by boyish officers on shaggy little Mongol ponies were keeping the roads clear. They stopped us now and then to demand our safe-conduct pass.

General Ho's word, Ekin's knowledge of Chinese, and the American flag worked wonders. We motored into Peiping as pleasantly as if on a Sunday outing. But I breathed a long sigh of relief when we were safely through the huge gates in the mighty walls of Peiping.

Ekins put us up at his house—he had a big place in the Legion quarter which he used as a combination office and residence—and we spent the next few days interviewing Chinese notables.

Ho Ying-ching had his headquarters in one of the old houses in the Imperial City. He made no effort to disguise the fact that the Chinese knew they were defeated, were prepared to sacrifice Jehol, and to submit to Japan's demand for a 'demilitarized zone' along the railway that leads from Peiping to Tientsin and thence along the Gulf of Pechili to

Shanhaikwan and into Manchukuo and Mukden. Details were to be arranged a few days later in a conference at Tangku.

I went down to Tangku to attend the conference while Howard left by aeroplane for Shanghai and Nanking.

Tankgu is a little port city down the river from Tientsin. It was hot, dirty, and smelly, and would have been unbearable had it not been for the Tangku Club. The club is one of those things the British organize wherever they go and always run admirably. It had no more than a dozen or so resident members, foreign pilots who take big steamers up the river from the sea, representatives of the oil companies, and some officials of the salt-tax administration. It was my haven during the two or three days I attended the conference.

A brief *communiqué* was given out when the conference was over, announcing that the Chinese had accepted the Japanese terms, that the 'demilitarized zone' was to be established, and that certain details were to be worked out later.

It was apparently failure to agree on these details which caused the Japanese during 1936 to permit formation of an independent state, loosely attached to Manchukuo, in the area.

Although the Japanese denied it, I was certain at the time that all North China would eventually have to pass under Nipponese domination. Economic ties between Manchukuo and the North China cities were so close, the North China market so essential to Japan, and the larger question of Japan's preparations for a possible war with Russia so involved, that I knew the Japanese army would want to include this whole region in its sphere of control.

One of the Japanese officers talked freely of the long-time plan.

'Russia must retreat peacefully from the Orient,' he said, 'or we will have to fight her. We will never permit Communism to enter this country again as it did in the days of the Chinese revolution.'

'It is unfortunate that China cannot keep her own house in order, and that her people will not be friendly with us.'

These Chinese in the North need to co-operate with Japan, and eventually they will come to see that. They really like us better than most foreigners, for history will show that we have never mistreated them as the Russians have.

‘ So we must have freedom of action here in the North. We must restore the old normal trade channels, and permit the hides, wool, and other products, to come into Manchukuo and down to Peiping and Tientsin as they used to.

‘ Look at this map ’—he brought out a large-scale military map of the Great Wall region—‘ and you will see what I mean.

‘ Here is Inner Mongolia, running right along the edge of North China. The Chinese say it belongs to them, but they cannot control it—they cannot keep the Russians out.

‘ And here, to the North, is Outer Mongolia. The Chinese claim that country too, and we all know that the Outer Mongols used to pay tribute to Peiping. But the Russians really own Outer Mongolia now. They stole it by organizing the Young Mongol revolution a decade ago. They have organized a Mongol Soviet now, and they call Outer Mongolia a “ Soviet Republic ”.

‘ The Young Mongols are being sent to Moscow to be educated in the Communist school for propagandists. The Russians are building railways. They have diverted all the trade towards Moscow. They are seizing territory just as effectively as they used to do in the days of the Tsars.

‘ When they are strong enough in Outer Mongolia their agents will go into Inner Mongolia. There will be a Soviet there if we do not prevent it. They would have got Manchuria too, if we had not driven them out.

‘ And they are still plotting in China. Do not think that Chiang Kai-shek has broken their influence. He may have driven out their bad men—Borodin and Galen—but he has not broken their power. And he cannot. He must have help. And Japan will not permit European powers again to come into China as they did in the old days. We are the leaders in the Orient now.

‘ We will consolidate our power here in the North; we will

see to it that Inner Mongolia, at least, is saved, and, when the time comes we will be prepared to drive Russia clear out of Asia.'

I knew something of the war plans that had been discussed in Tokyo, but this talk gave me a new clue. The plan this officer obviously favoured was a great Japanese line which would stretch along the Great Wall from the territory already held in Manchukuo. It would constitute two-thirds of a noose which could be drawn about the neck of the Russian Bear, who for centuries had stretched his head towards a warm-water port in the Pacific.

After the conference I hurried back to Tientsin, where I had some work to do in connection with plans for United Press commercial news service, and then took the little *Nanrei-maru* for Kobe, where I could catch a 'plane for Tokyo from the Osaka airport.

In Tokyo I found that Yoshizawa had arranged the matter of Howard's audience with the Emperor, and that our plan for an interview, nominally to come from the Foreign Minister on the occasion of the audience and actually to be approved by the Throne, had been successful.

Howard arrived a few days later, and the last details were completed. The publisher was to be taken to the Imperial Palace by Joseph C. Grew, the United States ambassador, and presented to his Majesty.

Everything went smoothly except for the fact that Howard had not brought a silk hat and a morning coat with him. He had to go to the Palace wearing mine, and the hat was too small and the coat too large.

Relations between the United States and Japan had been so strained, because of the leadership taken by President Herbert Hoover in international pressure on Japan due to her Manchurian adventure, that the interview created great interest in the United States. I cabled it that night, after a hurried hour during which I went to Uchida's house to get him to approve and initial the final draft of the story, which Howard had agreed could be transmitted by the United Press since we served all the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

The final draft read:

Japanese-American friendship, understanding and co-operation are of the utmost importance to the peace, not only of the Far East, but of the world, in the opinion of his Majesty, the Emperor Hirohito. This fact was impressed upon me in an unforgettable manner to-day when I was granted the first audience ever extended to an American newspaperman by any Japanese ruler.

'There exists to-day no question that can disturb the good relations existing between Japan and the United States,' in the opinion of Foreign Minister Count Uchida, to whom I was referred for an outline of the Government's attitude toward the present world situation.

'On the contrary,' according to the Foreign Minister, 'Japan and the United States are to-day bound more firmly than ever before by powerful commercial and economic ties. These should be greatly strengthened in the immediate future as American trade, already on the upgrade, continues to expand, and this expansion demonstrates that the creation of the Far East's newest Republic, Manchukuo, will in no way menace the Open Door of the Far East.'

My introduction to the Emperor was made by the American Ambassador, Joseph C. Grew, with whom I motored to the Imperial Palace this morning. The conversational exchange which ensued between the Emperor and myself cannot be termed an interview, as the rules of the Court prohibit direct quotation of the Emperor, except in his Imperial Proclamations. This rule, which has existed since the days of the Emperor Meiji, has never been waived. Furthermore, matters of foreign policy are not primarily the interest of his Majesty, but of Count Uchida, head of the Foreign Office, to whom I was referred for an expression of Japan's present-day world policy.

However, it is permissible to state that the Emperor did evidence a clear understanding of, and a keen interest in, the subject of Japanese-American friendship and goodwill, present and future. He declared that the subject is one on which his interest is constantly focused because of his belief that maintenance of understanding and goodwill between Japan and the United States is bound to have a powerful and benign effect on the peace of the world.

The cordial earnestness of his manner, and the simplicity and directness of his statements, carried an inescapable ring of sincerity, and conveyed very definitely the suggestion that the wave of friendlier feeling toward the United States, which has been evident throughout Japan during the past month, is also reflected in the Imperial Palace.

The meeting took place in the Phoenix Hall, the formal audience chamber of the palace, a relatively small, but gorgeously lacquered room, hung with marvellous tapestries, but devoid of furniture except for the Emperor's chair of red lacquer, set between two ancient cloisonné vases of huge proportions.

The Emperor was dressed in the simple khaki uniform of a Generalissimo of Japan, his service cap tucked under his left arm, and his left hand resting on his sword hilt.

At the introduction he extended his hand, Western fashion, in a firm handshake that had all the vigour and warmth of one accustomed to professional greetings. A pleasant smile occasionally punctuated his remarks—a smile which did much to take the chill from the otherwise icy formality of the ritualistic presentation.

Throughout the conversation a similar cordiality and an occasional approving smile interlarded the words of the official interpreter, but the bowed faces of the two Court chamberlains lined up behind his Majesty, remained completely expressionless. Outside the chamber entrance other sombre clad Court functionaries and gorgeously uniformed servants maintained equally blank faces, as though no word of the conversation penetrated their understanding. Throughout the exchanges it was quite obvious that, while he spoke only in his own tongue, his Majesty was conversant with English.

In reply to one of his statements, relative to his deep interest in the development of close understanding and mutual faith between our countries, I remarked that I had come to the Far East in the hope of being better able, as a journalist, to contribute to this objective. He nodded a smiling approval, and began his next remark, relative to my visit to Manchukuo, without awaiting the interpreter's translation.

At the conclusion of the audience, his Majesty, injecting for a moment a purely personal note in his remarks, again shook hands smilingly, and then, lapsing into the austere formality prescribed for all Imperial audiences, stood rigid while first I, and then Ambassador Grew, backed from the audience chamber, making the formal bows demanded by Court etiquette.

At the conclusion of the audience I was given a copy of the latest Imperial Rescript, in which his Imperial Majesty said:

'The advancement of international peace is what, as evermore, We desire, and Our attitude toward enterprises of peace shall sustain no change. By quitting the League and embarking on a course of its own, Our Empire does not mean that it will stand aloof in the Extreme Orient nor that it will isolate itself thereby from the fraternity of nations. It is Our desire to promote mutual

confidence between Our Empire and all the other Powers and to make known the justice of its cause throughout the world.'

Departing from the Palace, I called, by appointment, upon the veteran Count Uchida, the present head of the Japanese Foreign Office.

Recounting the Emperor's expression of interest in Japanese-American relations, I inquired as to the Government's opinion of what the present and future appears to offer along this line.

'Japan and the United States owe it to the world and to posterity to keep the Pacific true to its name,' the Minister replied. 'We are convinced of the absolutely vital need of Japanese-American amity and goodwill for the promotion of Far Eastern peace.

'There exists no question between the two countries that can disturb their good relations. Moreover, in the matter of trade, the two countries are bound up by ties of mutual interest that cannot possibly be severed without disaster to both nations.

'Japan is your best customer in the whole Orient, whilst the United States is our best customer anywhere. I venture the belief that this economic bond, which will become stronger as its importance is better understood, will be intensified as American trade with Manchukuo expands, as it is bound to do in the near future. Japan and America are destined to grow and prosper by mutual support and co-operation. An understanding and an accord laid upon so practical and so understandable a foundation, yielding obvious benefits to both our people will not be easy to wreck or overturn.

'Japan considers herself to be the Power particularly and directly concerned with the peace of the Far East. And as regards the policies she must accordingly pursue, there can surely be no objection on the part of other Powers. I have faith in the ultimate willingness of America to co-operate in these policies, of which the primary objective is peace.'

Inquiry as to Japan's world policy in view of her withdrawal from the League, elicited the following:

'The fundamental principle of Japan's national policy, which has governed all her diplomatic dealings, including recognition of Manchukuo, is to preserve the peace of the Far East. Japan recognized Manchukuo in order to eradicate the root of trouble in the Far East. Her most sincere wish is to see the Manchukuo government in a position where it will be able to maintain peace and order, and develop its industrial and commercial resources in a manner to not only benefit its own inhabitants, but those of other nations as well.

'Japan has and will continue to observe scrupulously the prin-

ciples of the Open Door and Equal Opportunity in Manchukuo, as well as in China. The United States, which attaches great importance to the Open-door policy, need have no fears on this score. The fact is that the trade of the United States with Manchukuo is actually growing under the new order. Moreover, there cannot be serious competition between your trade and ours in Manchukuo. Our trade interests are widely divergent. Manchukuo welcomes foreign capital for sound industrial and commercial enterprises. Although Japan has withdrawn from the League because of divergent views on the Manchurian question, she will continue to align herself with every international enterprise for peace. We have no intention of adopting a policy of isolation. On the contrary, we shall be all the more keen to cultivate cordial relations with other nations.

'Japan, as a close neighbour, is deeply concerned with and deeply regrets the political chaos in China. I would like to repeat that we are interested in the rehabilitation and stabilization of China, and that we have no designs on that region, to say nothing of the Philippines, or any other part of the world.'

CHAPTER XXV

IN IMPERISHABLE BRONZE

MY last days in Japan were a mad jumble of luncheons, cocktail parties, geisha parties, formal dinners, speeches, photographs, 'just-one-more-nightcap', telephone calls, cables, radios, 'you-must-look-up-my-cousin-in-St. Louis,' 'don't-forget-to-leave-P.P.C.-cards-at-the-clubs,' people coming, going, handshaking, embraces, jabbering in a dozen languages. John Morris, who had been our manager in Mexico, had come out to succeed me, but had decided to make his headquarters in Shanghai, and he had to be acquainted with all the intricate routine of the operations of a news agency over the half-dozen countries of the Orient. Ray Marshall, who had been manager in Shanghai, had arrived to take over the Tokyo office, and had to be taken on the usual round of formal introductory calls and acquainted with the detail of the office.

But I was glad to be busy, for, when I thought of leaving behind me the strange countries which so long had been home and the strange peoples who so long had been my friends, I had that same empty, sinking feeling in my stomach that I used to have as a child when I was pushed too high in my swing and came hurtling earthwards from the lower branches of our big oak-tree. I wondered what I would do without Kelly, who had foreseen my every want for so many years that he had virtually become my second self; how we could run a house without old Chiyo-san, our cook, who had taken charge of our affairs the day after we were married and had conducted them so efficiently through the years that we had never to pay any attention to details of existence. I wondered how much the United States had

changed, how it would seem to be, again, a very small duck in a very big puddle.

Well, I thought, I'm going to find out. We booked our passage on the *Chichibu-maru* of the N.Y.K. line for San Pedro, hired packers to dismantle our house, and moved into the Imperial Hotel for the final fortnight of our stay in Tokyo. In the hotel I felt happier. The first wrench of leave-taking was over. I was really going home. That night I wrote in my diary:

I came to the Orient nearly nine years ago with a typewriter and a suitcase. I am going home with a wife, two children, a mother-in-law, a nurse, sixty-nine pieces of small baggage and fifty crates of furniture. Who said rolling stones gather no moss?

The Japanese were perfect, almost overwhelming in their kindness. Koki Hirota, who had become Foreign Minister in the Saito Cabinet after his term as ambassador in Moscow, gave me a big farewell dinner and presented me with a silver cigarette-case; Eiji Amau, the Foreign Office spokesman, gave a geisha party, at which everybody made pretty speeches and told me what a good newspaperman I had been; Shigemitsu, who had become vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs after getting a leg blown off in a bomb explosion that followed the Shanghai war, gave me a luncheon, and talked to me for an hour about our pet dreams of world brotherhood; Araki gave me a dinner and a geisha party at the Maple Club; the Japanese newspapermen gave luncheons and dinners, and I felt very important.

Araki's dinner was, in some ways, the most amusing. Dozens of army officers who were my friends were there, and they were determined that I should wind up the night in good military fashion—a *sake* cup in one hand and a whisky-soda glass in the other. The General, fortunately, left early after presenting me with a huge Samurai sword in a ceremonial wooden box, on which he had put his autograph, and, when the geisha dances were over, the veterans of Manchuria insisted that the real drinking should begin. I made the rounds, as demanded by good manners, squatting



Dinner party at Tokyo, with the bust presented to the Author

Left to right: Miles W. Vaughn; Hoshio Mitsunaga, President of the Japan Telegraph News Agency; Ray G. Marshall, United Press correspondent in Japan

in front of each man and exchanging *sake* cups and whisky glasses while we drank each other's health. Then we all did the dances of the Russian Bear and the Toky Ondo, and, with Marshall, I started for home. We congratulated ourselves that we were able to walk, and were carrying our cargoes as gentlemen should. But half-way to the hotel I remembered my gift sword.

'We've forgotten it,' I said. 'Let's go back.' So we ordered the chauffeur to return to the club and called a door-man to ask for my package. 'Why, it's in your car,' he said. 'I carried it out and put it there myself. Let me look.' The man peered in the car, and, snapping on the lights, pointed to a huge package up-ended between us. Marshall had his arm round it on one side and I on the other. We drove back to the hotel in silence.

Next night President Hoshio Mitsunaga of the Nippon Dempo agency, who had been one of my closest associates during all the time I was in the Orient, had a big farewell dinner party for the Nippon Dempo-United Press staffs in a Japanese-style restaurant. He had asked me to pose in a strange revolving chair for a series of pictures some days before, and had explained that he was trying out some new apparatus and hoped to present me with the photographs at the party. When dinner was over he rose to make the presentation speech. There was a black curtain over an alcove at the end of the big room, and as Mitsunaga finished talking two *Maiko* pulled strings and unveiled, of all things, a bronze bust of myself—life-size. I looked at the thing, on which a spot-light had been thrown, in open-mouthed amazement. It was perfect—right down to the mole on my right cheek.

Sekizo Uyeda, one of the directors of Nippon Dempo, told me how it had been made. The photographs for which I had posed in the revolving chair had been enlarged to life-size, and by some complicated process originated by scientists working with the Nippon-Dempo photographic department, had been used to construct a model from which the bust was cast. The invention later came into wide use. A mathe-

matically accurate reproduction of any object, no matter what its shape, could be made from the photographs.

I was as pleased with the bust as a child with his first Christmas toy, and was delighted when the Customs men in San Pedro, where we landed in the United States, insisted that it be opened so they could look at it. An inspector ordered it to be passed duty-free. 'I'll classify it as an antique,' he said.

Our ship was to sail on the afternoon of December 6th, which would get us to California in time to spend Christmas with my mother. The family went down to Yokohama by motor-car while I went for a last time to the office to make my formal farewells and then to the boat-train platform of the Tokyo Central Railway Station, in accord with Japanese custom, to say farewell to friends so that they would be spared the trouble of going to the port. Many of them intended to go to the ship, of course, but custom demanded that I hold a sort of informal reception in the station, pose with my friends for news pictures, and go through the pleasant ceremony of waving my hat while the boys from the office gave their final *banzais*.

We sailed in late afternoon buried in flowers and tears. 'Be sure to look for Mount Fuji as you go out of the harbour,' said Sato-san, who had come from Karuizawa with his family, as he clambered down the gangway. 'If you see the mountain it means that you are coming back to Japan.'

'We'll watch,' we called, 'and we'll be sure to see O Yama—the mountain—because the weather is clear.' Bo-chan, our little boy, who was two, was the first to see the sacred peak. 'Bye-bye,' he said mournfully, pointing a chubby finger at the sunset, and there was Fuji-san, an amazing, golden, symmetrical cone, floating in a sea of blue on an island of purple clouds.

Everybody who lives long in Japan grows to love Mount Fuji. On clear days it is visible from parts of Tokyo and Yokohama, and 'Fuji viewing', if one cares anything for Nature, become part of a daily cult of living. I had seen the

mountain a thousand times from a thousand angles, in all kinds of weather, and in all kinds of light, but I had never seen it so magnificent as that late afternoon—a serene and perfect symphony in colours mellowed by the ever-present haze.

An Englishwoman, obviously a tourist, came to the rail as we watched, and Inez spoke to her impulsively. ‘Do look at Fuji, it’s one of the finest views I’ve ever seen.’

The woman peered. ‘Oh that!’ she said. ‘Queer-looking thing, isn’t it? Could you tell me where I might find a bit of greenery for the canaries? There are some in a cage in the saloon yonder, and I know they need a leaf of lettuce.’

Inez wanted to throw her overboard. ‘Stupid dolt! She’d walk by the Taj Mahal keeping her eyes on the ground in search of a dog biscuit.’ A good view of Mount Fuji had become to us a most serious business, which, I thought, might be another reason that we were fortunate in sailing for home.

We got to Honolulu a week later after braving a typhoon (which was an act of God), and the most terrible stench I had encountered since China (which was an act of Bo-chan). He had searched carefully through a box of new sand in the children’s playroom, found several dozen tiny clams, and had stuffed them impartially through the pockets of my clothing. The wardrobe in my stateroom had been giving off odours for days that would have sickened a Chinese garbage-collector before we found the decaying shellfish. I had to throw some of the clothing out of the porthole and change cabins. Bo-chan insisted the baby must have done it. She was two months old, and had come aboard in a big wicker-basket which had been her home much of the time since her birth in St Luke’s Hospital the day after I got back from the last of my trips to the China wars.

I stumbled into a story as we reached Honolulu. A flock of Customs inspectors came on board soon after we had passed the Diamond Head, and I sensed that something was wrong. The Captain admitted there was. Some Japanese patriot had shipped to a fellow-countryman (a newsdealer in Hawaii) thousands of copies of an inflammatory book,

The Coming War between the United States and Japan. The Customs people took the books, burned them, and ended a perfectly good war before anybody had a chance to find out about it.

The first thing I noticed when I went ashore in Honolulu was the difficulty in becoming accustomed to right-hand traffic. In Japan, and most of the rest of the Orient, all traffic keeps to the left, and I nearly jumped from a taxicab when the driver started from the wharf for the Royal Hawaiian Hotel on the right side of the street. It was months after I had got back to the United States before I could re-acustom myself to keeping to the right, and I was continually stumbling into people and trying to force myself out the wrong side of revolving doors.

The next strangest thing was to see white servants—chauffeurs, waiters, and attendants in hotels. It was a long time before I could bring myself to call them as one would call a 'boy' in the Far East. I had become so accustomed to lands where white men insisted on being treated as superiors that every time I offered a taxicab driver a tip, I felt I was in danger of having it thrown back in my face.

Prohibition ended while we were on the *Chichibu-maru*, and I decided to buy bottles of Scotch whisky on the ship to give to friends in San Francisco. None of them wanted it, however, because 'we all got used to drinking gin during prohibition.' Later I was to find the drinking habits of my countrymen a source of constant amazement. In all the countries where I had lived the British had set the drinking habits—gin-and-bitters at mid-day, a whisky-and-soda or a cocktail before dinner, and the proper wines with the courses of the meal, and brandy afterwards. In Hollywood and right across the United States I was offered the most amazing combinations—Martini cocktails with soup, and as like as not, a Manhattan for a night-cap. I had missed part of the prohibition-speakeasy era, and from the drinking habits of many of the people I met I judged that I was lucky.

It was difficult, too, to become accustomed to again spending American money. I had kept all my accounts for years in

Japanese yen, and had become used to thinking of dollars only in terms of yen. Thus, when I left Japan, a dollar meant to me, four yen fifty sen, and I was accustomed to spending on an Asiatic price level.

It is, of course, a complete mistake for purposes of comparison to translate the currency of one country into that of another, for money means nothing except in terms of purchasing power; and I have often wanted to protest when I heard speakers berating the sweatshop wage-scales of Japan where an able worker may earn 'no more than forty or fifty cents a day'. The statement is true, of course, if Japanese currency is translated into dollars, but the inference always left with an audience that the Japanese worker can get no more with his money than an American worker could if paid the same wage, is totally untrue. At the time I left Japan one yen would purchase about as much as one dollar in the United States, and more, indeed, if one estimated purchasing-power in terms of ordinary foodstuffs. The truth about wages in Japan was that they were about on a par with the United States—just enough to keep the worker alive in a reasonable degree of comfort.

We got into San Francisco on December 21st and had a day there before the ship went on to San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, the end of her voyage.

Inez's brother Harland, and his wife Betty, had flown down from Salt Lake City in their aeroplane to meet us. It was a trivial thing, of course, but I was greatly impressed. In the America I had known people didn't have private aeroplanes, and the thought of making the long journey to San Francisco in a few hours' flying after breakfast and returning in time for dinner seemed to me simply incredible.

All the other first class passengers got off in San Francisco, but we decided to stay on board because of the children and our immense amount of baggage, and we had the entire vessel to ourselves on the run down the California coast. Inez and I came in to dinner alone in the huge dining-saloon, to be regaled with the usual concert of the full orchestra and enough captains and stewards to take care of three hundred

people. We felt like lonely millionaires on some enormous yacht, but the children were delighted when the Captain had a huge Christmas-tree lighted and gave a marvellous party for them. All of us were homesick when we left the *Chichibu-maru*, for she was the last of our ties to the Orient.

I spent a month in Southern California, visiting my mother, brothers and sisters, and old friends in Los Angeles and Hollywood. It was an alien country, and I thought in some ways the most interesting of any of the dozens I had visited. One was struck with the tremendous amount of wealth. California alone showed more wealth on the surface, more motor-cars, fine highways, buildings, homes, farms and ranches than all the Japanese Empire. It was fantastic. Here, I thought, I see a nation stricken with the worst economic depression in its history, yet the ordinary man in the street spends more in a week than a Chinese in moderate circumstances would in a year. It costs more to outfit the kitchen of his home than it would to furnish an entire home for a large Japanese family. But I wondered if the American got any more real satisfaction out of living. I wondered if the old men I saw in the parks of Los Angeles could look back on their lives with any more happiness or satisfaction than the old peasants I had seen in Japan sitting lazily in the shade of their thatched cottages. I wondered if Americans could not learn much from Asia; learn that there may be more to the fullness of life than radio-sets which will intercept stations on the other side of the world and eight-cylinder cars which will do eighty miles an hour.

I missed the America I had known before the War. The forthright cussing of the mule-skinners, which had been part of the first education of every boy in the Middle West, seemed to have given way to an underworld jargon in which the worst epithet one could apply to what we would have called a 'black-hearted son of a she-dog' was to call him a 'punk', and let it go at that. The old habit of drinking I had learned in Kansas City had disappeared. Gone were the days when he-men took brimming ponies of neat whisky, gripped their noses with thumb and forefinger and downed

the fiery liquor at a gulp, to chase it with beer or water. The new drinking was a nondescript swilling of gin mixed with sugar, water, and odd fruit-juices. And, above all, the old capacity of people to grow bitterly indignant about anything, anywhere, any time, seemed to have given way to a meek acceptance of the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune'.

I was impressed, too, with what seemed after the Orient a great deal of senseless, breathless hurrying. My brothers drove from my mother's home in Burbank into Los Angeles at seventy-five miles an hour, despite the fact it was dangerous and against the law. They hurried merely from habit, not because there was any lack of time.

During the first week in California I felt myself a complete stranger. The United States was interesting, but I was not at all sure that it was either pleasant or comfortable. I enjoyed my relatives and the quiet comfort of my mother's home, but I could not get used to the streets of Los Angeles. Inez and the children, too, disliked the streets. The only one of us thoroughly at home was Kimura-san, our nurse, who had been in the United States before, at school. She enjoyed everything—crowds, noises, speed, strange faces, and even the fantastic prices. The children, who were accustomed to the dark hair and skins and the Japanese, refused to have anything to do with the army of blonds which surrounded them. Bo-chan had been speaking English quite well when we left Japan, but he refused to have anything to do with the language when he got into the United States. 'They stink,' he said casually to Kimura-san, in Japanese, waving his hands at a crowd in one of the Los Angeles parks. For a year he insisted that the *seiyojin* (foreigners), as he called Americans, all 'smelled bad'. The medley of smells to which we had become accustomed in the Orient—and every Oriental city has its own blended aroma—were perfectly proper to the children's way of thinking, but American smells were unbearable. Kimura-san said they particularly objected to the slight odour of woollen clothing.

I remained in California a month, and at the end of that

time felt thoroughly re-Americanized. Sam Sharman, Inez's father, came down from Salt Lake City for a holiday. We played golf every morning, and in the afternoon I sat in the stands at the Santa Monica Gun Club and watched him break clay pigeons.

It began to feel good to be at home, and by late January I was anxious to get to New York and back to work. I motored to Salt Lake City with Sharman, leaving Inez and the children to spend the remainder of the winter in California, and then took the Union Pacific east. I went by way of Denver, so that I could see the Kansas plains again and stop in Kansas City to visit the boys on the *Star*. The *Star* city room was the final thing needed to make me feel completely at home again. The same old crowd was there with few exceptions, and the editions were going to press with the same quiet efficiency that always had marked the newspaper. I could have picked up a pen and started reading copy at the very desk where I had left off nearly twenty years before.

A few days later—nine years and fifteen minutes from the hour I had left for the Orient—I was back in New York. Our offices had been moved from the old *World* building in Park Row to the new *Daily News* building in Forty-second Street. They looked imposing as I got out of an elevator. There was a reception-room in the hall with a girl behind a desk who asked me what I wanted. An hour later I had found an old eye-shade and a stylus, appropriated a chair at the big central copy-desk, and was reading a running story from Washington for a relay circuit. A hundred automatic telegraph machines were chattering, telephones were ringing, re-write men were calling for copy boys, an assignment editor was dragging out his big, black future book, a cable editor was cursing over a garbled message from London—

This was home.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE PERSONAGES
MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

with Index of principal references

AMAU, EIJI. Slender, be-spectacled spokesman of the Imperial Foreign Office, Tokyo. Contact man with the foreign and Japanese press in the period immediately following Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations. A career diplomat who served under Koki Hirota; later Premier, while Hirota was Ambassador to U.S.S.R. 374

ARAKI, GENERAL SADAŌ. Slight, intense, be-moustached Japanese nationalist. Minister of War during much of the period when the Japanese army was creating the independent Manchurian state in defiance of the parliamentary government in Tokyo. Student of the Chinese classics, and an advocate of a return to ancient Japanese culture. One of the leading enemies of 'corrupt parliamentarism' in Japanese life. An able writer and student of Oriental philosophy. Considered one of the Japanese army's foremost strategists, and certain of a huge command if Japan should become involved in war.

285, 331, 346, 348, 350, 374

CHANG CHUNG-CHANG. Huge Shantung Coolie, who rose to be a principal lieutenant of the Manchurian war-lord, Chang Tso-lin. A former military ruler of Shantung who boasted that he had killed hundreds of men 'with my bare hands'. Assassinated in Shantung after he had murdered a Manchu Prince, Hsien Kai-su.

111, 125, 129, 217

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG. Timid, unfortunate son of Chang Tso-lin, who inherited the dictatorship of Manchuria after his father had been killed by a bomb explosion in 1928. Expelled by the Japanese army from Manchuria in 1931-32.

115, 141, 219, 223, 236, 245, 252, 262, 265, 270, 278, 298, 318, 346, 352

CHANG TSO-LIN. Swineherd who rose to be a guerrilla leader on the side of Nippon in the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. Military governor of Manchuria, and later dictator of Manchuria and North China. One of the greatest of the Chinese war-lords, and an enemy of the Kuomintang Revolution. Died in 1928 as a result of injuries received when a military train, in which he was retreating from Peking, was bombed outside Mukden, then capital of Manchuria.

104, 110, 112, 115, 121, 128, 133, 139-151, 153, 156, 162, 216, 218, 249

CHEN, EUGENE. Perennial Foreign Minister of many Chinese governments. Lawyer, publicist, and journalist. Born in Trinidad and educated in England, where he was admitted to the Bar. For a long time a stormy petrel of Chinese revolutionary politics.

239, 261, 307

CHIANG KAI-SHEK. Trim, able military head of the Chinese National Government in Nanking. Former secretary and disciple of the great revolutionary, Sun Yat-sen. Commander of the military expedition from Canton which won the Kuomintang Revolution, broke the power of the war-lords, and laid the foundation for the modern Chinese state. 81, 105, 106-120, 136, 144, 159, 219, 227, 239, 253, 261, 278, 306, 317, 364, 367

CHU YU-PU. Squat, blood-thirsty lieutenant of Chang Chung-chang in Shantung Province, China. Buried alive by peasants who captured him after Chang Chung-chang had been defeated by Chiang Kai-shek. 134

DAN, BARON TAKUMA. Great Japanese financier, banker, and industrialist, who was assassinated by Nationalists because of his opposition to military control of the Tokyo government. 333

FENG YU-HSIANG. Huge, bulky, Chinese 'Christian General'. One of the leading northern war-lords. For a time Minister of War in Nanking. Under the influence of American missionaries early in his career, but later a follower of Soviet Russian teachers. 112, 121, 135, 141, 153, 156, 239

HAMAGUCHI, YUKO. Sturdy, white-haired Japanese parliamentarian. Assassinated by Nationalists while Prime Minister because of his opposition to the theory of 'military control' of the Government and the person of the Emperor. 232, 235

HAN FU-CHU. Lieutenant of Feng Yu-hsiang, and after Feng's eclipse, a leading Chinese military figure in his own right. Governor of Shantung Province under the National Government in Nanking. 138

HANIHARA, MASANAO. Short, roly-poly Japanese diplomat. Ambassador in Washington at the time of adoption of the law barring Japanese emigrants from the United States, an incident which wrecked his career and led to his tragic death in Tokyo. 226

HATA; GENERAL EITARO. Stocky, bull-necked Japanese Vice-Minister of War during the fighting between the Japanese expeditionary forces and Chang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist armies in North China. 112

HIROHITO, NO-MIYA. Slight, be-spectacled Emperor of Japan. Enthroned in 1928. 181, 184, 187-195, 236, 273, 286, 331, 369

HONJO, GENERAL SHIGERU. Commander of the Japanese armies in Manchuria at the start of the 'Manchurian Incident' which led to the creation of the new state of Manchukuo. 248, 293

HO YING-CHING. Slight, scholarly Minister of War in the Chinese National Government in Nanking and trusted friend of Chiang Kai-shek. 239, 361, 364

HSIEN, PRINCE KAI-SU. Gay Manchu student nobleman who was

murdered by Chang Chung-chang because of his attentions to one of Chang's concubines. 134

INOUE, NISSHO. 'The mad priest'. A leader in the Tokyo military rebellion of May 1932, in which Premier Tsuyoshi Inukai was assassinated. 333, 337

INOUE, JUNNOSUKE. Japanese financier and statesman assassinated by Nationalists because of his opposition to the theory of 'military control' of the Tokyo government and the person of Emperor Hirohito. 333

INUKAI, TSUYOSHI. Venerable, bearded Japanese parliamentarian. Assassinated by military cadets in the May (1932) rebellion in Tokyo. 192, 285, 296, 329, 332, 335, 341, 345

ITO, PRINCE HIROBUMI. Great Japanese statesman of the Meiji era, who led the Empire safely through the Russo-Japanese War. 340

KANG TEH. The former 'Boy Emperor' Henry Pu-yi of China, now ruler of Manchukuo. 139, 254, 277, 327, 348, 354, 359

KOISO, GENERAL KUNIAKI. Big, bulky Japanese military commander. At one time Chief of Staff in Manchuria. 355, 359, 361

KOMURA, MARQUIS KINICHI. Former section chief and spokesman for the Tokyo Foreign Office. Responsible for the organization of an information service for the foreign Press. 183

KUO SUNG-LING. Manchurian rebel who nearly ousted Chang Tso-lin, but was defeated and beheaded in 1925. 140, 159

MA CHAN-SHAN. Be-moustached turn-coat Manchurian general. Military governor of Heilungkiang Province in the early stages of the Manchurian war, who sold out to the Japanese and then rebelled again to lead his troops against the Nipponese in the battle of the Nonni river. Finally chased from Manchuria to retire into China proper. 270

MATSUOKA, YOSUKE. American-educated Japanese diplomat. Chief representative of Japan at Geneva during the latter stages of the Manchurian crisis. Later president of the South Manchuria Railway Company. 273, 284, 356

MITSunaga, HOSHIO. Able Japanese journalist, and for a long period president of Nippon Dempo Tsushinsha (the Japanese Telegraph News Agency). 375

NITOBE, DR INAZO. American-educated Japanese scholar and statesman. Able publicist and propagandist, he died after threats had been made on his life by Military Nationalists because of his opposition to rampant militarism in Japanese public affairs. 187

PU-YI, HENRY. See Kang Teh.

SAIONJI, PRINCE KIMMOCHI. Venerable Japanese statesman and Cabinet maker. Last of the Genro, or advisers to the late Emperor Meiji. 285, 332, 345

SAITO, ADMIRAL VISCOUNT MAKOTO. Able Japanese naval officer and colonial administrator. Assassinated in the military rebellion of 1936 in Tokyo. 337, 345

SHIDEHARA, BARON KIJURO. Be-spectacled Liberal Japanese diplomat and statesman. Foreign Minister during the early years of the Manchurian war, and frequently marked for assassination by Military Nationalists. 112, 221, 226, 250, 262, 266, 291, 294, 332

SHIGEMITSU, MAMORU. Japanese diplomat and expert in Chinese affairs; former Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs. 306, 308, 374

SHIRATORI, TOSHIO. Sturdy, blunt spokesman of the Japanese Foreign Office during the early years of the Manchurian war.

273, 291, 305, 351, 356
SUN CHUAN-FANG. Chinese war-lord who fought Chiang Kai-shek in the early stages of the Kuomintang Revolution. 109

SUN YAT SEN. Veteran Chinese revolutionary, and father of the Kuomintang. 77, 103, 240, 341

TAISHO, EMPEROR. Known during his life as Yoshihito. 180, 183

TAKAHASHI, KOREKIYO. Venerable Japanese Minister of Finance. Assassinated in the military rebellion of 1936 in Tokyo. 285, 346

TANAKA, GENERAL BARON GIICHI. Premier of Japan at the time of the Enthronement of Emperor Hirohito in Kyoto. 181

TOGO, ADMIRAL COUNT HEIHACHIRO. Short, sturdy naval hero of the Russo-Japanese War. 190

TOYAMA, MITSURU. Venerable, bearded Japanese Nationalist known as the 'Breaker of Cabinets'. 337-341

TSAI TING-KAI. Commander of the famous Chinese Nineteenth Route Army during the Shanghai war of 1932. 303, 305, 307, 313, 322

UYEDA, SEKIZO. Able Japanese journalist and Press Association executive who is responsible for much of the present extensive system of news interchanges between the United States and Japan. 322, 375

WAKATSUKI, BARON REIJIRO. Veteran Japanese Liberal statesman. Premier at the time of the assassination of Chang Tso-lin.

116, 235, 284
WU PEI-FU. Chinese scholar and soldier. For long a leading northern war-lord, he retired after his defeat by armies of the Kuomintang Revolution. 109, 121, 135, 140, 152, 156

YEN HSI-SHAN. Venerable North China administrator and soldier, popularly known as the 'Model Governor of Shansi'. 112, 121, 138, 262

YOSHIZAWA, KENKICHI. Slight, deliberate Japanese diplomat; former Minister to China. Chief Japanese representative in Geneva during the early months of the Manchurian war, and later Foreign Minister in the Inukai Cabinet. 149, 283, 285, 332, 357, 368

YUAN SHIH-KAI. Commander of the Imperial armies during the last years of the Manchu régime in Peking. Creator of the system of provincial military governors which led to the 'war-lord system' after the Republican Revolution of 1911. 99, 121

